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# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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ALGERNON DARCY.

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## CHAPTER IX.

BAZAS evidently thought the whole preparation mentioned in the last chapter were intended to secure his own arrest, but with an air of wonderful composure he said—

“Relying on your promise, Mr. Darcy, that I shall be delivered over to the English police, and neither to the French nor Venetian, and that you will keep the engagement you made with me yesterday, I am willing to make a full disclosure of all I know connected with the death of Count Grenville. Am I right in supposing that I may rely on these conditions?”

“You may,” said Darcy.

“Then,” said Bazas, “I will begin. My prior history, before I entered the service of Sir Philip Warden, is of no importance here ; but I feel it only just I should bear testimony to the efficiency of the French police, in ascertaining all the items of the history of men of my order. The letter you gave me from my brother proves to me that my history, at least, has been accurately chronicled ; indeed, sir, had you read that letter, perhaps you would not have made the promise upon which I now rely ; for I have little to tell of which Goudot is not already well informed. But without further preface—for I see my audience is impatient—I commence my history from the time I entered into Sir Philip Warden’s service in 184—. He had then newly-married a very beautiful woman of Italian birth ; and I believe they were very happy together for at least three years. At the beginning of the fourth, however, a circumstance occurred which destroyed their domestic felicity. Lady Warden had a brother, at the time I speak of, residing as a refugee in England. He was under the surveillance of the police,

both of France and Austria, and the English authorities, then more complaisant than now, lent their assistance. What crime the young Count had committed I know not. I conjecture it was purely political. It was not, however, of the less serious a nature ; and I learned from a police functionary, with whom I had some dealings—for I may at once confess that I owed my liberty at this time to the talent I had displayed of collecting useful information for the French police—that the Count's offence was one which could not be forgiven, and that if discovered, and if once he could be got out of England, which if discovered would not be difficult to accomplish, his liberty at least would be at an end for the rest of his life. It was the interest of the Count to keep out of the way, and he managed to do so so dextrously, that for long the police were at a loss to discover his residence. An indiscretion on his part led to his discovery. He naturally wished to see his sister, and, accordingly, one day he came down to the railway-station next Eversley, the residence of Sir Philip Warden, in Hampshire. By some chance or other I met him there, and arranged an interview with his sister; but with unnecessary and most unfortunate caution on his part, he did not tell me Lady Warden was his sister, but allowed me to form another impression of the ties betwixt them. Under that impression I arranged an interview for which I was well paid; but as money has always been a weakness with me, and, moreover, my first duty was to my master, I apprised Sir Philip of the interview which was to take place——”

“Villian !” said Mrs. Legh.

“As you will, madam,” said Bazas, coolly ; “I do not pretend to a good character. But to continue my story—Lady Warden and her brother met. The interview between brother and sister was naturally affectionate, and she had thrown herself into his arms and kissed him tenderly, at the very time Sir Philip appeared. You may guess what followed—at least, if you knew Sir Philip, you could. Coldly and without any trace of passion he stepped between them, thrusting the Count rudely aside. ‘Oh, Sir Philip,’ said Lady Warden, ‘he is my brother.’ ‘Madam,’ said Sir Philip, ‘I shall hear your story at another time; meantime, go home.’ There was that in Sir Philip's looks at any time which few dared disobey; and now, the concentrated passion strongly repressed was fearful. The veins on his forehead swelled as if they would burst; his eyes absolutely shot fire, and his lips were compressed as if his teeth within were being pushed back into their sockets. Opposition, explanation, were out of the question, and, besides, Lady Warden was a timid woman—she could only repeat,

'Oh, Philip, he is my brother.' At a motion from Sir Philip I carried her away; and soon meeting the carriage, saw her home. What passed between her brother and Sir Philip I know not; Sir Philip was unarmed, or no doubt the other would have perished. As it was, I suppose a hostile meeting was arranged, for Sir Philip laughed to scorn the idea that the young man was his wife's brother; and there was this reason, which I afterwards learned, for his absolute incredulity. At the time of his marriage the young Count had quarrelled with his father and relatives, having adopted Carbonari principles; and in consequence, he had been formally disowned in family council, and his name never mentioned; and this decision Lady Warden had been cautioned and commanded to respect, and to conceal from her husband.

The Count was a brave man. He had shown himself to be so often enough. Indeed, he held his life in his hand. It was certainly, therefore, no want of courage which prevented him meeting Sir Philip. It might arise from unwillingness to have a hostile meeting with his brother-in-law; but I believe the main reason which induced him not to appear, was the conviction that I had betrayed him to Sir Philip, and his persuasion, in which he was not mistaken, that if I saw my way to a substantial reward, I would have betrayed him to the police. Whatever was the reason the Count did not appear; this removed any first shadow of doubt, which Sir Philip might entertain. He was certain his wife had dishonoured him, and the result was a separation."

During this narrative, which was listened to without interruption, Darcy observed that Mrs. Legh showed signs of violent agitation. She had sank upon a chair and covered her face with her hands; but her bosom heaved, and Darcy heard her sobs. Bazas, also, had observed her agitation, and paused in his narrative.

"What I have next to relate," he said, "had better be told in the absence of the lady."

Mrs. Legh looked up, her eyes full of tears, and it was evidently with a violent effort she regained composure. "Proceed," said she, "with your story; I can bear it all."

"I think not," said Bazas. "I request you will withdraw.—I think, sir," said he to the priest, "it would be better the lady retired. You can tell her afterwards what I am going to divulge. In her presence I feel I cannot proceed."

It was with difficulty, and only on the solemn assurance of her uncle that nothing should be concealed from her, that Mrs. Legh at last left the room.



Bazas resumed his narrative.

"The reason why I wished the lady to withdraw," said he, "is that I recognise in her the wife of Sir Philip Warden."

Darcy started with surprise. "Mrs. Legh Lady Warden!" said he. "How can that be, Bazas?"

"It is quite right," said Loiret, who had re-entered, after having conducted Mrs. Legh to an adjoining room. And Goudot was aware of the fact.

"And her daughter?" said Darcy breathlessly—

"Is," said the ecclesiastic, "the child of her first husband. But all these explanations can be given afterwards; let us hear the end of this strange confession. I begin to see that it will be most tragical."

"I approach the tragedy," said Bazas. "Shortly after the separation I quarrelled with Sir Philip. I need not conceal the reason, for it is all chronicled in the books of the police in Paris. I appropriated part of Sir Philip's plate. He did not give me over to the police, because he was indifferent as to the loss, and anxious to keep from the public the secret of his supposed dishonour, which I alone had witnessed; but he determined to dismiss me his service, giving me, however, a pension, which secured my silence. I did not see Sir Philip for many years after. My pension was regularly paid, and with what I got from M. Goudot I was tolerably well off, and did not do anything to bring myself within the clutches of the police; but a sore temptation came. One night, it was on the 25th of December, 1859, the night of your majority, Mr. Darcy, I was seated alone in my lodgings, when Sir Philip entered. I recollect it was exactly midnight; perhaps it was the hour which made me more amenable to evil suggestions. Sir Philip was pale as a ghost, but the evil glare was in his eyes, and his lips were compressed, as on that day when he had discovered Lady Warden and her brother. I anticipated evil. 'Leon,' said he, 'you know you are in my power, and you know how I have used it. Instead of denouncing I have maintained you. I wish a service from you, for which you shall be well paid.' 'Tell me, said I, 'the payment first and then the service you wish me to do.' He then named a large sum. Gentlemen, a sum for which I would have sold my soul, had I been perfectly innocent, and for which I, an *élève* of the galleys, need hardly say I would have done anything. I told him so; I said I would do his bidding, provided only my personal safety was secured. And then he told me that that night he had met the destroyer of his domestic peace—the man who had blighted the honour of his ancient house, and who had

made his life a wreck. 'At last,' he said, 'I shall have my revenge.' And then he told me that he had left him in the 'Hyperion Club,' and that he would soon leave it to go home; that we could follow him, and that if I should aid him, if necessary, the sum he mentioned was my own. I had already agreed, and was ready. We went to the 'Hyperion Club,' and for hours kept watch. At last we saw him, the Count Grenville and you, sir, come out, and walk away arm-in-arm; we kept you in view. You stopped at Westminster Bridge; we saw you were there to part company, and that the Count was to cross. We preceded him. You will recollect the night was not a night to tempt a wanderer, and that the bridge and the street itself was solitary. We took up our position in the centre of the bridge, and waited for our prey. He came up alone, and Sir Philip, springing from the recess in which we were concealed, confronted him. I do not recollect what he said; my impression is it was but little;—but I distinctly recollect that he took from his pocket a brace of pistols, and insisted on the Count taking one. He refused to do so; denied that he was the man Sir Philip supposed him to be. And then Sir Philip said—'Then, if you will not die like a man, die like a dog.' He then struck him on the forehead with the butt-end of his pistol. The blow only half-stunned him, and the Count was a strong man. He wrested the pistols from Sir Philip's hands, and threw them into the Thames; the next moment he would have thrown Sir Philip on the ground, had not I, mindful of my promise, tripped him up, and he fell heavily on the flags, dragging Sir Philip with him. The fall made Grenville senseless. It was then we heard you running up, and Sir Philip said, 'Let us throw him over.' We did so, and then ran as fast as we could to the other side of the bridge. No one saw us: and when we stopped running we were in a dark street alone, and felt ourselves safe for the time. We then separated, Sir Philip telling me to meet him at the South Eastern Station, the first train in the morning."

It is impossible to describe Darcy's emotions as this story was told. His character was retrieved, the true murderers discovered. But one of them, and the most guilty, was his guardian, the man whom, if he never liked, he yet respected for his commanding abilities, more than any man he had ever met. The priest's face was impassive, but it was the impassiveness of settled hate, and it was with that deep voice, which speaks of nearly uncontrollable emotion, that he said—

"I should have foreseen this; my mind conjured evil from the first time I saw him to the last; and the last time he was in my power. Next time——" he said no more. But the clenched hand

and the fierce face showed that the hot Italian blood had not been subdued by the discipline of the convent, and that, had Sir Philip then been in his reach, the servant of the Church would have plunged a stiletto in his heart with as little compunction as a hired bravo.

Darcy's calm, clear voice seemed to rouse him as if from a dream. Darcy entertained no revengeful feelings. He had made up his mind to save Sir Philip. He now requested Bazas to continue his narrative.

"I have little more to tell," said the assassin, "except of Sir Philip's folly. We went to Italy together, and Sir Philip paid a visit to the Abruzzi, whence he had taken his bride. There he learned—how, I know not—that the Count Grenville was in reality his wife's brother; and after he had learned that he became more silent and morose than ever. I, myself, recollect the feeling of remorse—it was the most painful of the many painful feelings I have experienced and outlived. But the crimes I have committed were not of so black a description as Sir Philip had been guilty of; and my distinct impression is that he then became, and since has been, insane. It is only on this theory I can explain his intervention to save you, sir, which cost him his social position and power, the only thing which had any effect to distract his attention from himself. It was a daring experiment, and I often wondered what induced me to risk my neck in such a cause; but I would as soon have thought of disobeying the fiend, if in his power, as of disobeying Sir Philip now. This, then," he concluded, "is my story. Now, my confession is made, I shall be ready to repeat it in London; and in order completely to discharge my part of the bargain, I have to inform you that Sir Philip resides in this house, under the name of the Count Nerini."

"I was aware of that," said Loiret; "M. Goudot told me so, and I have kept watch for him. He ought to be here by this time." He looked at his watch. "Yes, within a quarter of an hour I shall have the pleasure of presenting Sir Philip to the party. I go to secure him," and left the room.

Darcy rose at the same time.

"Allow me," said he to the priest, "to retire for a moment. I have some necessary orders to give. I shall be back in time."

But Darcy's object was to see if he could not save Sir Philip. Sir Philip had saved him at the risk of life, and with the loss of honour and position; Darcy would repay him. He would allow his own name to rest under the suspicion of murder, provided he could save Sir Philip; for to think of the haughty, dignified

Baronet in the felon's dock, and then on the gallows, was to Darcy impossible.

He found his follower in the Custodier's room.

"Loiret," said Darcy, "you must allow Sir Philip to escape."

"That is impossible," said Loiret. "It is absolutely necessary to the *act d'accusation*. His arrest is part of my duty."

"And for which," said Darcy, "you are paid, eh? how much a year?"

"My salary is now 1000 francs. If I succeed in this investigation, I will get promotion and another 500 francs."

"1000 francs per annum. That looks a large sum," said Darcy, "in francs; but it is a miserable salary for a man of your abilities in English money—it is only £40; why, I pay my butler twice that sum, and he thinks his services underpaid. Your government is not liberal!"

"True, sir," said the functionary, "we are ill-paid; but then consider the honour of the office I hold!"

"Ah!" said Darcy, "I did not think of that. The honour is another 1500 francs; but after all, 3000 francs is not £150 sterling. Listen to me; I will give you £300 per annum if you let Sir Philip escape, and you know you can manage it without being found out."

"It is impossible," said Loiret. "We French have honour, and there are services which are not to be bought; and there is one reason for this of which you are not aware. It is impossible for a French agent of police to betray his duty without discovery. We all watch one another, and are trained, from our first admission, to denounce to our superiors the slightest breach of duty in each other. Consequently, we, ourselves, are more under surveillance than any one whom we watch. In this instance, in particular, not only my fellow-servant is aware that Sir Philip Warden and Count Nerini are the same, but Goudot, in Paris, knows it, and I have no doubt is accurately informed by telegraph, at this very hour, of everything which happens here. The chiefs of police in Paris are in intimate relation with the chiefs of police in other towns—there is a useful confidence between them, and in order to carry out what you wish it would be necessary to bribe the police of Venice."

"But," said Darcy, "is it absolutely impossible to save Sir Philip? I see you would lose your situation if you connived at it; but I would give you a better—in fact, state your terms: I am rich enough to meet even the most exorbitant demands."

"There is one demand which you could not meet," said Loiret. "You could indemnify my loss of salary; you could double it, but

you could not guarantee my personal safety—in short, my life. A traitor to the police is *hors la loi*."

"Loiret has properly defined his position," said a man who opened the door without any previous notice. "He would be a madman to assist you in what you ask; and now, luckily, it is utterly impossible. Sir Philip Warden has just been arrested."

It was Goudot—the formidable Goudot who spoke; and his appearance at once proved to Darcy that all attempts to serve Sir Philip must be fruitless.

"I have been kept *au courant* to everything, my young friend," said Goudot; "and knowing the generosity of your nature, I apprehended you would attempt to save the principal culprit, when you found out it was the same gentleman I suspected. The case is now complete. Your character will be cleared against your will, and I will have one of the most interesting *acts d'accusation* drawn up which has for some time been seen in the office!"

Darcy was much distressed. Had he foreseen this issue, he would not have proceeded with his investigations. He had, indeed, occasionally had glimmering ideas that the connection of Sir Philip with the Westminster murder might turn out of a much more serious nature than the mere perjury which he had committed; but he always flattered himself that he held the strings in his own hands, and could stop the pursuit when he pleased. Now, he found that he had merely been a puppet in the hands of the French police, who had all along maintained a perfect control over every actor in the drama.

There was nothing to be done. He was utterly powerless to save Sir Philip; and he knew the inevitable result would be that Sir Philip would be handed over to the English police; and here also Darcy found that the very measures he himself had taken had deprived himself of all control over events; for, by the next mail, in answer to his application to be allowed to admit Bazas to be Queen's evidence, he received a letter, stating that a gentleman from the office had received instructions to proceed to Venice to direct further procedure, the case having now acquired that degree of clearness which called for the direct intervention of the authorities.

Darcy was checkmated. He could not save Sir Philip, nor could he keep the implied engagement he had come under to Bazas. With respect to that matter Goudot, however, said, that since he had made the promise with his sanction—for it will be recollected Loiret advised Darcy to agree to Bazas's terms—he would assist him in keeping his word. Bazas belonged to France, and there was enough against him in the archives of their office to justify his detention. "It will not, however," said Goudot, "be much to the advantage of M. Bazas. But you may keep your mind easy on that

score. His admissions, which we knew before he made them, were not the motive of the order of arrest, which had been given before we took up your case. Indeed, it is to his complicity with your case and your interference, that he has been indebted for two or three months in his comfortable birth of custodier, instead of spending the time either *au secret* in prison in Paris or at the galleys, which last place is now his destination."

Darcy requested permission to see Sir Philip, and Goudot gave orders to Loiret, over whom and his associate he now resumed control, to allow Darcy to see the prisoner early next morning. "You will allow them to converse in private," said Goudot; "we have now got all we require, and any unnecessary or superfluous interference is against our rules."

The hour of interview was fixed at six o'clock next morning; and it was now late, and Goudot alleged the fatigue of his journey, as a reason for retiring to bed. But the priest, like many men who have a disagreeable task to do, was anxious to be over with it. He was to tell Mrs. Legh, or, as we will now call her, Lady Warden, the painful facts of the case, and he determined to do so that night.

Darcy retired to his room, but not to sleep, for the revelations of the evening had been too agitating. A new future opened up to him. The clouds which had obscured his destiny were already rolling away; and he anticipated the time when, with an unsullied character, and the prestige of unmerited misfortunes undergone, he should take the position in society to which he was entitled, and commence the career of ambition to which he was devoted. Second to these thoughts—for I must paint my hero as he was—came the image of Bella Legh; for Darcy, though a true and honest lover, was one of those, perhaps, ultra masculine natures in which love, though it may play a great part, and always a true one, is not the absorbing passion of life. To such men the great interests of life—the success of well-considered schemes, the sense of the use of power—are the ruling and guiding influence of their natures; and the passion for the sex rather comes in as an incentive to the other passions of their nature than absorbs them. The idea that she will love him better and respect him more if he carry out this or that scheme, gives to his pursuits a new and strange zest and an energy of action which accelerates success, and makes success happiness.

Darcy was one of these men, and if he falls in the estimation of novel readers from this deviation from the conventional standard hero, to whom love is all in all, and whose happiness throughout life, if not his life itself, is made to depend on a woman's smile, we cannot help it. We like him, we confess, the better; for the writer is an old bachelor, and has learned painfully, perhaps, but

yet effectually, to subordinate the love of women to many other motives of action; and he hopes the world will not eventually be the worse for it. And Bella Legh, herself, loved Darcy all the more because his love did not come up to the absorbing standard of the novels she had read; for little Bella had something in her of the strong-minded woman; and with all her feminine softness, the one type of mankind she liked least of all was the milksop.

They were not, then, thoughts of love which chiefly occupied the mind of Darcy, that tedious night, and perhaps, it was for this reason he became tired and wished to sleep. It was just three in the morning when he had nearly succeeded in accomplishing his object, and he had already succumbed into a semi-somnolent state, when he heard a knock at his door. He had not undressed, so he immediately opened it.

It was Lady Warden who wished admittance. She, too, had not been in bed; but her dishevelled grey hair and red eyes showed that her meditations had been more painful than Darcy's.

"May I come in?" said she. "I have little to say; but it is all-important."

Darcy led her gently in, and when she was seated, said to her. "Is there anything, Mrs. Legh, I can do for you?"

"There is one thing you will do, another you must. You will forgive me for the unworthy suspicions I entertained, and you will excuse the wicked spirit of revenge I have shown. He was my only brother, Darcy, my dear, noble brother; but," she continued with an effort, "it is not of the dead, but of the living I am here to speak. My uncle has told me all—Darcy, we must save Sir Philip. I love him, Darcy, spite of all—love him as well as I did long ago; and to think that his noble presence is to stand in a felon's dock, and then—Oh, it is too horrible!—too horrible! I shall go mad. Darcy, if you love my daughter, you will save him. You alone can."

To this Darcy had only one answer, he had tried what he could do, and he informed Lady Warden of the result of the attempt he had made to corrupt the police and of his utter failure; and as he went on to describe the precautions which had been taken against any attempt to assist in Sir Philip's evasion, Lady Warden lost all hope of averting the frightful, but true picture, her fancy had conjured up. Darcy did his best to comfort her; but the only topic which had any effect was his promise to arrange that she should see her husband; and when he told her he was to see Sir Philip that morning, she earnestly petitioned to join him, saying, "that after all that had happened she could not see him for the first time alone." Darcy promised to call her, and Lady Warden withdrew to her room to continue her weary vigils, and conjure up images of

her noble-looking husband, whom she had loved so well. So grand, even in his evil passions, so superior in his intellect. Could this ruler of men be the criminal convicted of a murder, which the discovery of the relationship he bore to his victim would make appear, the most heinous crime which for long had sullied the criminal annals of England?

Loiret was punctual to the hour appointed, and made no objection to Darcy's proposal that Lady Warden should accompany them. "My instructions," said he, "are to throw no obstacles whatever in the way of any intercourse with his friends Sir Philip may wish. I shall only take care to prevent his escape."

Darcy accordingly went to Lady Warden's room to tell her they were ready. He found her more composed; but there was an air of hopeless resignation about her which was extremely touching.

They had to go through several corridors in the large palace before they came to the chamber in which Sir Philip was confined. The outer door showed that it was one of the dungeons of the palace. It was of old black wood, studded with large nails, and a heavy padlock secured it outside. Darcy quickly, but carefully examined the padlock. Loiret observed him and smiled. "It would be useless to break open that padlock," said he, "for see, now that it is off," and he opened it with a key, and removed it; "the door is not the more easy to open. It is still secured with the lock of the police of Paris, of which this is the key, and taking from his pocket a small and complicated key, he applied it to a key-hole, which had evidently been recently drilled, and turning it, the door, after a considerable effort of strength, slowly revolved on its hinges.

The apartment which they now entered was quite dark; but Loiret struck a light, and applied it to a lamp on a plain wooden table. It was some time before sufficient light was given to see the interior. It was a large and spacious room, not inelegantly furnished; but of ancient fashion, and the dust which thickly adhered to most of it showed that the room had not been occupied for a long time, and that the necessity for its occupation, too, had been so sudden as to leave no time for cleaning more than a small portion of it.

Sir Philip was not visible at first; but on a truckle bed in a recess the faint light revealed the reclining figure of a man. He seemed sound asleep, as he had not moved since they came in, although a considerable deal of noise had been made in opening the door.

"He is like the rest of you Englishmen," said Loiret; "you always sleep well when all is done, and escape hopeless." But Sir Philip's sleep was sounder than that of any of the compatriots in a similar position. He breathed stertorously, and as they



brought the taper to the bed his face was flushed, and his limbs were restless. Loriet without hesitation shook him violently. It was in vain, Sir Philip only turned uneasily. "He has taken laudanum," said Loiret; "we must use other measures." The spectators were horrified, Lady Warden was pale as death, her lips parted, her eyes starting into vacancy. Loiret rang a bell. "Bring cold water," said he instantly, to his brother gendarme. "Tell Mr. Goudot to come here. Mr. Darcy, lend a hand."

Between them Sir Philip was lifted into an upright position, but his eyes were still closed. Loiret again shook him; but save a groan and a stertorous breathing, no signs of life appeared.

Goudot now entered, calm and self-possessed, followed by the gendarme with a pitcher of water.

"Lady Warden," said he, "you must withdraw. Loriet, lead Lady Warden to her uncle, tell him to keep her with him till I see him."

Her ladyship allowed herself to be led out, apparently unconscious of what was happening. Goudot and the other gendarme then removed Sir Philip's neckcloth, took off his coat and vest, and tore asunder his under-clothing; they then opened his eyes, and Goudot threw a handful of snuff into them, and applied it also to his nose; lastly, cold water was dashed on his face.

These active measures proved successful. A shiver passed over his frame, he sneezed violently, and at last opened his eyes, gazing in a state of stupefaction around. He was still kept standing; more water was applied. His chest was rubbed; and at last, as if waking from a dream, he became conscious of surrounding objects.

"He will do yet," said Goudot; "that is to say, he will recover from his stupor, though I doubt if he will survive, Loiret, and I must be left with him to-night. We are both accustomed to such incidents, and do not doubt that by to-morrow morning he will be in full possession of his faculties."

Darcy was deeply grieved at the spectacle before him. Could this be Sir Philip Warden, the formidable statesman, the very ideal of personal dignity and pride. This abortive suicide! "Better," said Darcy to himself, "we had arrived later. The best we can wish, is that he should never recover his consciousness, but his stupor should return and settle into the long sleep of death."

Goudot and Loriet, who had returned, seemed, however, determined that this should not happen if they could help it. The former now took from his pocket a powder which he mixed in water, and forced the ill-fated Baronet to swallow. "Now," said he again, "go away; you can be of no use here."

Darcy was glad to obey.

As he passed Lady Warden's room he knocked, and was admitted. He found the uncle and niece together, the former composed collected, and relieved. He could not but hate Sir Philip, and the traditions of the family and his race loudly called on him to revenge his nephew's death ; but Father Capelmonte, though an Italian, was a good man, a sincere believer in the religion he professed, and when the first moments of passion were over he could not help inwardly acknowledging it as a relief that the task of revenge, or of justice, had been taken out of his hands by the unhappy criminal himself, for to the Father, practised in attendance at death-beds, it was abundantly clear that no power on earth could save Sir Philip's life, nor did he wish it should be saved, for, if he recovered, what prospect except shameful death was before him.

Perhaps he had tried to impress this view of the matter on Lady Warden ; but if so, only with partial success, for she was still overwhelmed with grief. Her old love for Sir Philip who had used her so ill—a love never extinguished—had revived almost to its first fervour. She saw in Sir Philip the noble young man who had gained her affections as much by his haughty pride and self-assertion as by any other quality, though she also clung to the memory of those many noble and exalted traits which formed part of his character, and which combined with a happier fate would have, perhaps, produced one of those lives which a nation admires. She had been the main instrument of that malign fate which had blasted so fair a promise. True, she was the involuntarily, unwilling instrument ; but she was not altogether blameless. That fatal concealment of her brother's existence was the cause of all the misery which had followed. Indeed, in a certain point of view, Sir Philip was less to blame than she—more a blind puppet in the same relentless destiny ; for considering the mystery which had attended her interview with her brother and his sudden and total disappearance, she was compelled to admit that this was enough to justify Sir Philip's suspicions. Oh ! had she but told him of her brother—had her father and uncle but spoken—had those accursed family feuds not intervened,—how bright might have been her life ! How everything that had turned out disastrous and fatal might by the slight deviation which this apparently unimportant concealment occasioned have been directed into another channel, and, instead of misery and despair, her life might have been one of the happiest ! But this was a useless dream now. Him whom she had worshipped as a demigod lay in the same house, accused—nay, justly—of the most aggravated crimes—crimes which, spite of all that could be said in extenuation, would, if he were tried for them in England, certainly lead to a disgraceful death. That might be avoided, but how ? only

by death through his own means—that was best for her—this death to her husband, who, even in the bitterest wrong she had loved and admired so passionately, was really and truly, so her uncle had convinced her, an end to be wished for—to be prayed for. It was too horrible; consolation in such a case was impossible—resignation could only be attained through the apathy of prolonged sorrow. At present nothing could be done; the poor lady must be left in her hopeless misery.

One only alleviation she had. Her daughter's happiness was not to be sacrificed—her own loss was her daughter's gain; Darcy, whom she had pursued so relentlessly, was innocent, and she had long felt that, spite her maledictions, her daughter loved him, and trusted in him against even the convictions of her own judgment. She saw Darcy, enter—she came up to him silently, and held out her hand. She could not speak, and what could he say? but in that firm, warm grasp of the hand she felt that his heart remained true.

"Mr. Darcy," said the priest, "you will protect my niece; she, at least, has no connection with this tragic story?"

"I shall protect her all my life," said Darcy.

There was nothing more to be said; profoundly moved, Darcy left the room.

He was followed by the priest, and the conversation between them that evening settled all that there remained to settle for the future of Bella.

Her uncle then left to see her, and communicated to her all that had happened. In her the story excited the profoundest sympathy and grief for her mother's heavy affliction, and banished for the time all those tender thoughts which her uncle's explanations were calculated to excite. She accompanied him to the Palace Nerini, in whose capacious precincts it was judged best Lady Warden should remain till all was over. It was then first, when she threw her arms round her daughter's neck, that tears came to Lady Warden's relief; and in the perception that she had yet something to live for, the first glimmer of submission and resignation which time was afterwards to broaden and to deepen, shone faintly in upon her despair.

In the chamber of the dying man, for Sir Philip certainly was dying, a painful but highly interesting scene was taking place. The leading medical men in Venice, had been called in, but beyond highly approving the vigorous and scientific measures taken by Goudot and Loiret, to counteract the poison which gave the patient the only possible chance, they entertained no hopes of recovery. The opiate certainly was thrown off, but the congestion of the brain had clearly brought on apoplexy, from

which all the recovery that could be expected was an hour or two of consciousness before death. For this interval careful watch was held all night. The British Consul had been warned that his presence might be required to take the dying deposition of an Englishman, and a local functionary had also been summoned, so that no formality might be wanting; but all night there was no change. A heavy stupor settled down upon Sir Philip, occasional indistinct utterances were heard—mere catch words of memory—indications that the mind was trying to release itself from the heavy load which pressed it down, but nothing coherent. At last at four o'clock in the morning a change took place. His eyes opened—his utterance became more distinct—his sentences coherent, and, although, owing to his excessive weakness, it was barely possible to hear what he said, the doctors announced that now or never was the time for the dying man to say whatever he wished to say relative to his affairs. They had consulted and could do nothing more. It was beyond science—beyond chance to prolong Sir Philip's life.

Accordingly Father Capelmonte and Darcy were summoned by Goudot and soon entered the room, and the English Consul was sent for. Sir Philip recognised Darcy, and a faint, melancholy smile broke over his face; as he stretched out his hand feebly to him. Darcy took it and approached the pillow. Sir Philip drew his face towards him and said in an almost inaudible voice.

"I have done you much wrong, my poor boy, but I may yet atone. I am dying; I know it—I wish it; but I cannot depart till I have cleared your character. Tell them," he whispered, "I have a deposition to make."

A cordial was now administered, and under its influence Sir Philip was able to make a full confession of his share in the murder of Grenville. He stated briefly the motives which had led him to commit the crime, and his horror when he subsequently learned that the Count was in reality his wife's brother. "Oh," said he "if I could but see her, if I could but get her pardon; but she is long ago dead. I broke her heart, and now the retribution has come. And yet I thought I saw her."

"You did," said Darcy. "Lady Warden is in this house."

"Let me see her?" said the dying man.

What use in describing the painful interview? The two ill-fated lovers—for they were lovers—still exchanged forgiveness, and Sir Philip Warden died in her arms.

He was the last of his race. His deposition, carefully and formally taken down in the presence of the Consul as *Juge d'Instruction* and of Goudot, was full and complete, and coupled with

the confession of Bazas, if that would be repeated, or could otherwise be proved, would fully free Darcy of all suspicions.

The arrival of the English Inspector next day was fortunate. He was armed with ample instructions, powers from the English Government, and, assisted by the Consul, these were admitted and sanctioned by the governor of Venice; but a difficulty occurred. Goudot claimed Bazas as his prisoner, and produced a warrant from the Minister of Police, which proved that if necessary the French Consul would back his claim, and he showed, moreover, a conviction against Bazas, which sentenced him to the galleys for fourteen years, for repeated crimes. The expiring of his period Bazas had managed to anticipate, and he was now re-claimed as an escaped convict.

The English Inspector at once yielded the point, and Bazas that day set off with Goudot and Darcy's quondam servants for France.

Nothing detained Darcy in Venice, except the funeral of Sir Philip, which was attended only by Lady Warden, himself, and Father Capelmonte—that over, Darcy, Lady Legh, and her daughter, left for England.

We are now at the conclusion of our story, the dark cloud which obscured it has been riven asunder. Sir Philip, round whom its tragic elements have centred, is removed from the scene, and the light of the sun begins to appear. The only difficulty was to clear Darcy's character in as public a method as it had been exposed. And this was at last arranged. The French police kindly lent their victim Leon Bazas, to stand his trial in England, and that worthy, having been in the first place assured that the French government would reclaim him to undergo his punishment, publicly repeated the confession he had already made. Sir Philip's deposition was produced in court, and the jury had no hesitation in bringing in Bazas as guilty. He was sentenced to be executed, but the execution is postponed for ten years till his sentence to the galleys at Toulon be completed. Let us leave him in that comfortable *séjour* from which it is not likely he will be heard of again.

Need I repeat the hackneyed close of a novel. Marriage and happiness afterwards taken for granted, as the necessary result, in blind forgetfulness of the many exceptions—of the countless cases in which marriage has been the commencement of unhappiness; the gate through which domestic honour and peace has fled. At best the commencement of a life of the same mingled texture of joy and sorrow which preceded it. Shall I describe the marriage ceremony, the bridesmaids and the groom? It is unnecessary: all was

*en règle*, because there were ample means, and all went happily as a marriage should do. The only peculiarity was the groom's man, who was no other than Mr. Brian, the true friend whom Darcy had found in his adversity. He was older than groomsmen in general, being upwards of sixty; but his speech at the *déjeuner* was considered the best ever heard, and created a lively sensation, attributable, perhaps, in part to an announcement he then made that Sir Philip Warden, Darcy's guardian, had long before his death executed a deed, leaving to Darcy all he possessed.

So Darcy entered the solemn bonds of matrimony at the age of twenty-five, his wife being twenty-one. He was entering life, and not completing it; and though, as I may afterwards tell, that life was a chequered life, in which there was both storm and sunshine, though it was a serious earnest life—partly a success, partly a failure,—I will so far reveal the secrets of the future as to tell the reader that Darcy and Bella never regretted their union, and that they were to each other, throughout life, mutual help and support.

THE END.



## THE NATURE AND LIMITS OF SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY.

A LAY SERMON.

KING SOLOMON, in the Book of Ecclesiastes, makes a shrewd and forcible statement, which seems to re-echo, in a very marked manner, the scientific and philosophical tendencies of our day.

"The eye," says the preacher, "is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing;" and we are persuaded that no words could, more fitly than these, express the bent of the modern philosophical mind.

At the present time, when themes of deep interest, and which relate to the social, religious, and political welfare of our race, find favour even in the eyes of the simple, it may be of service to some if we take these words as the text for a plain discourse on the limits and nature of that mode of investigation to which we are accustomed to apply the word *scientific*. Such an inquiry may not only interest us, but assist our further thoughts in framing due and trustworthy opinions on some of the great questions of our day.

By scientific men and by scientific thought, I simply mean those whose calling and whose mental disposition are directed to the investigation of nature's problems after a certain and defined order. Science, broadly generalised, simply means *law*; and the investigator of the laws, according to which all the ways and works of nature are set in operation and controlled, is, in the strictest and most literal sense, the man of science. Thus, he who investigates for us the laws according to which the forces of the universe are directed, and who informs us concerning the relations of matter to itself, pursues science after the strict meaning of the term.

Such an one we term a physicist or natural philosopher. The investigator who, by his researches, demonstrates the laws according to which matter of one kind unites with matter of another kind, and who thus renders us acquainted with the composition of bodies, is similarly a scientific man. Such is the chemist—or, to select a last illustration, let us make the acquaintance of the biologist—he, whose aim it is to explore the wide domain of *living* nature; whose mission it is to discover how and where life of all kinds exists; whose researches inform us of worlds and beings of wondrous and complicated structure, all exercising certain functions the sum-total of which is represented by that talismanic and mysterious

expression—*life*. This last is also a man of science ; since upon him devolves the duty of making us familiar with the forms of living creatures and things—the living animal and the living plant,—and of showing us how beautifully, how perfectly, and how wisely, the kingdoms of living beings are directed, governed, and sustained. Thus, in the most literal sense, the biologist or natural historian is the investigator of laws more mysterious and complex, perhaps, in some instances, than those which fall to be determined by his brethren ; but not less fixed or immutable on that account, and certainly not less worthy the objects of scientific research than those of the natural philosopher or the chemist.

Such, briefly stated, may be taken as the purport of scientific investigation. And who for a moment can deny the high nature of the calling ? To understand the hidden things of nature, to peer into her secrets, and learn the ways wherein she so quietly operates and works ; to watch the unfolding of modern epochs, or to trace the progress of a far-back past towards the seeming perfection of the present—nay, to even anticipate the glories of a future state,—such are the aims of scientific research ; and, once again, who can question their high character, or deny the social or intellectual benefits which result to those who directly or indirectly participate in the work ?

If such be the nature of scientific research, let us for a little attend to the particulars in which it may be said to differ from the matters and investigations of ordinary non-technical and every-day existence. In such an inquiry we shall not only learn something regarding the true nature of scientific research, but we shall also gain much that will stand us in good stead when we come to consider the question of its due limits and surroundings.

The first point by which scientific inquiry may be distinguished is, that the information obtained in the research must be capable of verification and proof. This statement undoubtedly applies to much that we learn and hear in every-day life ; but it most certainly applies to all the knowledge that the man of science gathers from his investigation of nature. It is not enough for him to accept apparent truths ; he must literally “ prove all things,” and hold to that which is good, rejecting what is false or unworthy of credit. His eyes may see, and his ears be “ filled with hearing ;” but he must, if he obeys the strict laws of scientific faith and duty, prove the correctness of his sight, and the truth and trustworthiness of his hearing.

A second point noteworthy in scientific research is constituted by the fact, that the knowledge accumulated by the man of science is susceptible of due arrangement in a defined order ; and as a third and last characteristic we may note, that through this defined order



and arrangement, scientific knowledge is presented to the mind in the manner best calculated to imprint and fix it there.

A few considerations given to each of these three points will exhaust, for the present, our ideas on the nature of scientific inquiry. Firstly, then, let us observe how proof and verification must closely follow and invariably accompany true philosophical research. Unconsciously, perhaps, to ourselves in matters pertaining to our secular and every-day interests, or in those pertaining to the truth of religion itself, we value and regard knowledge proportionally as we esteem it to be true and worthy of belief. Daily, nay, hourly the world acts upon its knowledge, and upon the presumption of such knowledge being correct and true. Consider, for a moment how great a disadvantage would be wrought in the affairs of ordinary existence, were we compelled to verify and prove the truth of every matter that crops up in the daily life of each member of society, and which concerns the affairs of business and trade. Many things, from their very nature, or from the source from which they are derived, we unhesitatingly accept as true; and only when we come to put in action the process of verification, do we recognise the difficult nature of the task before us. Then is seen how laborious the task to distinguish what is real from that which is only implied. And through long and interminable windings may we have to trace out the truth, before we can accept the matter as worthy our belief. Witness, in proof of this, the process in our courts of law, and see how laborious the work of unravelling the tangled skein of evidence, and how difficult to separate out the grains of truths from amongst the chaff and husks that lie around, and very often conceal them. And yet what ordinary life accounts a labour and a toil, and what ordinary people consider a stupendous undertaking, the man of science has constantly to be occupied with; and from the self-imposed task of verification of its knowledge, the philosophic mind knows no rest or ease. Slowly it may be, but surely, does the truly scientific edifice grow. Each stone is thoroughly tested ere it is set in its place, and layer after layer is likewise examined and scrutinised before it is permitted to form part of the whole. Not sufficient is it for the philosophical mind that it sees and hears; it must verify its seeing and hearing, lest the one sense give the lie to the other. Each sense it views as a willing but fallible servant, the work of which requires to be tested and tried through the agency of its other and fellow-ministers.

And from this labour there can be no cessation. Unless the steps already taken be proved and tested, the still forward journey may lead only to dire confusion and dismay. Scientific truth, more, perhaps, than truth of any other kind, is cumulative in its nature; and each advancing step, each new fact or statement, depends for

its value and accuracy on the already-ascertained worth of the steps that have preceded it. Building thus upward, the scientific edifice is necessarily of slow growth. Its outlines at first rugged and misshapen, are gradually worked into shapely contour and proportions. First, the foundations and corner-stones are surely tried, and only when the undermost parts are fixed and sure, can the worker hope to rear an edifice which shall safely stand amid the tides and winds of controversy, which, as a matter of certainty, attack every building and structure of its kind.

A true scientific method, at the outset, is thus distinguished by its innate truth and correctness. Unless it fulfil this primary condition, it is unworthy of the name, and belongs not to the category of the truth-seeker. And the first aim of the earnest student is therefore to establish his knowledge on a sure basis; not only for his own sake, or for that of the knowledge itself, but also for the sake of succeeding labourers, and of other workers who shall follow him in after years.

The high importance of this first characteristic of scientific research might be further illustrated by showing the unity of the sciences, by demonstrating how every department of human knowledge becomes intercalated with other branches; and how this mutual dependence of scientific knowledge, and this unity of aim, necessitates the careful pursuit of every department, not only in its own interest, but also in those of neighbouring and related branches. But such a thought is self-evident in its very nature. As in Paul's comparison of the relations between the Church, its members, and its head, so the collections of philosophical truths are all members of one body, and as such are mutually dependent for their welfare upon the prosperity of each other. No science stands alone or separated from other branches. Some departments are undoubtedly more nearly related and connected than others; but all are bound up in one common body, the interests of which are common, and must be pursued with unity of purpose and in harmonious consort. So true is it of the scientific as of the spiritual body, that "as the body is one, and hath many members," "all the members of that one body, being many, are one body." And for this reason, as well as of itself, each department of research places before it, as the foremost aim and highest duty, that of verifying and proving "all things."

The second characteristic in philosophical research is included under the fact that scientific knowledge is susceptible of due arrangement in a defined order. Just as scientific knowledge must be true, so it must also be duly ordered and arranged. Indeed, this last feature is one of the most notable in philosophic, as distinguished from commonplace information. Any science worthy

the name is merely a collection of verified facts, which are so arranged that their relations to each other may be readily conceived.

In his research the man of science is not at liberty to begin anywhere or to end anywhere. Circumstances, to which he is servant, will necessitate his co-operation with what has already been done in the research, and will also direct his ideas in conformity with the progress of future knowledge. His work, when completed, will fit accurately into its due place in the ever-advancing and increasing line of research; and in this way the philosopher must needs adapt himself, firstly, to the work of his predecessors, and to that which still lies before him—the unexplored and unknown.

And then, lastly, the advantages of this defined order in the prosecution and nature of scientific research, in fixing the information upon the mind, may be considered. The ultimate end of research lies not with the investigator himself. Through him the facts he may bring to light will affect his successors and contemporaries. He stands mediately between what is known and what is unknown; and it is of the highest importance that his work should be readily appreciated by the world at large. His desired result is greatly produced by the orderly way in which science presents her stores of information to the student or truth-seeker. The exactitude of science should be, and is, equalled only by its orderly precision and arrangement; and through the combined influence of these qualities the knowledge of scientific truths is readily impressed upon the mind.

Orderly habit in thought and thinking is the grand step towards the attainment of sure and correct conclusions. The workman with his tools and material all disarranged and in dire disorder can never accomplish his work so satisfactorily as when his material can be readily laid hold of and applied to its proper use. So with the mind and its work. To begin to think anyhow and anywhere is as illogical a proceeding as to take food or drink at all times and seasons, and irrespective of the demands of the body or the kind of pabulum presented for digestion. The result to the body will infallibly be that of disorganisation and disease; and the effect of miscellaneous, ill-ordered, mental dietary, will similarly result in disorganisation of the mind.

Hence the great cause of unsatisfactory mental conflicts; and hence the dissatisfaction which many feel who have to mentally grapple with hard facts or truths, and who come off defeated and worsted in the struggle. The great difficulty is, not to get people to think, but to train them to think in an orderly manner; and so that they may arrive at true conclusions, from a right use of the mind.

In scientific culture, then, the use of the mental powers is partly aided by the presentation of facts and truths in a defined order. Each fact must be taken in its place or not at all. The long array of truths, taken in order, resembles a combined army, each individual member of which has his proper place and duty relatively to his neighbours; but the disconnected army would present a heterogeneous assembly, defying any ordinary powers of mind to distinguish and classify the ill-assorted and commingled band. And so with the array of facts which in order and management constitute a science. Taken in its own place each fact bears upon its companions, and each serves at once to introduce and explain its successor, as itself was preceded and explained by a foregoing truth. Thus the mental discipline obtained in philosophic pursuits is valuable on account of the method and order in which the facts of any science are presented to the mind. And taken in connection with the preceding characteristics, we thus may know true science to consist of knowledge, which, firstly, is true and correct; which, secondly, is presented to us in a regular defined order; and, which, thirdly, on account of that order, can be readily and formally laid hold of and retained by the mind.

It will require no argument to convince the reader that the advantages of a scientific method, and of a philosophic system of attaining knowledge, are in themselves of immense value. Nor will it necessitate any thought at all, to perceive that any system of knowledge, or any mode of pursuing knowledge which does not fulfil these conditions, cannot be relied upon as presenting us with the best aspects under which truth may be sought and found. Knowledge may be, and is different in kind; but the mode of attaining or seeking it is essentially uniform and similar in all its details. And the busy life of man, summed up in a few words, may be described as a search after what is true, and after what is good. The harmony of true science and true religion appears to lie in this latter connection—science seeking after the truth, whilst religion, in close and intimate relationship, directs the way to good. Truth and righteousness are ever close kinsmen and sworn companions, because true science and true religion are one in aim; and because the pursuit of each has much in common with knowledge of the other.

And now by way of conclusion, and as bearing in the most intimate manner upon the preceding remarks concerning the nature of philosophical inquiry, let me briefly direct attention to the *limits* or *bounds* by which that inquiry may be said to be defined or restricted; and the subject is one which bears a very intimate relation to many questions of vital and religious

import, and which have an important bearing upon the social and religious life of our times.

First of all, it may be asked, "Is it possible to set any limits to scientific inquiry?" "Can we presume to say where the march of intellect shall stop; or when the scientific army shall cease its conquests?" "Shall a boundary be put to matter and space; or a limitation to the powers of intellect which already have fathomed many a dark abyss both of mental and physical kind?" To all of these queries we would unreservedly, unhesitatingly answer, **No!** Who can arrogate to himself the right or title to stop the progress of thought, civil, social, and scientific, which has already done so much to make modern civilised man what he is, and to spread blessings and benefits in profusion around, as well as to encircle our homes with liberty, light, and freedom? What need or reason, for that matter of it, can exist to stir up any one to say, "Thus far and no farther," to the spread of any science, so long as there are worlds undiscovered, improvements to be invented, disease, misery, and death to be cured, relieved, and averted? Or who, if opportunity is given him, will refuse to speed the onward progress of science, or to say "God speed" to every labourer who girds up his loins for the fray, and goes forth manfully to fight the good fight against ignorance and doubt, and unbelief of all kinds? No one will thus dispute that wherever science finds matter for the exercise of her powers, or wherever she discovers something mysterious and that demands explanation, there she is entitled to pursue her search, and add to the already large stores of mental wealth. Nor can one department of science be limited to the advancement of another branch. All must alike have liberty of research, and not only freedom, but encouragement to pursue the high calling. Thus there are depths of mental mysteries and problems of mind to be elucidated, no less than there are problems of matter; and metaphysician and physicist must unweariedly toil on. There are yet hidden things in chemical science which the far-seeking art of the chemist has not yet found out. There are mysteries in connection with the functions of living beings which the furthest skill of the physiologist has been yet unable to unravel; and there are abysses in the sea, and depths in the land of the inhabitants of which the student of life-science knows literally nothing. And admitting all this, who can deny the right of science to pursue her investigations, in field, in forest, on the ocean or in its depths, or in the laboratory, or wherever and whenever the work is found ready for the worker's hand? The benefits which in the past have flowed from the patient industry of science have made man a new creature, and have extended civilisation with rapid strides. The sciences to which we are indebted for the telegraph, for the steam-engine, for

the skill therewith we traverse the pathless deep, for the improved cure of diseased and suffering humanity, may in the future unfold discoveries and confer upon us benefits even surpassing these in magnitude and worth. And as with every fresh accession of knowledge man improves, and more nearly approaches the ideal and perfect type of his nature, so we must recognise in the advance of scientific thought the great means whereby the older sin, ignorance, vice, and crime, will be dispersed, and through which the newer, higher, and better life shall at last dawn. Since, with the growth of scientific thought, religion will gain a new stimulus, and the pursuit of what is good inevitably accompany the search after what is true.

We thus see that so far as the *objects* of scientific research are concerned, no limitation of philosophic powers can be argued or maintained. Wherever a fit subject presents itself, there science may break a lance with ignorance and doubt. "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing," is the true watchword and dictum of advancing science; and nothing in reason or in sense can warrant us in alleging, that where opportunity is given, the scientific eye may not look, or the scientific ear be deterred from hearing.

But when we come to consider the powers of science, relatively to the demands thus made upon them, the question assumes a widely different aspect. The eye may be willing to see, but is it always capable of seeing? The ear may be eager to hear, but can it always construe and distinguish, and appreciate the sounds it hears? The fields for discovery may be illimitable; can we say that science shall be equal to their full elucidation? All things may be open, and science may, indeed, try; but are there not some things which are "past finding out?"

Such are the very obvious thoughts that force themselves upon the mind when the limits of human thought come to be discussed; and such are the points in which alone the limitation of that thought is found. The puzzles and paradoxes of to-day may seem plain to us to-morrow; just as the enigmas of yesterday are readily construed to-day. But, are we warranted in assuming that a higher to-morrow will await every puzzle, and that the solution of every enigma will be made plain? This is the puzzling and difficult question, and I believe it is on this point alone that we are eventually forced to admit the inability and helplessness of science to help herself.

Two great classes of circumstances may readily be distinguished among these latter points. Those, firstly, in which, from limited knowledge, science is unable to master any given problem. We wait in such a case for fuller light, which experience warrants us

in believing may, and probably will, dawn upon the darkened space. And, secondly, there are those circumstances and questions where the futility or hopelessness of research seems almost or entirely fixed and certain—where the details are such that their elucidation seems beyond our “utmost ken.”

Very, very difficult is the task of drawing the distinction between the knowable and the unknowable. Very hard is it to say “There is the veil—you may not peer behind that;” and equally grave is the position of any one who should take it upon himself to decide in what cases the eye or ear of science must rest content with seeing or hearing part, where exists the longing desire and eager wish to know the whole.

But that a limitation to the march of scientific research does exist may safely be assumed. This may, indeed, be accepted as a stable fact, although the point where this limitation is reached is a matter concerning which much discussion may exist. The *ultimate* of philosophy may be hard to discover; but there can be no question of its existence; for the affairs of man in every aspect mostly repeat themselves, and are in every case finite and possess an end.

Yet, in the face of this statement, supported as it is by the experience of everyday life, as well as by that of scientific research, there are few engaged in philosophical pursuits who will take the fact as imputing a barrier to progress. There can be no barrier or impediment to the exercise of man's powers of research; the only barrier that can impede or arrest his progress arises from the insufficiency of his mind to pursue the research beyond a certain point. The eye and ear may strive in vain to see or hear. Unsatisfied with seeing, and unfilled with hearing, the senses are yet eager to pierce the gloom and darkness of uncertainty; but there is a point in most sciences and researches where the powers that have so fully withstood and overcome the difficulties of the past remain helpless to advance further along the track which lies clear behind, but which vanishes in the dim mist before.

It is in such a case, then, exemplified by the history of every science—at a point where the known verges upon the unknowable—that the limit of scientific inquiry is reached; a limit that varies in its nature, in its character, and relations; but which as years roll on remains impassably a limit still. There is no need to particularise the dark places of inquiry; no necessity to exemplify such termini to the path of human progress. Research improves year by year, with reference to those regions where her powers can reasonably be exerted; but there are other regions to which she must ever remain a stranger—regions, these, defined by an impassable barrier from the past, or the more active present of an eager world.

In such a situation, as implied by this limitation, the scientific eye is truly "not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing." Only, indeed, when brought face to face with the misty regions beyond the present and the known, can the mind of man fully realise the full import of the preacher's word? Think, you, that the chemist, through whose researches we are brought into intimate relation with the composition of even the far-distant twinkling stars of heaven, pants not for a further revelation, or that he longs not to pierce the mystery which besets the more intimate and complex parts of his science? Can you deny that the astronomer, amid all his vast discoveries and seemingly impossible attainments, fails to conceive the hopelessness of an ultimate point, from which he should see all the orbs that make up other worlds than ours? Do you imagine that the physiologist, who has been able to demonstrate the most intimate relations of the nervous system and to unravel much of the mystery of thought, ever hopes to stand face to face with the great source of life, or to be able to demonstrate the intimate and essential part of the vital principle? Or, think you that the naturalist, amid recent floods of light, shall hope to place his finger at last upon the first of creation's offspring, and to fully and perfectly know how the grand complexity of living forms had been evolved? Or will the metaphysician ever demonstrate the relations between mind and matter, between body and soul? Will the art, science, skill, perception, or logic, of sage, scholar, philosopher, or divine, avail in any sense to make all plain, and leave nothing hidden or concealed?

What need to reply to such queries? or to hold that man here, and his rank and ways, can in no sense be full or perfect. Daily experience shows the futility of the hope; and scientific work hourly demonstrates the existence of a limit to its powers.

I have seen a noble picture,\* painted by a cunning master-hand, where a stout, mailed warrior is blindly groping his way amid darkness and clouds, his feet planted on stone after stone, with his good sword in hand, testing and feeling the steps that are yet to come. By his side is an aerial figure, bright, comely, and fair to see. Clothed as in a virgin's robes, she seems of heaven-born origin; and as if in contrast to the stout, slow, determined progress of the warrior, she appears to float upwards in advance, but still in companionship with him. His progress is laboured and slow; hers light and ethereal. And far away, in the black distance of the night, is beheld a brightly shining star, that sheds forth its bright auguries of the perfect day beyond.

Very grandly has the poet-painter wrought out his theme.

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\* Sir J. Noel Paton's "Faith and Reason: a Text for the Times."



Right, nobly has he shown us reason and faith, thus typified. Reason with his slow march, proving, testing, trying all things. Faith, with her brighter, far-seeing gaze, penetrating the intervening darkness, and beholding by a marvellous intuition things "hope for" and "not seen."

Thus should the march of science, and the hopeful spirit of philosophic faith be typified. What hard, stern reason will not attain, where the steps are wanting, and may never be found, the faith will reach, and there will she advance with clear perception to the truth.

Never apart, but thus together and in loving companionship these two ministers of the human mind, these pillars of the human soul, will lead man towards the good and the true—towards the noblest perfection and the fulfilling of every noble desire. Where reason fails, faith will support; and where the logical reasoning of philosophy refuses further to proceed, the higher faith will lead the way to heights where mortal mind, save for her grateful aid, could never rest.

Thus, analogously to the experience of daily life, and to that of religion itself, the philosophy of science reaches at once its highest height and limit. What a lesson of humility should this then teach us! And how powerfully should the stern voice of science ring out in warning and in comfort—in warning against the false spirit which, forgetful of the mutability of human affairs, seeks to make itself equal in all things with the Source of knowledge itself but no less does it sound in comfort to us, for though the eye and ear be not satisfied in this present world, they shall be filled with higher knowledge of better things, when the knowing in part shall be done away, and when we shall know even as also we are known.

ANDREW WILSON.

## MANTJE ! MANTJE !

PART II.—*Continued.*

"I TOLD you so !" exclaimed he, "I told you so ! I told you that that woman would never be satisfied, but would go on crying like a horse-leech for more and more ! She is an artful, designing, insatiable creature, and twiddles that young fellow—who isn't made of such bad stuff himself, which is a marvel considering his mother—twiddles him round her fingers like a piece of worsted. And so she would me, if she could ; and you, too, and Matilda, and everyone of us. I have no doubt in the world that when she begged that seat in our carriage, which, upon the face of it, was a harmless sort of thing enough, she was scheming this precious marriage."

"She might have been scheming worse things," rejoined Mrs. Dobson. "I don't see anything so very monstrous in the proposal. On the contrary, I must say that I vastly approve of it, and feel truly obliged to its originator. Personally Mrs. Dallocourt is objectionable to me ; she is too critical and too consequential ; the airs she gives herself are quite intolerable ; but as long as we can keep three miles between us—and you know, Charles, that with proper management that would be quite as practicable were the young people married as it is now—I can conscientiously say that my mind is free from all uncharitable feelings towards her. I feel indebted to Mrs. Dallocourt, not only because she has on more than one occasion relieved me of the duties of chaperone, but because of the willingness she now displays to relieve me altogether of those responsibilities which belong to the possession of a marriageable daughter. I have not spoken of these things before, because I felt that it was my duty as a mother to bear a mother's anxieties ; but I assure you that the sooner Matilda is married, and my mind released from the weight of any responsibility on her account, the better it will be for my health."

This was a brand new view of the matter, which Mr. Dobson was very much inclined to disregard.

"I don't see that the anxieties belonging to the possession of marriageable daughters have any very grievous effects upon other folks," said he, "There is Mrs. Baker with three of them. There's Mrs. Catchpole with four, and another coming on. They are both very well and jolly."

Mrs. Dobson closed her eyes.

"I entreat you, my dear husband," said she, "not to compare me with Mrs. Baker, or with Mrs. Catchpole. You must have discovered by this time that my delicate constitution requires peculiar treatment."

"Well," said the Squire, when he had contemplated the case awhile from the standing-point suggested by his wife, "Matilda may marry as soon as she likes, for me; but let her marry the right man: this young man is the wrong."

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Dobson. "Matilda, in my opinion, is never likely to make a very brilliant match; and considering the good birth and aristocratic connections of Mr. Dallocourt, I think she might do far worse than accept his offer."

"A fig for his good birth! and his aristocratic connections in the bargain! Where is his income? or where is his profession? Where are his visible means of supporting himself and his wife?"

"As for that," returned Mrs. Dobson, "you know very well that you are sufficiently wealthy to render such inquiries unnecessary. Not but what I suppose the young man will do something, just by way of occupation. I have no doubt that something of that sort will be arranged. It is impossible, with my delicate nerves, to enter into any speculation as to what those arrangements may be; but Mrs. Dallocourt is a woman of energy and management, and the enjoyment of rude health. I have no doubt she has her own views."

"I have no doubt she has!" cried the Squire. "I have no doubt in the world that she has her views!"

Precisely at this juncture Matilda entered, bearing with her the necessary appliances for the manufacture of pillow-lace.

"Matilda," said her father, "what is this about you and your Dallocourt?"

"Matilda, my dear," said her mother, "I congratulate you on the offer you have received."

Matilda looked from one to the other without making a reply.

"Congratulate her when she has refused it," said the Squire to his wife. "Matilda, I hope you have not been foolish enough to form any attachment to that young man?"

"I am sure, Matilda," cried the voice from the sofa, "you have too much good sense not to reciprocate the esteem he has expressed for you!"

"Esteem him as much as you please," cried the Squire. "But answer me this question: do you wish to be his wife? Do you believe he has spoken to you upon the subject, and therefore you have had time to think about it?"

"I have not thought about it much," replied Matilda. "I told him that I would marry him if you wished it."

"Very well!" cried the Squire; "then I *don't* wish it!"

"But," said Mrs. Dobson, "*I* do."

Three days afterwards Leonard received the following letter:—

MR DEAR SIR,—The proposal which you recently did me the honour of making for my daughter's hand, seemed to me at the first so preposterous and audacious, considering your want of profession and your lack of an adequate income, that it could only be answered by a summary refusal. Why I did not give that summary refusal I can't say; all I know is that I was a great fool for not doing so. Since then I have discovered that you have found such favour in Mrs. Dobson's eyes, that nothing will do but that she must have you for a son-in-law; and I believe that in her present state of nervous debility, any thwarting of her whims might be attended by injurious consequences. Under these circumstances, I write to accept your offer, but I tell you plainly that you owe its acceptance entirely to Mrs. Dobson, and not to me. My own opinion is that my daughter might have done better. You must not be offended at my plain speaking; if you and I are to be closely connected it is very probable that there will be a great deal of plain speaking between us first and last, and it may be as well to begin at once. I like to speak the truth, the plain truth, not truth dressed up so that its own mother, if it had one, would scarcely know it. I perceived the other day, when you told me you knew you were asking for what you had no right to ask for, that you were of the same way of thinking. So far we agree exactly. It is a pity you have no income and no profession. I suppose, as you are to be my son-in-law, I had better do what I can for you. Come over to Hufferton at your earliest convenience, and we will see what can be done.

"Yours truly,

C. DOBSON.

"P.S.—Mrs. Dobson sends her kind remembrances to Mrs. Dallocourt, and regrets that her delicate health prevents her from visiting or receiving visitors."

"Just like her!" cried Mrs. Dallocourt, when Leonard had read aloud the postscript. "As though I didn't know that she went out to luncheon last week! However, as she has done good service to you, Leonard, we can afford to forgive her hypochondriacal affectations. You must go over to Hufferton to-day, and the sooner you mention Koughborough now the better."

"If Squire Dobson comes into that nice little plan of yours, you will be a pope, mother," observed Leonard; "and then, you know, it will really not be safe to ask anything more."

"I don't know what you mean by comparing me to a pope," returned Mrs. Dallocourt. "I confess I don't see the analogy. As for not asking anything more, of course Mr. Dobson must give his daughter a proper dowry; but I should think, judging from his letter, that he would do that of his own accord."

Her conclusion proved correct. Squire Dobson, reflecting that

having made a bad bargain it behoved him to make the best of it; he threw no obstacles in the way of the accomplishment of Mrs. Dall court's wishes; and the engagement between Leonard and Matilda and their contemplated residence at Koughborough Grange, and occupation of the land belonging to it, became a nine days' wonder in the neighbourhood.

The promised realisation of his mother's ambition almost to Leonard by surprise. More modest and less sanguine than she, had ever felt a presentiment approaching to certainty that sooner or later her schemes would be frustrated, and become subjects for Mr. Dobson's animadversions. When he found himself the acknowledged *fiancé* of Matilda, and the destined occupier of the Koughborough lands, he felt dimly that he had been mistaking actual events for a visionary panorama of a dream. Whether the consciousness of the reality, which now broke fully upon him, brought with it pleasure unalloyed, would be a question left more wisely unraised. He endeavoured to persuade himself that it did, and was early at the Koughborough farm, improving his agricultural knowledge. "You know nothing about farming," Mr. Dobson had said to him, when he preferred the last of his requests; which he had replied that he knew a little, and would diligently learn more. Perhaps it was a conscientious wish to fulfil a promise made, that caused him, subsequent to his engagement, to spend so very much time at the farm, and so very little at Huffer Hall. Kitty Kesterton, a cousin of Matilda, a volatile miss fifteen, who favoured Huffer Hall in the beginning of June with a light of her saucy young countenance, marvelled greatly at the scarcity of his presence.

"Why, you hardly ever see him!" said she. "What is the use of having a lover in the next parish, with nothing particular to do, if he never comes to see you?"

"He comes as often as is necessary," replied Matilda, to which the observation had been addressed.

"Necessary!" echoed Miss Kitty; "well, as for that, I do suppose it is necessary for him to come at all. But still, I think rather strange that he doesn't come oftener; don't you?"

"I don't exactly see," answered Matilda, "what he should come for."

"Kitty Kesterton stared.

"Well," cried she, "you *are* a funny girl!" And the next time that she had an opportunity of talking to the lady's-maid, she expounded her views at length.

"Of all the queer lovers that ever I saw or heard of," said she, "these two are the queerest. Why, they hardly ever talk to each other; and when they do they seem as if they didn't know w

to say,—at least, Matilda does, and Mr. Dallocourt is not much better. But he is a good-looking fellow though—isn't he, Jane ? But then, you know, he is hardly ever here ; and it does surprise me to see how coolly Matilda takes it. He was to have walked over here yesterday, you know, but he didn't ; and when I said how strange it was, she said, ' Oh, I suppose it is too hot.' I am sure if I had a lover who broke his word in that way, because of a little sun, I would very soon tell him he was not worth having ! "

Miss Kesterton was not the only lady who had noticed the increasing rareness of Leonard's visits to Huferton, and made her observations thereupon.

" Do you think," said Mrs. Dallocourt to her son, " that you are right to see Miss Dobson so seldom ? Don't you think she will be offended ? "

" Not she," answered Leonard ; " she is not so fond of me as that. She can eat her strawberries and her gooseberry fool without any heartache because I am not there to help her. We like each other very well, but we are not in love, and don't pretend to be at present,—we have agreed to put that off to by-and-bye ; and in the meantime she doesn't want me to act any nonsensical fooleries. She is a very sensible girl, that Miss Dobson ; an extremely sensible girl. I assure you, mother, I really do admire my future wife ! "

The grounds for his admiration were startlingly unromantic, and placed the tender passion in a novel and unpleasing light ; but Mrs. Dallocourt, satisfied with the future, and mindful of the past, thought it best to let the present alone. She dared not ask Matilda to the cottage, lest the indifference of her son to his promised bride should be made more manifest by his absence. " They are both satisfied," thought she, " and no interference is necessary. "

" What distressed her far more than the apathetic loves of Leonard and Matilda, was the studied neglect and avoidance with which she was herself treated by Mrs. Dobson. In the first overflow of her pleasure and exultation she had [recently called] at the Hall, intending to have a pleasant conference with its mistress upon their children's approaching union. She believed at the time, and had since positively ascertained, that Mrs. Dobson was at home ; but after the polite assurance of the footman to the contrary, of course there was nothing to be done but to turn Alighieri's head and depart from that unfriendly mansion.

" I wish I had said that I would wait till she came back," she observed to Leonard. " And yet I don't know ; I am not quite sure whether such a course would have been consistent with the dignity of a Dallocourt ! "

"I wonder," said Mrs. Dobson to her daughter, "What Mrs. Dallocourt could have meant by coming here. She must have remembered perfectly well that it was my turn to call."

She said nothing about it to her husband; for Mr. Dobson ever since his reluctant acceptance of Leonard's proposal, had been in a state of mind so exceedingly irritable and volcanic, as to render all possible silence upon the subject of the Dallocourt's desirable upon her own part. The Squire had an uneasy consciousness that he had been in some way coerced and bamboozled. Beneath an appearance of sullen complacency, there smouldered a wrathful fire to which fresh fuel piles were added whenever he cast his eyes upon his land at Koughborough. He accounted himself the victim of an artfully-devised plot, in which Mrs. Dallocourt was the arch-conspirator, Leonard the willing coadjutor, and his wife the deluded abettor. As for his daughter, he had fallen into a habit very prevalent amongst that young lady's acquaintances of becoming oblivious of her individuality, and regarding her as an inanimate cipher. The distrustful dislike which had at first been confined to Mrs. Dallocourt, began insensibly to extend itself to Leonard. The more pleasing and unaffected were the young man's manners, the more ingenuously he spoke, the more frankly he smiled, the more restlessly suspicious the Squire grew, the more mindful he became of that April morning when he had lost a golden opportunity, and had permitted himself to say, "I'll think about it." Matters grew worse, and worse, when the warmer season arrived. The sun which had so annoyed him in its springtide force, then became trebly vexatious; and the hotter the weather waxed, the more irritable waxed Mr. Dobson. Mrs. Dobson, by whom the rarity of Leonard's visits to Hufferton had by no means passed unnoticed, was far from wishing them more frequent, because of their ill-effects upon her husband. While Leonard and Mr. Dobson were together, the Squire, though sometimes sullen and given to the making of uncomplimentary speeches, would, on the whole, appear tolerably good-tempered; and Leonard, paying little heed to his occasional crustiness, infinitely preferred his society to that of the taciturn Matilda. But what distressed and worried Mrs. Dobson to a degree that made the lady's-maid's life a burden was, that the Squire's inevitable ill-humour after Mr. Dallocourt's departure was increased or diminished in inverse to the non-amenity of the colloquy that was over. If Leonard's society had been especially agreeable, if Mr. Dobson had been inveigled thereby into an affability foreign to his intentions, he avenged himself afterwards for his involuntary graciousness by a series of animadversions upon things present, and grumbling prognostications of consequent evils, which were fretting to the ear and harassing to the nerves, and raised

wish in his much-enduring lady's mind that the inhabitants of the cottage *ornée* had never set foot in this troublous world to render it more troublous by their presence. "If Charles would be soothed," thought she, "by any forbearance or amiability which Mr. Dallo-court could show, all would be well enough. But what peace can possibly be hoped for when everything is so vexatiously perverse?" She tried to look into the vista of the future, but shut her mental eyes in dread, and felt inclined to take her husband's word for its horrors. It was impossible for her to listen to his repeated declarations of the unsatisfactoriness of the match, and reiterated assurances of ensuing troubles, without catching some portion of his apprehensions, without becoming in some degree imbued with his dissatisfaction; and though she could not view the Dallocourts, as he fain would have her, in the light of a wizard, and a witch who would one day ruin them by some hellish incantations, she was growing by rapid degrees to regard them as two highly embarrassing individuals whose existence had already occasioned her discomfort, and was likely, to all appearance, to occasion her a good deal more.

"There will be no end to it!" cried the Squire. "They have asked for my daughter whom they can't support—they have asked for my land which they can't farm; they won't be content till they have sucked my heart's blood,—and I very much doubt if they'll be contented then."

Mrs. Dobson, listening to all this, found it impossible to ignore the probability that her husband's discontent, and consequent irritability, would not terminate, as she had at first hoped, with Matilda's marriage. Mr. Dobson, prognosticating the evils which would subsequently have to be endured, made no mention of perennial uneasiness on his own part which must necessarily affect his household; but Mrs. Dobson, shut her eyes as she would, could not but feel its foreshadowing with a foreboding mind, and doubt whether the responsibilities from which she had hoped to be released, were not vastly preferable to the constant worry which would probably come in their stead. It had been arranged that the wedding should take place towards the end of August; and in the beginning of July, the mother of the bride elect looked forward to that time with less of pleasure than of misgiving.

Squire Dobson's disapproval of his daughter's engagement was no secret in the neighbourhood. He published it with his own lips far and wide, and rarely passed a field of the Koughborough farm, without exclaiming to whoever was at hand, no matter were he gentleman or clown, that the land would be ruined before long, and its fertility a thing of the past. He pestered all his friends and acquaintances by constantly assuring them that he was a fool.



"If he thinks himself such a fool," said one of them to another day; "I wonder he doesn't stop the mischief in time."

To which the other replied "that he thought the ladies were in it."

Upon the very afternoon on which that sagacious observation was made, Mr. Dobson had driven from Hufferton to Koughborough and from Koughborough, back again to Hufferton, *rià* the cotta *ornée*, in company with Sir Thomas Cresham, the Royal Exchange Queen Elizabeth and her ruffle, Sir Christopher Wren, St. Paul Cathedral, Queen Anne, and a bird of paradise, all assembled together on a red cotton flag, and flowing puggareewise from his hat. The normal condition of the illustrious company was sadly disarranged by their position. While the red cotton flag was unconfined upon Matilda's worktable, they had grouped themselves comfortably enough, the bird of paradise standing in the middle, the queens from opposite corners eyeing one another askew, and the notabilities following suit in the corners corresponding, while the ecclesiastical building rivalled the commercial in the conspicuousness of its size and situation. They had occupied their station with decorous immovability; and the kilted Highlanders, and dancing demons, wherewith the scarlet was further set off, had arranged themselves in orderly battalions. But all order was at an end now. The queens, the notabilities, the edifices, and the rest were involved in inextricable confusion, and twisted round Squire Dobson's hat in a manner which was not artistic. It was a puggaree of striking and original appearance, and became the cynosure of all eyes that beheld it on that memorable day. It was the first headdress of the kind that the Squire had ever worn; for puggarees, though they might have been common enough elsewhere, were still rarities in the regions about Hufferton, which were accustomed to follow at respectful distance in the wake of the modes prevailing. Upon his first appearance Squire Dobson had ridiculed the puggaree wearing fashion as tending to effeminacy and foppishness.

"Why not a parasol, at once?" he said, "and a Dolly-what-her-name hat underneath?"

But that speech was a twelvemonth old when the Highlanders and the dancing demons were elevated to Mr. Dobson's crown.

The day was sultry, and breeze there was none, and the Squire just before starting upon his drive, had seen the scarlet handkerchief upon Matilda's worktable, and had been seized by a luminous idea.

"Twist this thing round my hat," said he. "It will do better than their white fopperies, because it's bigger."

So Matilda had twisted it as requested. The heads of the ruffled and ruffless queens hung miserably downwards from Mr.

Dobson's wideawake, the cathedral stood upon its dome, the demons danced upon their horns; but the Squire, complacent and self-congratulating, proceeded upon his dusty drive.

He received, or imagined he received, much comfort from his scarlet adornment, and boasted of it to the retiring agriculturist, at Koughborough, as one of the most brilliant inventions that ever sprang from the mind of man. That worthy approved mightily of the novel headdress; he admired its size, its colour, and its design, and declared that if the Squire didn't mind he would procure one for his own wearing as much like it as could be had for money.

The Squire was graciously pleased to say, that he did not mind at all. He had always got on exceedingly well with this retiring agriculturist who had been his pet tenant for years, and whose impending loss he now deplored.

"I shall never get another tenant here like you," he said after the puggaree had been duly admired. "That Dallocourt boy knows just about as much of farming as a pig."

The retiring agriculturist, who liked young Dallocourt, benevolently took Leonard's part, and pronounced him a promising pupil; but the Squire was sceptical and drove away grumbling.

"I am a fool," said he. "You come and look over the place a few years hence, and you'll believe it."

On his way home he took it into his head—no mortal ever yet knew why—to call on Mrs. Dallocourt. A bright-ribboned maid, showed him into the elegant drawing-room, and there were the green lizards immediately before his eyes. The sight did not improve his temper; and the light and flighty style of Mrs. Dallocourt's conversation, which persistently ignored the obligation which a union with the Dobsons would confer upon the Dallocourt family, did not tend to improve it either. Leonard was not there. Mr. Dobson stayed for about ten minutes, dissimulating his rising wrath, and then rose to depart. Mrs. Dallocourt followed him to the door, and as he took his hat from a peg in the miniature hall, her eyes for the first time rested upon the scarlet puggaree. A shriek of laughter greeted its discovery.

"Why, Mr. Dobson," cried she, "you don't mean to say you drive about with that thing upon you head?"

"Yes I do," said the Squire, marching away to his vehicle in high displeasure.

"Why, Mr. Dobson! it's barbarous! it's grotesque! *mais c'est pour rire à jamais!*" And she sent her shrill laughter after him as long as he remained within hearing.

Right, nobly has he shown us reason and faith, thus typified. Reason with his slow march, proving, testing, trying all things; Faith, with her brighter, far-seeing gaze, penetrating the intervening darkness, and beholding by a marvellous intuition things "hope for" and "not seen."

Thus should the march of science, and the hopeful spirit of philosophic faith be typified. What hard, stern reason will not attain, where the steps are wanting, and may never be found, the faith will reach, and there will she advance with clear perception to the truth.

Never apart, but thus together and in loving companionship these two ministers of the human mind, these pillars of the human soul, will lead man towards the good and the true—towards the noblest perfection and the fulfilling of every noble desire. Where reason fails, faith will support; and where the logical reasoning of philosophy refuses further to proceed, the higher faith will lead the way to heights where mortal mind, save for her grateful aid, could never rest.

Thus, analogously to the experience of daily life, and to that of religion itself, the philosophy of science reaches at once its highest height and limit. What a lesson of humility should this then teach us! And how powerfully should the stern voice of science ring out in warning and in comfort—in warning against the false spirit which, forgetful of the mutability of human affairs, seeks to make itself equal in all things with the Source of knowledge itself; but no less does it sound in comfort to us, for though the eye and ear be not satisfied in this present world, they shall be filled with higher knowledge of better things, when the knowing in part shall be done away, and when we shall know even as also we are known.

ANDREW WILSON.

## MANTJE ! MANTJE !

PART II.—*Continued.*

"I TOLD you so!" exclaimed he, "I told you so! I told you that that woman would never be satisfied, but would go on crying like a horse-leech for more and more! She is an artful, designing, insatiable creature, and twiddles that young fellow—who isn't made of such bad stuff himself, which is a marvel considering his mother—twiddles him round her fingers like a piece of worsted. And so she would me, if she could; and you, too, and Matilda, and everyone of us. I have no doubt in the world that when she begged that seat in our carriage, which, upon the face of it, was a harmless sort of thing enough, she was scheming this precious marriage."

"She might have been scheming worse things," rejoined Mrs. Dobson. "I don't see anything so very monstrous in the proposal. On the contrary, I must say that I vastly approve of it, and feel truly obliged to its originator. Personally Mrs. Dallocourt is objectionable to me; she is too critical and too consequential; the airs she gives herself are quite intolerable; but as long as we can keep three miles between us—and you know, Charles, that with proper management that would be quite as practicable were the young people married as it is now—I can conscientiously say that my mind is free from all uncharitable feelings towards her. I feel indebted to Mrs. Dallocourt, not only because she has on more than one occasion relieved me of the duties of chaperone, but because of the willingness she now displays to relieve me altogether of those responsibilities which belong to the possession of a marriageable daughter. I have not spoken of these things before, because I felt that it was my duty as a mother to bear a mother's anxieties; but I assure you that the sooner Matilda is married, and my mind released from the weight of any responsibility on her account, the better it will be for my health."

This was a brand new view of the matter, which Mr. Dobson was very much inclined to disregard.

"I don't see that the anxieties belonging to the possession of marriageable daughters have any very grievous effects upon other folks," said he, "There is Mrs. Baker with three of them. There's Mrs. Catchpole with four, and another coming on. They are both very well and jolly."

Mrs. Dobson closed her eyes.

"I entreat you, my dear husband," said she, "not to compare me with Mrs. Baker, or with Mrs. Catchpole. You must have discovered by this time that my delicate constitution requires peculiar treatment."

"Well," said the Squire, when he had contemplated the case awhile from the standing-point suggested by his wife, "Matilda may marry as soon as she likes, for me; but let her marry the right man: this young man is the wrong."

"I don't think so," said Mrs. Dobson. "Matilda, in my opinion, is never likely to make a very brilliant match; and considering the good birth and aristocratic connections of Mr. Dallocourt, I think she might do far worse than accept his offer."

"A fig for his good birth! and his aristocratic connections in the bargain! Where is his income? or where is his profession? Where are his visible means of supporting himself and his wife?"

"As for that," returned Mrs. Dobson, "you know very well that you are sufficiently wealthy to render such inquiries unnecessary. Not but what I suppose the young man will do something—just by way of occupation. I have no doubt that something of the sort will be arranged. It is impossible, with my delicate nerves, to enter into any speculation as to what those arrangements may be; but Mrs. Dallocourt is a woman of energy and management, and of the enjoyment of rude health. I have no doubt she has her views."

"I have no doubt she has!" cried the Squire. "I have no doubt in the world that she has her views!"

Precisely at this juncture Matilda entered, bearing with her all the necessary appliances for the manufacture of pillow-lace.

"Matilda," said her father, "what is this about you and your Dallocourt?"

"Matilda, my dear," said her mother, "I congratulate you on the offer you have received."

Matilda looked from one to the other without making any reply.

"Congratulate her when she has refused it," said the Squire to his wife. "Matilda, I hope you have not been foolish enough to form any attachment to that young man?"

"I am sure, Matilda," cried the voice from the sofa, "you have too much good sense not to reciprocate the esteem he has expressed for you!"

"Esteem him as much as you please," cried the Squire. "But answer me this question: do you wish to be his wife? Do you believe he has spoken to you upon the subject, and therefore you have had time to think about it?"

"I have not thought about it much," replied Matilda. "I told him that I would marry him if you wished it."

"Very well!" cried the Squire; "then I *don't* wish it!"

"But," said Mrs. Dobson, "I do."

Three days afterwards Leonard received the following letter:—

MY DEAR SIR,—The proposal which you recently did me the honour of making for my daughter's hand, seemed to me at the first so preposterous and audacious, considering your want of profession and your lack of an adequate income, that it could only be answered by a summary refusal. Why I did not give that summary refusal I can't say; all I know is that I was a great fool for not doing so. Since then I have discovered that you have found such favour in Mrs. Dobson's eyes, that nothing will do but that she must have you for a son-in-law; and I believe that in her present state of nervous debility, any thwarting of her whims might be attended by injurious consequences. Under these circumstances, I write to accept your offer, but I tell you plainly that you owe its acceptance entirely to Mrs. Dobson, and not to me. My own opinion is that my daughter might have done better. You must not be offended at my plain speaking; if you and I are to be closely connected it is very probable that there will be a great deal of plain speaking between us first and last, and it may be as well to begin at once. I like to speak the truth, the plain truth, not truth dressed up so that its own mother, if it had one, would scarcely know it. I perceived the other day, when you told me you knew you were asking for what you had no right to ask for, that you were of the same way of thinking. So far we agree exactly. It is a pity you have no income and no profession. I suppose, as you are to be my son-in-law, I had better do what I can for you. Come over to Hufferton at your earliest convenience, and we will see what can be done.

"Yours truly,

C. DOBSON.

"P.S.—Mrs. Dobson sends her kind remembrances to Mrs. Dallocourt, and regrets that her delicate health prevents her from visiting or receiving visitors."

"Just like her!" cried Mrs. Dallocourt, when Leonard had read aloud the postscript. "As though I didn't know that she went out to luncheon last week! However, as she has done good service to you, Leonard, we can afford to forgive her hypochondriacal affectations. You must go over to Hufferton to-day, and the sooner you mention Koughborough now the better."

"If Squire Dobson comes into that nice little plan of yours, you will be a pope, mother," observed Leonard; "and then, you know, it will really not be safe to ask anything more."

"I don't know what you mean by comparing me to a pope," returned Mrs. Dallocourt. "I confess I don't see the analogy. As for not asking anything more, of course Mr. Dobson must give his daughter a proper dowry; but I should think, judging from his letter, that he would do that of his own accord."

Her conclusion proved correct. Squire Dobson, reflecting that

having made a bad bargain it behoved him to make the best of it, threw no obstacles in the way of the accomplishment of Mrs. Dallo-court's wishes; and the engagement between Leonard and Matilda, and their contemplated residence at Koughborough Grange, and occupation of the land belonging to it, became a nine days' wonder in the neighbourhood.

The promised realisation of his mother's ambition almost took Leonard by surprise. More modest and less sanguine than she, he had ever felt a presentiment approaching to certainty that sooner or later her schemes would be frustrated, and become subjects for Mr. Dobson's animadversions. When he found himself the acknowledged *fiancée* of Matilda, and the destined occupier of the Koughborough lands, he felt dimly that he had been mistaking actual events for the visionary panorama of a dream. Whether the consciousness of their reality, which now broke fully upon him, brought with it pleasure unalloyed, would be a question left more wisely unraised. He endeavoured to persuade himself that it did, and was early and late at the Koughborough farm, improving his agricultural knowledge. "You know nothing about farming," Mr. Dobson had said to him, when he preferred the last of his requests; to which he had replied that he knew a little, and would diligently learn more. Perhaps it was a conscientious wish to fulfil the promise made, that caused him, subsequent to his engagement, to spend so very much time at the farm, and so very little at Hufferton Hall. Kitty Kesterton, a cousin of Matilda, a volatile miss of fifteen, who favoured Hufferton in the beginning of June with the light of her saucy young countenance, marvelled greatly at the scarcity of his presence.

"Why, you hardly ever see him!" said she. "What is the use of having a lover in the next parish, with nothing particular to do, if he never comes to see you?"

"He comes as often as is necessary," replied Matilda, to whom the observation had been addressed.

"Necessary!" echoed Miss Kitty; "well, as for that, I don't suppose it is necessary for him to come at all. But still, I think it rather strange that he doesn't come oftener; don't you?"

"I don't exactly see," answered Matilda, "what he should come for."

"Kitty Kesterton stared.

"Well," cried she, "you *are* a funny girl!" And the next time that she had an opportunity of talking to the lady's-maid, she expounded her views at length.

"Of all the queer lovers that ever I saw or heard of," said she, "these two are the queerest. Why, they hardly ever talk to one another; and when they do they seem as if they didn't know what

to say,—at least, Matilda does, and Mr. Dallocourt is not much better. But he is a good-looking fellow though—isn't he, Jane? But then, you know, he is hardly ever here; and it does surprise me to see how coolly Matilda takes it. He was to have walked over here yesterday, you know, but he didn't; and when I said how strange it was, she said, 'Oh, I suppose it is too hot.' I am sure if I had a lover who broke his word in that way, because of a little sun, I would very soon tell him he was not worth having!"

Miss Kesterton was not the only lady who had noticed the increasing rareness of Leonard's visits to Hufferton, and made her observations thereupon.

"Do you think," said Mrs. Dallocourt to her son, "that you are right to see Miss Dobson so seldom? Don't you think she will be offended?"

"Not she," answered Leonard; "she is not so fond of me as that. She can eat her strawberries and her gooseberry fool without any heartache because I am not there to help her. We like each other very well, but we are not in love, and don't pretend to be at present,—we have agreed to put that off to by-and-bye; and in the meantime she doesn't want me to act any nonsensical fooleries. She is a very sensible girl, that Miss Dobson; an extremely sensible girl. I assure you, mother, I really do admire my future wife!"

The grounds for his admiration were startlingly unromantic, and placed the tender passion in a novel and unpleasing light; but Mrs. Dallocourt, satisfied with the future, and mindful of the past, thought it best to let the present alone. She dared not ask Matilda to the cottage, lest the indifference of her son to his promised bride should be made more manifest by his absence. "They are both satisfied," thought she, "and no interference is necessary."

"What distressed her far more than the apathetic loves of Leonard and Matilda, was the studied neglect and avoidance with which she was herself treated by Mrs. Dobson. In the first overflow of her pleasure and exultation she had [recently called] at the Hall, intending to have a pleasant conference with its mistress upon their children's approaching union. She believed at the time, and had since positively ascertained, that Mrs. Dobson was at home; but after the polite assurance of the footman to the contrary, of course there was nothing to be done but to turn Alighieri's head and depart from that unfriendly mansion.

"I wish I had said that I would wait till she came back," she observed to Leonard. "And yet I don't know; I am not quite sure whether such a course would have been consistent with the dignity of a Dallocourt!"



"I wonder," said Mrs. Dobson to her daughter, "What Mrs. Dallocourt could have meant by coming here. She must have remembered perfectly well that it was my turn to call."

She said nothing about it to her husband; for Mr. Dobson ever since his reluctant acceptance of Leonard's proposal, had been in a state of mind so exceedingly irritable and volcanic, as to render all possible silence upon the subject of the Dallocourt's desirable upon her own part. The Squire had an uneasy consciousness that he had been in some way coerced and bamboozled. Beneath an appearance of sullen complacency, there smouldered a wrathful fire to which fresh fuel piles were added whenever he cast his eyes upon his land at Koughborough. He accounted himself the victim of an artfully-devised plot, in which Mrs. Dallocourt was the arch-conspirator, Leonard the willing coadjutor, and his wife the deluded abettor. As for his daughter, he had fallen into a habit very prevalent amongst that young lady's acquaintances of becoming oblivious of her individuality, and regarding her as an inanimate cipher. The distrustful dislike which had at first been confined to Mrs. Dallocourt, began insensibly to extend itself to Leonard. The more pleasing and unaffected were the young man's manners, the more ingenuously he spoke, the more frankly he smiled, the more restlessly suspicious the Squire grew, the more mindful he became of that April morning when he had lost a golden opportunity, and had permitted himself to say, "I'll think about it." Matters grew worse, and worse, when the warmer season arrived. The sun which had so annoyed him in its springtide force, then became trebly vexatious; and the hotter the weather waxed, the more irritable waxed Mr. Dobson. Mrs. Dobson, by whom the rarity of Leonard's visits to Hufferton had by no means passed unnoticed, was far from wishing them more frequent, because of their ill-effects upon her husband. While Leonard and Mr. Dobson were together, the Squire, though sometimes sullen and given to the making of uncomplimentary speeches, would, on the whole, appear tolerably good-tempered; and Leonard, paying little heed to his occasional crustiness, infinitely preferred his society to that of the taciturn Matilda. But what distressed and worried Mrs. Dobson to a degree that made the lady's-maid's life a burden was, that the Squire's inevitable ill-humour after Mr. Dallocourt's departure was increased or diminished in inverse to the non-amenity of the colloquy that was over. If Leonard's society had been especially agreeable, if Mr. Dobson had been inveigled thereby into an affability foreign to his intentions, he avenged himself afterwards for his involuntary graciousness by a series of animadversions upon things present, and grumbling prognostications of consequent evils, which were fretting to the ear and harassing to the nerves, and raised a

wish in his much-enduring lady's mind that the inhabitants of the cottage *ornée* had never set foot in this troublous world to render it more troublous by their presence. "If Charles would be soothed," thought she, "by any forbearance or amiability which Mr. Dallo-court could show, all would be well enough. But what peace can possibly be hoped for when everything is so vexatiously perverse?" She tried to look into the vista of the future, but shut her mental eyes in dread, and felt inclined to take her husband's word for its horrors. It was impossible for her to listen to his repeated declarations of the unsatisfactoriness of the match, and reiterated assurances of ensuing troubles, without catching some portion of his apprehensions, without becoming in some degree imbued with his dissatisfaction; and though she could not view the Dallo-courts, as he fain would have her, in the light of a wizard, and a witch who would one day ruin them by some hellish incantations, she was growing by rapid degrees to regard them as two highly embarrassing individuals whose existence had already occasioned her discomfort, and was likely, to all appearance, to occasion her a good deal more.

"There will be no end to it!" cried the Squire. "They have asked for my daughter whom they can't support—they have asked for my land which they can't farm; they won't be content till they have sucked my heart's blood,—and I very much doubt if they'll be contented then."

Mrs. Dobson, listening to all this, found it impossible to ignore the probability that her husband's discontent, and consequent irritability, would not terminate, as she had at first hoped, with Matilda's marriage. Mr. Dobson, prognosticating the evils which would subsequently have to be endured, made no mention of perennial uneasiness on his own part which must necessarily affect his household; but Mrs. Dobson, shut her eyes as she would, could not but feel its foreshadowing with a foreboding mind, and doubt whether the responsibilities from which she had hoped to be released, were not vastly preferable to the constant worry which would probably come in their stead. It had been arranged that the wedding should take place towards the end of August; and in the beginning of July, the mother of the bride elect looked forward to that time with less of pleasure than of misgiving.

Squire Dobson's disapproval of his daughter's engagement was no secret in the neighbourhood. He published it with his own lips far and wide, and rarely passed a field of the Koughborough farm, without exclaiming to whoever was at hand, no matter were he gentleman or clown, that the land would be ruined before long, and its fertility a thing of the past. He pestered all his friends and acquaintances by constantly assuring them that he was a fool.

"If he thinks himself such a fool," said one of them to another one day; "I wonder he doesn't stop the mischief in time."

To which the other replied "that he thought the ladies were in it."

Upon the very afternoon on which that sagacious observation was made, Mr. Dobson had driven from Hufferton to Koughborough, and from Koughborough, back again to Hufferton, *viâ* the cottage *ornée*, in company with Sir Thomas Lresham, the Royal Exchange, Queen Elizabeth and her ruffle, Sir Christopher Wren, St. Paul's Cathedral, Queen Anne, and a bird of paradise, all assembled together on a red cotton flag, and flowing puggareewise from his hat. The normal condition of the illustrious company was sadly disarranged by their position. While the red cotton flag lay unconfined upon Matilda's worktable, they had grouped themselves comfortably enough, the bird of paradise standing in the middle, the queens from opposite corners cying one another askew, and the notabilities following suit in the corners corresponding, while the ecclesiastical building rivalled the commercial in the conspicuousness of its size and situation. They had occupied their station with decorous immovability; and the kilted Highlanders, and dancing demons, wherewith the scarlet was further set off, had arranged themselves in orderly battalions. But all order was at an end now. The queens, the notabilities, the edifices, and the rest were involved in inextricable confusion, and twisted round Squire Dobson's hat in a manner which was not artistic. It was a puggaree of striking and original appearance, and became the cynosure of all eyes that beheld it on that memorable day. It was the first headdress of the kind that the Squire had ever worn; for puggarahs, though they might have been common enough elsewhere, were still rarities in the regions about Hufferton, which were accustomed to follow at a respectful distance in the wake of the modes prevailing. Upon its first appearance Squire Dobson had ridiculed the puggaree-wearing fashion as tending to effeminacy and foppishness.

"Why not a parasol, at once?" he said, "and a Dolly-what's-her-name hat underneath?"

But that speech was a twelvemonth old when the Highlanders and the dancing demons were elevated to Mr. Dobson's crown.

The day was sultry, and breeze there was none, and the Squire, just before starting upon his drive, had seen the scarlet handkerchief upon Matilda's worktable, and had been seized by a luminous idea.

"Twist this thing round my hat," said he. "It will do better than their white fopperies, because it's bigger."

So Matilda had twisted it as requested. The heads of the ruffled and ruffless queens hung miserably downwards from Mr.

Dobson's wideawake, the cathedral stood upon its dome, the demons danced upon their horns; but the Squire, complacent and self-congratulating, proceeded upon his dusty drive.

He received, or imagined he received, much comfort from his scarlet adornment, and boasted of it to the retiring agriculturist, at Koughborough, as one of the most brilliant inventions that ever sprang from the mind of man. That worthy approved mightily of the novel headdress; he admired its size, its colour, and its design, and declared that if the Squire didn't mind he would procure one for his own wearing as much like it as could be had for money.

The Squire was graciously pleased to say, that he did not mind at all. He had always got on exceedingly well with this retiring agriculturalist who had been his pet tenant for years, and whose impending loss he now deplored.

"I shall never get another tenant here like you," he said after the puggaree had been duly admired. "That Dallocourt boy knows just about as much of farming as a pig."

The retiring agriculturist, who liked young Dallocourt, benevolently took Leonard's part, and pronounced him a promising pupil; but the Squire was sceptical and drove away grumbling.

"I am a fool," said he. "You come and look over the place a few years hence, and you'll believe it."

On his way home he took it into his head—no mortal ever yet knew why—to call on Mrs. Dallocourt. A bright-ribboned maid, showed him into the elegant drawing-room, and there were the green lizards immediately before his eyes. The sight did not improve his temper; and the light and flighty style of Mrs. Dallocourt's conversation, which persistently ignored the obligation which a union with the Dobsons would confer upon the Dallocourt family, did not tend to improve it either. Leonard was not there. Mr. Dobson stayed for about ten minutes, dissimulating his rising wrath, and then rose to depart. Mrs. Dallocourt followed him to the door, and as he took his hat from a peg in the miniature hall, her eyes for the first time rested upon the scarlet puggaree. A shriek of laughter greeted its discovery.

"Why, Mr. Dobson," cried she, "you don't mean to say you drive about with that thing upon your head?"

"Yes I do," said the Squire, marching away to his vehicle in high displeasure.

"Why, Mr. Dobson! it's barbarous! it's grotesque! *mais c'est pour rire à jamais*!" And she sent her shrill laughter after him as long as he remained within hearing.

The Squire did not understand jesting, and had never taken a joke well in his life.

"She makes fun of me," he said to his wife, as soon as he reached home. "This woman whose son I am about to raise from beggary, turns round and makes fun of me to my face."

His wife answered nothing; already the very name of Dallocourt had become a torture to her ears.

The next day it occurred to Leonard, who had not seen Matilda for weeks, that it would be as well to pay her a visit; and before he started he received a message from his mother. He laughed when he heard it, and answered, "Very good!" He sat for an hour in Matilda's company under the shade of the Hufferton trees, and then said good-bye, without having seen her father. But before he reached the park-gates, he met Mr. Dobson, adorned with the flaming puggaree, and after the exchange of a few ordinary civilities, somewhat sullenly uttered on the Squire's part, he delivered Mrs. Dallocourt's message.

"By the way," said he, "my mother told me to say that she forgot to tell you yesterday, that if you were to wear a regular white puggaree, instead of that red affair you would find it a good deal cooler."

The effect of the speech was prodigious. Thus to remind the Squire of the ridicule which had offended him so deeply, and over which he had been secretly brooding, was like inviting a volcano to an outbreak. It wanted but this to fan into a sudden blaze the fire which had been smouldering so long. Mr. Dobson turned quickly round, and the work of half a year, was all overthrown in a minute.

"Your mother may go to Hanover," cried he; "and you too. And there let her look for a daughter-in-law, and you for a wife. This is the last I'll have to do with either of you." And off he walked, leaving Leonard to wonder and to reflect.

It was all over. The big flounder had splashed for the last time; and Leonard as he stood by the gates of the park, told himself that he had said "*Mantje! Mantje!*" too often. He might take possession of the Squire's lizards, he might shoot his game, he might use his carriage, he might marry his daughter, he might farm his land; but to criticise the Squire's headdress was a height of audacity which was not allowed him. All other requests might be granted; but a request to alter the fashion, or the colour of a puggarah, was too presumptuous to be for a moment entertained. It was all over; and Leonard knew it, as positively as did the Squire. He made no effort to alter the tide of affairs. And Mrs. Dobson, when she heard what had happened from her husband, made no effort either,

"And now, my dear Charles," said she, "I hope your mind is easy."

"Yes, it is easy," cried he; "and never for the rest of my life will I allow myself to be made such a fool of again! Matilda, if you can't find a better husband than that Dallocourt, you may live in single blessedness for ever."

Matilda listened to the gracious permission, and neither felt nor expressed disapprobation. But when she was alone with her mother she propounded an important question.

"Do you think mamma, that I ought to write to Mr. Dallocourt, to tell him that I have changed my mind? I don't want to, you know, in the least; only do you think it would be proper?"

Mrs. Dobson, thought it would be quite unnecessary. "Unless he writes to you," continued she, "in which case it would be but civil to reply."

Leonard never did write to Matilda; and the consequence was, that Matilda never wrote to Leonard. The only correspondence which passed between the hall and the cottage, subsequent to the appearance of the memorable puggaree, was a concise epistle from the Squire to Leonard, setting forth in the strongest and plainest language, his opinions upon the recent relations between them and all things connected therewith, not forgetting Mrs. Dallocourt's laughter, and ending with an announcement that those relations were henceforth to be considered at an end. "And," concluded the letter, "in the resolution I have just expressed, I have Mrs. Dobson's full concurrence. I have vindicated my position, as head of my family by converting my wife to my views."

Leonard, when he had read this document throughout, put it carefully into the kitchen fire, and did not communicate the whole of its contents to his mother. She learned its general import, and denounced in the bitterest terms, what she was pleased to call the scandalous behaviour of the Dobsons.

"No Dallocourt that ever lived," cried she, "would so have broken his plighted word! Our union with such a family would certainly have been too great a degradation."

Then the old order of things returned. The performers in the little drama, slipped quietly back to the places they had occupied, ere the play began, and if in the hearts of one or two there dwelt something which had before been absent, it was all the difference that its acting had made. To all outward appearance, no change had been wrought since the sultry August evening, when Leonard and Elsie Dallocourt, had listened to the story of the flounder. The drama had begun with a hat, and ended with a puggaree and left the players where it found them. In maiden meditation, fancy free, Matilda trod the road of life, preserving the subjects of her

cogitation in a secrecy, as profound as ever; Mr. Dobson, with recovered equanimity, pursued his business and his pleasure; his wife reclined upon her sofa, and took diligent care of her nerves; Leonard recommenced his old talk concerning haberdashery and the Far West; the friend of the family again recommended drugs; and Mrs. Dallocourt's nose again went up skyhigh; and in her heart were bitterness and ire.

M. H. SIMPSON.

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## THE DEAD IS LIVING WITH HER GOD

SWEET Memory! in every tear  
 That wells from thee upon her tomb,  
 I see each virtue brighter bloom,  
 And feel the dear one still more dear.

I see, I hear as on they flow,  
 Her joyous smile, her voices' tone,  
 The look that said "My own! my own!"  
 As it was spoken long ago.

As long ago! and yet it seems  
 But yesterday that *look* was spoken,  
 But yesterday, my poor heart broken,  
 Lay buried in the land of dreams.

My own! my own! Fond cherished word!  
 To thee, O Memory! it is given  
 To lift the soul from earth to heaven  
 Upon affection's truest chord.

*Thy* tears bedew where Hope has trod,  
 Who gently whispers, "Follow me,  
 And bid farewell to Memory,  
 Thy Dead is living with her God."

R. COMPTON NOAKE.

## A MORNING UNDER-GROUND.

(CONTINUED.)

AFTER watching for some time the colliers while they are "squatting" down and "holing" for very life under the measure of coal, here about one yard thick; and after noting the cheerful way they go to work vigorously at the stubborn wall in front, we are directed to go along the "face"—a thing more easily said than done. However, we are down here for inspection, and intend seeing all we can; so here goes. We have to set about crawling "on all-fours" past several men, who can scarcely make room for us to pass; and over masses of dislodged coal; and under "sprags" of wood placed diagonally against the seam of coal to prop it up while being "holed" under. Thus, after a variety of contacts with unyielding substances, and after much crawling, and stooping, and twisting, we at last emerge into another road, similar to the one we have lately left; and are by no means sorry to stand up and straighten ourselves once more. For it is certainly true in these lower regions and contracted avenues of a coal mine that—

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

For in the interesting inspection of the base of a fossil tree his own apex may come into uncomfortable contact with overhanging rocks.

Passing along the "air-ways," or great roads of the mine, observe the massive supports to the roof, in the shape of great props of fir, or even of oak, often parts of a tree a foot in thickness. These have placed above them here and there other strong pieces of timber, to give greater bearing surface. Observe these last, (like the top of the letter T,) and you will see they are in several cases crushed from a thickness of six or even ten inches into a space of not more than one inch, or even less; from the enormous weight of superincumbent rocks. One of these "trees" as the upright supports are called, our guide, the charter-master, pats encouragingly with his hand, and tells us "That's bin a rare old chap." Some you see are charred with fire and explosions.

In passing in and out of the many holes and corners, and passing numerous projections, we see how useful is the collier's style of hat, for a more costly or elegant head-piece would suffer grievously, and be out of place. Your true collier delights in a



cap guiltless of all brim—a hat reduced to its lowest terms; and resembling most of all an inverted pudding-basin!

As we journey on, we notice here and there along the sides of the roads the remains of what must once have formed great tropical trees; masses of vegetable remains, of which the small and mutilated fragments which find their way into museums can give but a poor idea. We have seen a portion of a tree which could be measured for about forty feet, without signs of diminished thickness at either end.

The largest things of this kind we see were such as had no definite markings, or beautifully arranged leaf-scars whereby to class them with *Stigmaria*, *Lepidodendra*, or any other of the several genera into which the larger plants of the coal measures are arranged; but merely great and irregular longitudinal markings covered with the usual thin coating of coal, as though the bark of the tree had longer resisted decomposition, and been converted into coal after the hollow of the trunk had become filled with earth matter.

If we look up to the roof in some places, and hold our candle near, we may here and there see a mass of vegetable remains pressed flat upon the rocks; true leaves of a mighty volume, which yet holds many secrets. The profusion and beauty of these impressions of ferns, and twigs, and cones are surprising; and make it long to carry home, for quiet inspection, a large slab or two of such exquisite printing. But generally the most beautiful fall in pieces the soonest; and must be studied *in situ*, or on the pit bank above ground, if at all. Hours have we ourselves spent on the banks surrounding the mouth of a pit, when the “sinkers” below were sending up treasures of far times; and have split piece after piece of the hardened clay, and admired the many exquisite markings of leaves and ferns, whose veins are seen in all their minuteness and delicacy when first again opened to the light. We see *again*, for with us it amounts to a *certainly* that these very impressions of leaves arise from plants which verily lived and waved in breeze like this which cools us, warm with breaking open the stones; that those ferns once actually raised their lovely forms to the sunlight, and dropped their fronds in the autumn of their existence to form the thickly clustered impressions, whose colors and delicate reticulations charm us into forgetfulness of time.

But we were looking at the leaf impressions on the roof of the road we are in imagination traversing, though their excellences cannot well be seen by the dim light of the miner’s candle. The worst of it is that these markings are sadly apt to become broken by the tools of the collier, and reach the surface only in a very fragmentary condition. There is, moreover, a greater interest attach

to seeing them in their old and original bed in the rock, where during the long, long darkness some have retained a little of that colouring they wore in the sunlight of that far-distant time.

Travelling along the road from the workings, we now come to an interesting feature in a seam of coal; but one grievously perplexing now and then to the practical miner. It is one of those small and local "faults" in the measures called "swamps," whereby is meant a dislocation from the even line of the seams; where, if we observe any stratum of rock or coal on the road side, we suddenly find the position of that stratum to be raised or depressed, according to which side you are approaching from. Sometimes this alteration of level is only of a few inches; sometimes it is several feet. If we now take up a portion of coal at the precise place where such a "swamp" occurs, we shall probably find it smoothened over to a perfect polish, shewing us where the upheaval or depression occurred. Such places in the coal often look as though the stratum had been cut through diagonally, and one side raised or lowered. No doubt great earth-disturbance have effected these changes; and that, in some instances, long after the coal had received its present degree of solidity.

Passing on, we come to a place where the charter-master asks "If we notice anything." Certainly we do. A peculiar pungency is patent to our nostrils. It indicates the presence in small quantity of some of the deadly gases of the mines. The charter-master bids us shade the flame of our candle with the hand, and notice just above it. We do so; and perceive a faint hazy light extending an inch or two above the flame. This is one of the collier's tests of the presence of his enemy, carburetted hydrogen. The road we are passing along is known to contain traces of gas, generally found lurking behind projections of rock, and also near the roof, but which gas is kept clear from accumulating in the roadway itself by the strong current of air always passing through it. One of our company lifts his "Davy-lamp" into a corner near the roof: the wire gauge, from top to bottom, is instantly *filled with blue flame*.

As we are walking along, a collier of the party speaks of "summut" having been seen *there*, pointing to a certain piece of wood, "before Dick Brown was killed." The life of a collier is not without its romantic side, despite the prosy details here recited. The men are often superstitious, and stories we hear of solitary men, in lonesome places down in the mines, being startled by forms white and spectral. From old worthies of the race have we ourselves listened to stories of this kind, fully believed in, and told in confidence by the veteran colliers. Such stories, with accounts of accidents, often form the staple of conversations round the cabin fire,

on the pit-bank, when the omnipotent beer sets in motion the ready tongue of the voluble collier.

After one and another of our party have dropped away from us to attend to their duties, and we are again a long way from the "face" of the workings, we ask our guide to stay awhile. Seated on a bit of rock, we rest a short time, perfectly still. It is something very novel—this *perfect* silence. Not the faintest sound dawns upon the strained sense. Silence here is something positive; as it were, *wraps us round*, with a strange and solemn covering. It might become awful soon. When we spoke of this once to a thoughtful clergyman, he told us that once, when he was alone during a calm day on one of the hills in Shropshire, the stillness was so entire, that "he began to feel afraid." We can well understand why a hardy collier at a mine in this district of which we are speaking when at work alone at night in one of the pits, requested for "a lad to bear him company."

When walking along the air-ways of a mine, the stranger encounters great doors; placed wherever necessary, to divert a current of air from one road along another where it is more needed. These "air-doors" open with difficulty and close with violence, by reason of the great current of air rushing against them. Our guide points out, on the post of one of these doors, a peculiar large and white fungus, looking beautiful in its striking contrast to the prevailing darkness and blackness of the mine. It seems to us remarkable that, in such entire darkness, the only vegetable seen should be perfectly *white*.

The outer boundary of the mine, composing the "face" of the workings we have just left, lay at a distance of half a mile or more from the bottom of the shaft, and was considerably nearer the top of the ground than this latter, by reason of the measures or strata being thrown up at a high inclination by the great limestone fault of Shropshire; which throws up the measures, and dislocates them altogether, and that across many miles of country. So much are the measures sometimes inclined that the coal or ironstone has to be brought out along roads formed at a considerable angle to the plane of the measures; and even then the trucks have often to be held back by long chains dragging behind, to prevent injury to the men and horses. It is a serious thing in mining operation—the steep angles at which the measures sometimes have to be worked and the horses often suffer from this cause. It has been found that an old horse who knows the danger will sometimes bolt right through the air-doors, rather than let the runaway carriages overtake him, when the chain that kept them back has given way. Occasionally a veteran and wily horse has been known to stop the moment he feels the carriage has broken loose; and, sitting

down in front, to stop it directly, with little or no injury to himself!

While walking along various roads of the pit, to see different parts, and examine anything of interest, we are frequently called upon to "Mind, master;" such "minding" consisting of squeezing ourselves close to the side of the road, or getting into a convenient recess, while a horse, with a truck of coal following him, thunders past in a way dangerous to those unaccustomed to the ways of a mine. Once the charter-master, acting as our guide, calls out to a man—"Did'st get any more powder, Jim?" Who replies—"Yis, gaffer; they'm going to fire directly 'n the insett." Not long after we hear a dull THUD, which reverberates along the roads of the mine. It proceeds, we are told, from the "firing," or blasting of the hard rock in the "insett" just mentioned. Such blasting consists of a water-proof bag of gunpowder, size as required, let into a circular hole bored in the rock; to this "shot" is attached a piece of "fuse" about a yard long, or length as required, which is left projecting from the hole after it has been plugged with pounded rock or other substance. A light is applied to the fuse; while it is slowly burning, the men clear away. Presently a dull, heavy explosion, heard maybe on the surface, proclaims that firing has been going on below, and the stubborn rock been made to yield.

During the process of sinking the shaft of a pit, this blasting with gunpowder, which has very frequently to be done, is attended with considerable danger; for the place where this is being done is then not much larger than the size of the diameter of the shaft above, and, of course, there is no outlet *sideways*; the only escape for the "sinkers" is by being drawn quickly up the shaft. And if the fuse is drier or shorter than usual, the explosion will sometimes hurl large pieces of rock against the bottom of the cage or "bouk" in which the men are being drawn up.

While proceeding along these subterranean passages (like the burrowing of gigantic moles), we must not be much surprised if we find something start from under our feet, and rush off into the darkness. It is probably a rat, what a collier emphatically calls a "rot;" of which tribe of animals, as well as of mice, there are frequently many to be found in mines. They get down in the hay sent down the pit for the numerous horses. Consequently the colliers will now and then take a cat down with them into these lower regions, to lessen the number of mice and rats; such cats being generally petted by the men, and fed with scraps at meal-times.

At one point, during the journey we are taking, our guide points out a certain spot where two roads meet, at which a poor lad was crushed to death by a fallen rock, not many days before. The

poor, brave fellow could still speak to the men who ran to extricate him, and told them where to lift the weight from him, "to let him breathe." He was got out as quickly as possible and taken up the pit; but life was fled ere he reached the surface. Then followed that sad sight not unusual in a mining district:—a cart moving slowly away from the pit's mouth, followed by weeping women and strong men silenced by the presence of death. Then all the workmen at this pit left their work, and came away for that day; that being the usual custom at any such time. Shortly after, probably the next Sunday, a great concourse of colliers, all dressed in black, might be seen attending some funeral at the neighbouring churchyard. Such is the perilous life of the collier!

As we pursued our way along these dark underground passages, the thought comes forcibly to our mind, what a vastly different thing it is to be walking through a coal-pit like this as against having our daily work here, and coming down in the darkness for five days each week, year after year. One wonders how men can be found to do it. Nothing but training to the work from boyhood can make them stick to it, one would think. The holiday on Monday which these men claim must be almost necessary; especially during winter, when they descend the mine in the cold, dark morning, to leave their hard laborious work only when night has fallen. Often in winter one may see the flickering candle borne by the collier along the roads on the surface, when he is wending homeward in the dark evening, with that shuffling gait of his. It seems natural, we suppose, he should wish to light his path *above* ground, even as he does so constantly *below*. Yet colliers are cheerful as a class; the very severity of their occupation seeming to bring about a reaction; and one cannot be surprised that in summer after coming up the pit in a mass of brown, dangling humanity they should disperse from the pit's mouth like noisy lads from school, rolling and tumbling about as they walk, as colliers know how, jostling one another as they rise and fall with that shambling gait of theirs. The very recklessness of manner shown oftentimes by the collier above ground may be something drawn from the rude character of his work, the violence and hardness of which he may fancy give him a right to a free-and-easy carriage of himself in the upper world. His work is of that "positive" kind he is in no kind of doubt of having done a day's work and earned a night's repose. The severer the toil often the lighter the responsibility. So when the grimy fellow rolls home at night, he is fancy free; and is ready heartily to exchange "Good-night" with every one he meets.

The expressions we heard used just lately in reference to that poor lad who was crushed under the fallen rocks, told us these men

felt strongly regarding what had happened. Under that coarse exterior of theirs, is often found much genuine kindness, and even childishness of heart. At the pay-house door the "gathering" of money is often considerable, for a sick or disabled brother.

Returning from our tour of the mine, and ourselves somewhat tired with the four miles, or thereabouts, which we have traversed in these dark passages and low-roofed roads, with our candles fast burning out, with some insight at least into the mysteries of "insetts," "druggans," "gate-roads," "air-troughs," "bouks," "dans," and a variety of things with extraordinary names,—we arrive once more at the bottom of the shaft, whence we started several hours before. We have to wait some time for the chains to be lowered for our ascent. While staying thus near the bottom of the shaft, we are struck with the peculiar and pleasing effect of the daylight from above resting on the bottom. It is like a *circle of moonlight*!

We sit some time watching it, as it forms so telling a contrast to the prevailing gloom. Life seems to be in that circle of light! The men around, I suppose, are too accustomed to see it spread a glory on the floor to remark its beauty. When we glance up above, daylight appears in the opening, like a brilliant star!

The chains are lowered; we seat ourselves once more in loops and are quickly hoisted up into the sunshine, where we feel *extended*, after the contraction of the mine; from walking through which we have gained something besides the modicum of coal-dust on our dress, and shall long remember our experience of a Morning Under-ground.

HORACE PEARCE, F.G.S.

## VISIT TO THE ISLE OF AMSTERDAM.

THAT this world is full of strange vicissitudes, must always be the observation of every one that knows life, and with the catastrophe which had befallen their fellow passengers, and the majority of the crew in the larger boat before their eyes, as well as the destruction, complete as it was, of the good ship, the "Queen of the Sea," this smaller party of the crew, indeed, felt cause to be grateful for their deliverance. But if they escaped alive it was really saying the most that could be said. They had no clothes but those they had on; they had food in a desolate island which would not last two months; they had no shelter except there should be a cave in the rocks happily somewhere to be found, and no property, it was all gone. Then, the island seemed bare of everything altogether.

"But," said the captain, "it will be hard indeed if, with our guns to kill game, and the hot springs to cook, we cannot manage to get enough to support us until such time as some craft should come near the coast. As to shelter, the weather is really so mild as to require little; this we may judge to be certain from the latitude that the island lies in. We must go in search of some convenient openings in the rock; but as to living, I do not see any fear of our being able to make it out."

This he said to the mate, and then they both said that they would go on an exploring expedition. Taking two of the sailors with them, and leaving the rest of the party in the boat, they went on, and at the distance of a quarter of a mile they reached a cavern which was situated on the side of a mountain. It could hold more than four people, and the captain said—"This we will make the ladies' chamber." About one hundred yards further they came to a much larger one—"This we must make (said the captain) our own home. Then," he added, "I think we now better return to the party and report progress." They then accordingly, went back.

The captain told the sailors off into three watches each of ten men. One watch was always to remain on the boat, the object being to keep a look-out for any sail, and, if advised, even put out to sea. Besides their other occupations, they were also to be caterers of fish to the whole party, and there in the bay was abundance of many sorts; and one of the sailors

brought lines and hooks in his pocket, and all the party promised themselves hopes of catching plenty of fish. They were to keep a flag hoisted on the highest top of the mountain adjoining, and they found a piece of plank on which to hoist it. The second watch, or party of three went to work in getting ready the two caverns and fitting them up as well as circumstances would admit both for the ladies' accommodation and for their own. It was decided that as this would be hard work for these six men, the rest were to remain in the cave, and to be ready so as to relieve them every twenty-four hours; one man was kept free from all duty, being the cook, and his business was to get ready the meals for all the party. Happily they had one among their number who was a good cook.

The captain and mate would always be within call when any news of a sail or other unforeseen event was brought to light; and as to their absence in quest of game, it could not be very lengthened, as the island was only four miles in length by two in breadth. But these two were principally to occupy themselves by shooting for the benefit of the party. Thus having chalked out their mode of life, they had the cavern cleared out for the two ladies. They then had what provisions they were supplied with carried to the large cavern; and soon the cook found that though fuel in the island was very scarce and that utensils were not to be thought of, yet from the circumstance of the hot springs being at hand, nothing was easier than the boiling of tench, bream, cod, and the cray-fish, which was most plentiful, also the beef, and, consequently, his occupation would be nearly a sinecure. Fresh water, also, was abundant. With the indefatigable industry of sailors, all the difficulties of procuring the different requisites for making their sojourn in some measure comfortable vanished. The fish made a most agreeable change of diet. The captain and mate often shot curlews and boobies; so they had no want of food. Certainly they had no tea or coffee, much less sugar; but having a sufficiency to eat and drink, they thought they ought to feel contented,

But such a life of adventures of a nature so wild, suited as it was, however, to the sons of toil and to active men, was, of course, a dreadful trial to the ladies. Sophia, the luxurious, the lady-like, the soft sybarite, whose every care was for her own enjoyment; Eliza, the gentle, the mild, the sweet-tempered, whose soul was as pure as the sleep of infancy,—these mourned together in their lonely cell, while the men worked day and night at their hardy labour. They rose early together, and, holding each other's hand, went to the water's edge early, and made their simple toilet by the side of the rock. The men vied with one another in bringing them everything that could be got under the circumstances, to make



their hard life pleasanter, and both officers and men treated them with the respect which they might have met with had they been princesses. The cook brought them either the fish or meat in some large shells, which had been found in the island, and fresh water in others. For the captain, mate, and sailors it was like a variety of the roughing sort of life which mankind meets with more or less in most countries, and even the city-bred, and those tied to the desk or the counter, yearn to have a specimen of such vicissitudes in life. But here both men and women had before them the indefinable thirst for some cordial, endearing report of some other country—some glimmering of hope for a communication with mankind,—some vision of mercy, in the shape of a sail, which might from any land come within sight of this speck of land in the solitude of the Indian Ocean, hundreds of miles away from any continent.

While the air was most still, and the spacious horizon the clearest, on the highest top of the mountain the captain and mate how longingly did they strain their sight! How the captain (who never was without his glass) eagerly surveyed the ocean on all sides! He thought that the most advisable plan was to have both the pieces loaded, and then, when any sign of a sail came to view, he purposed to fire one barrel after another, and he flattered himself with the belief that in the calm silence of the undisturbed ocean the report of their discharge would be heard at a great distance. Also in the darkest nights, he would repair to the same spot on the top of the mountain, and collecting fragments of wood, such as could be found, used to light a fire and watch for hours with some of the men in the hope that the light might perhaps be seen by the crew of a craft which by chance should be navigating in this distant part of the ocean. The immense distance, however, made it somewhat improbable that any navigator should deem it prudent so far to leave his course as to come within their neighbourhood. However there rested one chance of hope in the knowledge that it was pretty well known by all, that the fresh water in this island was exceedingly good—indeed, such as is always best and most free from impurity, coming as it does from a hot spring; and that consequently any vessel which was looking out for a watering place might make the shore, where there were no harbour-dues to be demanded, and no inconvenience except delay to be apprehended. After a night's watch or a day's looking out, he always came back to give the ladies an account of what had passed, and his recitals although barren of incident were, he felt, a sort of comfort to them. When thus the day finished hopelessly, and the night's watch was also in vain, the small party felt sick at heart. For each day's report continued disappointing,—so peculiarly situated was this wretched spot, like an oasis of land in the isolation of its loneliness.

and also the nature of its position. The high table-land was fertile, but, of course, wholly untilled; but from the absence of trees or shrubs, the glare and heat were oppressive.

Often Sophia derived the greatest comfort from conversing with Eliza, and the sweetness of her singing used to sooth her. This was one of her songs :—

“Ocean isle ! round the waves whose expanse is unending,  
So bright ; still so hopeless our prospects to cheer,  
No faint gleam of joy, or no beacon befriending,  
How long are we doomed for a sojourn here ?  
No fair breeze to waft as a promise of leaving,  
Or bear us the tidings of friends or of home.  
How long shall these caves hear the sounds of our grieving,  
The much-sought-for message, say, when will it come ?  
Say, when will our aching eyes ere cease from gazing,  
To catch but a glimpse of the long-looked-for sail ?  
Our voices in prayer, for relief we are raising ;  
These rocks know their echoes, they’re heard in the gale.  
How joyous our breasts ! then with wild transport swelling,  
Would greet the glad signal that bids us depart,  
Would cede to the sea-birds their desolate dwelling,  
And welcome the summons so dear to our heart !”

Many days they had now passed, and there seemed no hope for them, though they dared not say so to one another, so often had the captain and mate been frustrated in their plans. These two, however, had been most indefatigable in procuring food, and the sailors had always been successful in fishing, so that with all, both the ladies and the crew, there was a sufficiency, although their clothes had become somewhat ragged. But in such a climate this last was looked upon as quite a minor misfortune.

The tediousness of the days was, of course, felt more by the educated, who were devoid of books, than by the sailors. But Eliza had an invaluable treasure in a pocket Bible, which she read constantly by day to Sophia. She found, as all find who read its sacred pages, and who firmly believe them, and accompany their reading with prayer, that the word carried comfort and peace to their minds—the only peace, indeed,—the peace which is given not as the world giveth. Never—never did they neglect this, or cease to thank God that in their extreme of misery they yet had been able to preserve a copy of His Word.

After all, the simplicity of their mode of life had a certain charm. They always got up before sunrise and retired to bed when it was dark. Such as their tenor of life was it was little they varied. By day they walked on the high ground. They looked also for cray-fish and for oysters, and thought that they also ought to contribute their share to procuring food for the community.

The sea-bathing in the morning was universal, and there was a shallow little nook which was set apart for the two ladies; none of the rest approached this. It was very near the entrance of the narrow creek, presenting the only place of access in the island for a boat.

One morning, exceedingly early, Eliza left Sophia to her rest (they both of them slept upon a primitive couch of island-grass which was not by any means a bad substitute for a bed). It was just the dawn, and she went into the bath which they were accustomed to take in the morning. When she came out from the sea she partly dressed herself, and, sitting with her feet in the water, she began to braid her beautiful hair. The rock that she sat on was a good deal nearer the entrance of the creek, than the place where lay the boat, on board of which were the sailors, an angular rock lay between it and the *embouchure* to the open sea. While she sat pensive thus, engaged in her primitive toilet, she heard, to her great astonishment, the splash of oars and the sound of several voices. She had barely time to stand up or to step out of the water when she was thus disturbed. The glow of youthful animation was flashing in her face. The light of her blue eyes kindled with emotion. Nearly half her face was concealed by the light flaxen hair, which as yet she had not arranged; her hands and shoulders were only half veiled. Her beautiful white feet, of dazzling marble, stood on the rock, her arms were raised in the act of braiding part of her hair in plaits. She hesitated, doubtful to whether she should endeavour to seek refuge up the mountain or stay till the persons, evidently approaching the creek, arrived. She had just decided that it was a more dignified proceeding to remain, when a boat, pulled by four men with two persons who looked like officers, in the stern, came round the angle, and stopped in front of the rock on which she was standing.

The sailors who manned the boat were four men from the *Waterwitch*, and the two who were seated at the helm were Captain Sparshott and Clarence Hervey. The vessel had been cruising about so long, that although it was somewhat off their course, Captain Sparshott decided it would be better for them after having suffered so much by the violence of the gale, as they had also been driven, *volens-volens*, so far south, to go to Amsterdam for fresh water, and have a little leisure for repairs and refitting in other ways. He had passed St. Paul's de night, and knowing there was no convenient landing-place there, he sailed southwards with a fair breeze, and reached Amsterdam before it was light in the morning, and dropping anchor, was determined, at the first dawn of day, to visit the shore, which he accordingly did in company with Clarence Hervey.

who longed always to be first in any seemingly adventurous expedition. The loneliness, the wild appearance, the curious accounts which navigators had circulated of the island, gave it a peculiar charm to an enterprising youth; and for Captain Sparshott's part he was very glad to make the shore on account of the refitting of his clipper, and the accommodation afforded by such a harbour, where there was high ground which would shelter the ship under any stress of weather, and plenty of water to be had without the expense of harbour dues; as for provisions, he thought they might rough it a few days longer on the salt provisions and biscuit, as they were well provided with potatoes. But when they reached the spot where the beautiful girl was standing, he bid the sailors hold on, and Clarence Hervey rising, jumped on from the stern to the rock, and exclaimed—"Is it possible I see Miss Wilson?"

The nature of the situation, the wonderful coincidence which had brought about their meeting, the astonishment which a sight not less miraculous apparently than the vision of an apparition,—all united to make her almost unable to answer. They filled her with awe. A crowd of recollections came to her mind, and the sudden appearance of one object which never ceased to be dear to her, however long she had been estranged from his sight, were almost too much for her to bear. But gathering courage at last, she said—

"Indeed, Mr. Hervey, you do, though it may be almost incredible to say so. But we have been shipwrecked. The lady with whom I came out, the captain of the ship, the mate, and some of the sailors and I, escaped in a small boat; and we were all obliged to land in this island. They are all here; some in a boat, some in a small cave a short way on, and you will doubtless soon see them."

She then sat down, and both Captain Sparshott and he saw that it would be better for the present to leave her and pass onwards to where the boat containing the sailors was stationed.

To these, their arrival was as if new life had been given them, as if they had risen from a tomb, or been rescued from a solitary dungeon. How earnestly did they return thanks to God for the blessing! How much they had to say and to comment upon!

After the two captains had had their conference together, the result was that they should all, in two day's time, take their departure to the Cape, on board the "*Waterwitch*," and if the wind should be favourable, even sooner. After Eliza returned to the cavern she, of course, told Sophia all that had happened. That morning their breakfast was indeed a happy one. The excitement made her shed a flood of tears. She could not realise her own situation; she dared not even believe that she was in earnest, good

faith restored to life, as it were, in such a sudden, such an unexpected manner. She dared not trust herself to believe that the youth, who now came in the full plenitude of manly beauty as one of her preservers, was indeed the same as the boy to whom she had pledged her affection more than two years before in England. All her emotions even Sophia, though for some time she had been her *confidante*, did not witness. She, herself, was, of course, also much moved, and, indeed, so were all the party, as well as the gallant tars who had thus come to their relief. But the feelings both of the shipwrecked sufferers and of the crew of the "Waterwitch" were as nothing compared to what was felt by Hervey and Eliza.

It did not require much preparation to get ready all that had to be taken on board, and the boats were most willingly manned by the sailors and pulled to the "Waterwitch," which was lying to the lee of the high rocks near the entrance to the creek. The sailors first took what remained of provisions, and brought casks to replenish their fresh water; and after about four hours' time, they came for the purpose of embarking the few that had been residents—now more than three weeks—of the island. Mrs. Markham, and the captain and mate, and five of the sailors, went in one boat, and she told Eliza that she would see that all was ready for her in the cabin which was to be appropriated for them. In the meantime, she would leave her with Clarence Hervey, and soon they would return for her and him and the rest of the sailors.

During all the time that this was taking place, Hervey and Eliza had a world of matters to talk about. They went over the history first of their respective homes, of Mrs. Dowling's marriage, of Mr. Sharman's proposal, of Hervey's doings, since he had been in India, of the sort of country which it was, of his success in having obtained the object of his hopes in point of worldly advancement, of the frightful calamity which had resulted in the loss of the "Queen of the Sea," and touched but lightly, still, evidently with great interest, upon the subject of their future prospects. Certainly all seemed exceedingly favourable for Clarence Hervey's hopes. However, Eliza thought that it would never answer to decide at once upon the subject; that, as Mr. Sharman had been mainly instrumental in inducing her mother to let her embark for India, it was at least, in any case, due to him to let him know distinctly what her sentiments were, although she had given him no grounds to found his hopes upon; yet she knew that her mother had led him to believe that he should be united to her. "I shall decidedly," she said to herself, "let Mr. Sharman know that I cannot find it in my heart to love him, and however reasonable may be his hope and advantageous his offers, I find that I am not, myself, in

situation to respond to his affection. As for Clarence, he was quite averse to wound her delicacy by making then any avowal of his passion; but he told her enough to make her know that he cherished the same feelings for her as he had before. A long and most deeply-interesting conversation was kept up between them, and, indeed, they scarcely ceased talking until it was time for them to join the party on board the "Waterwitch."

When the preparations were all finished, the wind being fair, the "Waterwitch" commenced her voyage. The captain gave up his cabin to the ladies, and it had all the luxury of a chamber to them, although from the stiffness of the breeze they did not go on deck. The exhaustion, consequent upon the change, so extraordinary from the privations and hardships they were enduring on the island, to the state of inaction and comparative luxury on board, was felt more after two day's sail than when they first embarked. But the ship was a first-rate sailing one, and though the ladies experienced the sense of the feeling of safety, yet they were so fatigued that they were unable to leave their cabin for a long time. Even if they got up from their berth they found it difficult to stand; but they were comforted with the reflection that they were making way as fast as they could. While they had none on board of their own sex but themselves, they certainly, at first, felt very much scared; but no lady of high degree in her own palace could have been treated with more respect and attention than they met with from all. The steward knocked at the door and brought their meals on two trays which he left there, and then returned in an hour. The captain and Clarence Hervey called at their cabin early every morning, and gave an account of the progress which the vessel was making. This was so very favourable, that about five days after they had left Amsterdam, they sighted Table Bay. What a host of emotions did this conjure up to most of the party on board! What a world of tragic history was there for the captain of the "Queen of the Sea" to narrate, as he, indeed, would have to be the spokesman or writer of what had befallen his own ship! To Mrs. Markham the loss of property which had occurred were almost as nothing compared to his. Poor Eliza was not, so far as worldly goods went, much a loser. But as the captain of the "Waterwitch" was soon to return to Calcutta, it was Clarence Hervey's wish to endeavour to prevail upon the ladies to take their passage back with him.

The clipper had been laden with Indian stores and articles of traffic, together with plenty of tea from China, and also tobacco from Bengal; and the object of the owners was to dispose of those as soon as possible at the Cape, and to return with Constantia wine and other African commodities; so the lading and unlading was not

supposed to be a process that would occupy many days. This had all been taken into consideration by Clarence Hervey when he embarked in her for a short cruise. At that time his grand object was to have as much of the sea air as he could possibly get, and then to return to Calcutta, which, indeed, for an obvious reason, he at his departure felt pained to leave. But now, by a strange concurrence of circumstances, and in a manner which he never would have expected in his most sanguine dreams of hope, he had gained the object of his ardent aspirations in consequence of his having left it. Were such a visionary castle to be built in any fancy "how absurd," he said to himself, "would it seem!" But he felt that he could not deny himself, in reason, the hope that she who wholly occupied his admiration might yet be his.

When they anchored at Table Bay, the captain of the ship having certified that Mrs. Markham was the wife of an Indian civilian, she found no difficulty in procuring credit at the banker's houses; neither did the ladies find it difficult to get lodgings in the semi-Dutch town.

On the evening of the ship's arrival, the two ladies proceeded in a close carriage, provided by Clarence Hervey, to one of the boarding houses, of which there are so many. They were followed in another by Clarence and the two captains. As Mrs. Markham was amply provided with funds, their first object was to get suitable apparel; and indeed they were scarcely (in the costume that they landed in) fit to be seen. But it did not take much time to get, for present wear, enough of ready-made garments to make them comfortable; and they were visited the next day by Clarence and the two captains, and after a consultation about their prospects they agreed to return with the captain of the "Waterwitch" to Calcutta. That evening the gentlemen had an invitation from one of the regimental messes to dinner, which they accepted. They too, had to manage for their outfit in the way of clothes; but thanks to the occupation of Capetown so long by the English, and the presence of the two regiments there, as well as the circumstance of there being a large number of Europeans resident in the town, every style of ready-made dress was easily to be purchased. At the appointed dinner hour (seven o'clock) the two captains and Hervey repaired to a stone barrack in the town square. This lay below a circuitous mountain which surrounded the town like a broad amphitheatre. There was a table land at the top of the hill. They entered the mess-room, which was full of officers, and were most cordially greeted by the chief, who had invited them with the hospitality usual to military men, particularly in the Colonies. After several very civil and complaisant speeches from different other officers, the dinner was announced, and they entered a large

hall adjacent, and were quite dazzled with the blaze of light and the splendour of the service of plate. It happened to be the fortune of this regiment that the generosity of a colonel, who had served a long time with them, had bequeathed to them this service of plate. The rich old bachelor, who had no one to leave his money to, had laid it out in thus munificently catering to the love of display which more or less is characteristic of military established messes. Conformable to the sumptuous apparatus of plate, the dinner was also exceedingly well supplied with soup, fish, *pâtés*, butcher's meat, made dishes, and pastry; the number of the servants, the grandeur of the dresses, the laughter and noise, the incessant asking one another to take wine, the different exquisite wines which were either on the table or handed round, made the scene to an uninitiated man quite bewildering. Its mirth and revelry, the jocund nature of the conversation, the graceful *abandon* of the style, the ease with which those who conversed passed from one subject to another, the careless way in which every serious subject was wholly dismissed from consideration, and ignored as a matter unworthy of regard, savoured of the society and the profession which looks to pleasure as the *summum-bonum* of existence.

There is a fascination in this delusive sort of devoting one's hours to listening to nothing but the sounds of amusement and laughter, and to the indulgence of the appetite. The cultivation of a taste for learning, and the love of it, were too much the mode of life with them, who might at any hour be summoned to the camp, and to every privation and vicissitude attending a military life. "*Misce stultitiam consiliis brevem*," might be also a wholesome lesson; but no one could advise a complete disregard of what was improving to the mind and invigorating to the body. Subsequent to the taking off the cloth, the president stood up and proposed first the King's health, afterwards the health of the colonel and officers who were entertained there, as this was an occasion when a regiment that had lately come to the Cape was invited to this mess; then followed toasts couched in a language, which would be unknown to readers of the present day, and happily eliminated from the conversation of Young England as it now appears at the mess-table. There were no long speeches, such being especially avoided by military men at their meetings—in fact, there is no profession, if we except the navy in which the art of oratory has less opportunity of being cultivated; but the colonel commanding the regiment which had been invited, got up and returned thanks briefly, and expressed, in a shambling sort of parlance much practised by fashionable men who eschew anything like elaborate speeches, the pleasure which his officers would anticipate in making the acquaintance of the regiment who had so highly favoured them. Then the conversation after the



toasts had all been duly given, and done honour to, became more general; and the seniors began talking over their different experiences, and the reminiscences of friends, intermingled with sundry anecdotes drawn from passages in life which had taken place in different countries. The band of the regiment also played at intervals, and was the greatest pleasure to those musically disposed; but very many among the number of the young men were gone when God save the King sounded. With regard to the conversation of the young officers, the levity of all parties gave it peculiar character for young men. Certainly the topics which found most favour were those of sport. They spoke of the lion-hunting in the interior of the descriptions of the hunters forming a ring of their horses with their heads inside, and the riders waiting in the centre of the circle with loaded pieces, for the approach of the lions, who were duly welcomed by the nag's kicks, and the discharge of the fire-arms which generally were successful in either wounding, or killing the savage beast. Also of the sport which those who went further into the interior, and shot the different deer, the hippopotamus, and various other quadrupeds, had met with, and considering both the wildness of the sort of life, and the great variety of all sorts of game, the most ardent of sportsmen would not have wished for a theme more replete with excitement. When all the accidents by flood and field, had been gone over, and the wine had been circulated very freely, then amongst the officers who could sing, were called on. This, many years ago, used to be the universal custom at messes when they sat up late, and the indulgence in "potations, pottles deep," was the custom in the good old times when George the Fourth was King. There were Scotch songs, Irish songs, amatory songs, burlesque songs, and most uproarious songs; and soon after the party broke up, and went to their several homes.

The next day, the headaches, and the langour, and the prostration of the nerves, were the sure consequence of this midnight convention, which, if not quite as bad as that represented in Hogar's inimitable picture, was such as to show that English gentlemen of that time were similar to those who flourished one hundred years before, and that the bravest and the noblest of the sons of men were also the most drunken. Gentlemen *now* would scorn to be accused of the failings which Shakespeare emphatically attributes to the English people of his day. Unhappily, it was just as applicable to the masses then, as it is at the time that it was written, that in England they are most prone to potting. Your Dane, your German, your swag-bellied Hollander, are nothing to your English.

For two days, of course it was impossible for the ladies to get out, but on the third day Clarence Hervey called on them,

proposed a visit to the Dutch Company's gardens, the menagerie, and parts of the town; and afterwards they said that they would like to see the review of the troops, which was to take place in the afternoon. They soon saw all that was to be seen of the town, its Keisar Gracht, the gardens adjacent to the heights laid out, as they are, in the formal Dutch style, and the huge lions roaming about in an enclosure which is kept in by very lofty walls. Sight-seeing, unless engaged in with interest by one who wishes to take notes, if not to print them, is a tiresome process. If, however, men or ladies, do really feel inclined to improve their knowledge, the mode of doing it is patent to any one; that is, let them put down in their tablets what they see, and whether they print it or not, they will at least have the satisfaction of being able to bring it immediately home to their remembrance. But to walk through shows, see buildings, view picture-galleries, and not heed them so as to be able to give an account of them, is like reading through a dry book against time, in doing which no one could ever expect that any mind could grasp and retain the meaning of the author. It is, perhaps otherwise with such a show before your eyes as a military review: there, like the scenes in a dissolving-view, the different features of which must be watched, ere they vanish from the sight, the figures and movements are always fleeting. Clarence enjoyed looking at the different evolutions and explaining them to Eliza, and Mrs. Markham conversed with Captain Sparshott, who joined them in the square. It certainly was quite a relief to the eye, to look at the movement of the troops, their martial steps, their gay uniform, their noble mien, after seeing the specimens of humanity and animal life which met their view in walking through the streets of Capetown. The Hottentots, with their woolly hair and thick lips; the uncouth waggons drawn by bullocks, sometimes fourteen in a team, preceded by a Hottentot wearing a head-covering shaped conically like a steeple, the burly, heavy-featured tobacco-loving, saturnine, solid-looking, half-clad negroes, who acted as servants; also the quaintness of the Dutch houses, with their verandahs in front, all either of stone or white washed; the breadth of the streets, most of them having a ditch in its centre; the nature of the soil, composed of red earth; the frequent plantations of oak,—were all remarkable in the town.

Captain Sparshott, said that he fully expected to be able to sail the next day, and the intelligence was not altogether unpleasing to Sophia Markham, who did not see any friends that she knew, and cared not to stay in a place of which both Eliza and she were beginning to get tired. The latter, indeed, rather preferred the prospect of the sea voyage, in her inmost heart, as she knew that it would bring her nearer the attainment of her secret, but most

cherished hopes, taken, as it was, with the being in whom she was most interested. However uninteresting to bystanders, the conversation between Eliza and Clarence might be to themselves, it seemed so absorbing that Mrs. Markham never cared to interrupt it. Yet the appearance of the biondina, beautiful as she was, really formed the magic of the scene as she stood near the saluting point in the square when the troops were marching past. Even the general was not regardless of it, as, from under his bushy eyebrows, blanched with many years of service, he viewed with stern, unbending eyes the different movements of the troops; nor were the mounted officers, who felt pride in exhibiting their horsemanship before her blue eyes, so soft and languishing; neither were the regimental officers, as they circled their swords in navy salute, when passing the flag, unmindful of them; neither were any of the actors in the scene who were there present unconscious of their beauty, or unwishful of gratifying their sight if they could by any possibility spare time to glance at them.

When the review was over, and they were walking back to their lodgings Captain Sparshott said, that as they had been good enough to say that they would consent to sail with him, he would advise their coming on board the next day, as he would not delay longer on any but the most urgent business, there being now immediate necessity for sailing, owing to the wind.

So as Sophia said that "she would get everything ready for embarkation before two in the afternoon," the Captain agreed to send a boat for them to the wharf at that hour. They had consequently a very busy time before them; but amidst all the hurry of preparation, and amidst the variety of matters to think of, it could be easily seen, by Clarence, that Eliza's interest was certainly concentrated in him. She was, however, peculiarly situated; she was resolved not to give him her opinion finally as to her choice, or as to her prospects, until she had been able in some way to confer, if not to speak, to Mr. Sharman. She said that it was only due, both to him and to her mother, to do this; she knew that many girls would have decided upon yielding to the suggestions of their own impulse in making their selection; but she said to herself that she never could reconcile it to true principle to commence life thus, by standing opposed to a parent's wishes. When she had been able to explain to Mr. Sharman what the case was, how her affections stood, how deeply she felt indebted to him, she would put it to his own good sense, and to his feeling, whether it were not better to let her follow the fate which she had chosen for herself, and not urge her to an unwilling consent. Such were the thoughts which passed in her mind, and from time to time she had to listen, not certainly with displeasure, to the transient remarks

relative to the place, the time of sailing, the circumstances of their meeting, the prospect of their voyage, and all the other topics which Clarence commented upon. He never more than hinted at the state of the feelings which existed between them; but the look which they reciprocally exchanged, when they parted that evening, was almost unmistakeable in Sophia's opinion. That night, was a busy one, and so was the following morning. One comfort was, there were no farewell visits for the ladies to pay, no half-and-half friends, to come in and stop their preparations for departure, by saying a number of good byes and farewells in various forms of language, or by talking the endless nothings which female conversation abounds in. But at two o'clock the following day, as the wind was still increasing in their favour, they got into the boat at the wharf where Clarence Hervey was in waiting, and once more trusted themselves to the guidance of Captain Sparshott, in the "Waterwitch."

Once more upon the waters, and this time they had no care as to the minor arrangements of dress and the attendance to hours for a stated time of taking meals, as they knew that they would have complete privacy, and need not come out of their cabin at all, unless they themselves should like it; neither was there any of the little paltry disagreements, or harsh inuendoes, which generally ensue where there is a large mixed assemblage on board ship, when the invariable bickering and petty curiosity of the female part of the company are usually elicited in some way; but here they were like two imperial beings, and to minister to their comfort, their wishes, and their wants, was the object and ambition of every individual male on board the "Waterwitch," from the regal captain to the humble Jemmy Dux. Also the sweet disposition of Eliza made her love Sophia, and she had won so much now upon her that they were more like sisters than acquaintances. The "Waterwitch" kept up her fame as a fast sailing clipper, and there was really nothing to hinder their progress in making their course to Calcutta; they were not to touch at any port, and the wind continuing fair, they sailed at the rate of about eight knots an hour, and averaged more than two hundred knots a day. Like every other enjoyment in this life, however pleasant the actual pursuit of it may be, there is always a longing wish for it to be over, and both the chase to the hunter, and the sail to the mariner, are prized in proportion to the speed that carries each of them on to its conclusion; and every soul on board the "Waterwitch," rejoiced at their hearing, from one of the men at the main top, that the Sand-heads were in sight. The vessel went through the customary routine of engaging a pilot; and the day after their arrival, early in the morning, that useful functionary came on board and took them up to Diamond

Harbour. Of course, the novelty of the scenes on each side of the river, as they sailed upwards, attracted their attention. They saw the cocoa-nut trees, the forests of bamboos, the large plantations, and the palms, the neem, the tamarinds, all the host of Oriental shrubs, of which the soil of Bengal is so prolific; also the native boats and their crews, the native temples and their worshippers; the long banks of uncultivated earth, the sacred stream, grand in its proportions, however muddy in its colour; and all those sights struck them as they viewed its surface, or flitted by them as they gazed on its banks. But the heat, although it was only the end of January, was too intense for them to enjoy sitting on deck without an awning being stretched over the poop. The next day, very early in the morning, when they were just about to take up the anchor, a very magnificent barge made its appearance, having come down the stream from Calcutta. Over the poop was spread a most superb awning of Dacca-muslin; the pillars upon which it was stretched, were gilt; the floor of the poop was covered with Calcutta matting; the chairs and sofas were of the choicest sort of Bareilly workmanship, of green and gold; a great number of servants dressed in the spotlessly white muslin which marks the well-to-do amongst the natives from the coarse textures of clothes which the generality of them wear, with their turbans and sashes of finely-coloured purple damask, stood waiting at the door in front of the grand cabin. Even the danrees, or rowers, were dressed to the best advantage, these forming a crew of fifteen, and the other servants and bearers seemed a host. The barge itself, with its splendid gilding work, its sides highly ornamented, was in all its appointments of a most stylish order, such a one as might be appropriated for the reception of the Governor-General. When the rowers had pulled it alongside the "Waterwitch," a lady of undeniably good style, and a very aristocratic old gentleman, accompanied by a young lady who was evidently their daughter, walked up the short companion-ladder and seated themselves upon chairs in the poop. Then, while Eliza and Sophia who sat on benches on the deck, expressed to one another a secret surprise at the gorgeousness of their appearance, and a curiosity as to who the individual was, that thus, after the manner of Cleopatra, came to meet them, a tall thin young man most elaborately dressed with pale face and red hair, came out of the cabin, and mounting the companion-ladder of the "Waterwitch," proceeded without further ado, straight up to the captain, and asked him whether Mrs. Markham and Miss Wilson were on board. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, he looked round; and on seeing Miss Wilson he went up to her, and she, recognising who it was, and holding out her hand, said—

"How are you, Mr. Sharman?"

Mr. Sharman said, "I have come here purposely to meet you, and have brought Mr. and Mrs. Blackall, and their daughter, who are staying at my house, to welcome you, and your friend, also, to my habitation which is in Chowringhee. They all join me in requesting you to come there and take up your abode with us. I heard of the arrival of your ship, and saw a list of the passengers which was forwarded by first post from the Sand-heads. To me it appeared strange to see your name amongst them, and such a time had elapsed since I had news of your intention to sail from England, that I almost doubted if it were you. I was yet determined to ascertain whether you had indeed come, and I set off to meet the ship as soon as possible in the river."

Then Eliza took Mrs. Markham aside and said a few words to her; and afterwards addressing Mr. Sharman, she said that it was extremely kind of him to take such an early opportunity of showing her this very great kindness; but that she could not leave her friend Mrs. Markham, who would further explain how the matter stood. Sophia said that she was very much obliged for the kind offer, but that she had really made arrangements for taking up her sojourn elsewhere in Calcutta. When with the quickness of a woman's tact, Eliza had seen that this grand avatar was all got up in honour of herself, she determined, nevertheless, to persuade Mrs. Markham to decline the proposal, seeing that she did not wish to let the gentleman see that she was inclined to favour his suit. Her friendship with Sophia had now ripened so far into affection, that she had only to express a wish and it would be complied with. But although they were both soon agreed as to their movements, and though, further, Mrs. Markham was determined to rejoin her husband soon, and did not fancy taking up her abode for any time at Chowringhee, yet Mr. Sharman felt very much discomfited on being told by Eliza that she could not accept his offer. As he had seen the full list of the passengers who had arrived in the "*Waterwitch*," he felt no surprise at finding amongst them Clarence Hervey; and a sort of cold greeting, including the shake-hands which Englishmen always go on with passed between them; but Sharman was at no loss to guess at the good feeling that existed between him and the beautiful Eliza. Then, though his recognition of Hervey was to a certain extent friendly, yet it was with no common feelings of disappointment that the civilian opened his eyes to the fact that his successful rival had been so fortunate as to forestal him in his expectations. As it was, however, there now remained nothing for him but to return to Calcutta in the very handsome barge which he had prepared for the reception of Eliza, on board of which he and his friends had passed a couple of days. Accordingly, with rather a mortified air, Sharman was obliged to bid farewell to Eliza and to

Mrs. Markham, and also to say good-bye to the captain and Clarence Hervey; and having descended the companion-ladder, he got into his own barge, and gave the orders to his manager to steer the boat for Calcutta back again. He was very bad company for his guests all the way back, and he kept saying to himself the words of the Eastern song which are so frequently dinned into one's ears by the native singers—

“I have given away my heart for nothing,  
Oh, for nothing have I lost it!  
It has left my possession, it has flown from me,  
But no one has profited.”

That the passionate language of an Eastern poet should so exactly describe the state of feeling which he suffered from was strange. With every “appliance and means” to render life luxurious, and with a fortune that was adequate for the wishes of the most fastidious of sybarites, he was yet a martyr to unhappiness, and felt the bitter pangs of disappointed hopes, the more from having buoyed himself up with the belief that, after all his patient waiting, he might finally succeed in winning the prize he so much longed for.

“Ne gode e superbisce, oh, nostra folle;  
Mente, ch 'ogni aura di fortuna estolle.”

But the “Waterwitch” pursued her course up the river, and passed through the beautiful vista of scenery which lay on its bank, comprising the view of the villas and grounds of Garden Reach before she anchored near the Ghaut called Dhurmatollah Ghaut. Very many descriptions of this vista, or rather series of vistas, have been given, and it certainly was not wholly with disregard that Eliza looked at them as the vessel sailed onward up the river; but shortly after the barge had left them, and when they were proceeding upwards on their course, Mrs. Markham said that she had much business to attend to in her cabin, and left Eliza on deck.

"PRESTON FIGHT." \*

MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH opens his new tale—the first, we believe, which he ever published as a whole—with a dedication charming for its unaffected simplicity, in which he says, addressing the public through the medium of a relative—

"I am sure you will share my feelings of sympathy with the many gallant Roman Catholic gentlemen, who, from mistaken feelings of loyalty, threw away life and fortune at Preston; and you cannot fail to be struck with admiration at the masterly defence of the town made by Brigadier Mackintosh—the real hero of Preston Fight.

"I hope I may have succeeded in giving you some idea of that valorous highland commander.

"Nothing can be better than the description of him given in the old Lancashire ballad :

" 'Mackintosh is a soldier brave,  
And of his friends he took his leave;  
Unto Northumberland he drew,  
And marched along with jovial crew.'

'What a contrast to the brave brigadier is General Forster, by whose incompetency, or treachery, Preston was lost!—as the same old ballad says :

" 'Thou Foster has brought us from our own home,  
Leaving our estates for others to come;  
Thou treacherous dog, thou hast us betrayed,'  
My Lord Derwentwater thus fiercely said."

"But the hero of my tale is the ill-fated Earl of Derwentwater—by far the most striking figure in the Northumbrian insurrection.

"The portrait I have given of him I believe to be in the main correct, though coloured for the purposes of the story. Young, handsome, chivalrous, wealthy, Lord Derwentwater was loyal and devoted to him whom he believed his rightful and lawful sovereign.

"His death was consistent with his life. On the scaffold he declared, I intended wrong to none, but to serve my king and country, and without self-interest, hoping by the example I gave to induce others to do their duty.'

" 'My Lord Derwentwater he is dead,  
And from his body they took his head;  
But Mackintosh and the rest are fled,  
To fit his hat on another man's head.'

"Lord Derwentwater was strongly attached to his ancestral mansion,

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\* "Preston Fight; or, the Insurrection of 1715 : a Tale. By William Harrison Ainsworth. 3 vols."—London : Tinsley Brothers.



and deeply mourned by his tenants and retainers. In the 'Farewell to Dilston,' by Surtees, he is made to say :

" 'Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,  
My father's ancient seat ;  
A stranger now must call thee his,  
Which gars my heart to greet.

" Albeit that here in London Tower  
It is my fate to die,  
Oh, carry me to Northumberland,  
In my father's grave to lie."

"How few who visit Greenwich Hospital are aware that that noble institution, of which the country is so justly proud, has derived, for upwards of a century and a half, the immense revenue of six thousand a year from the ill-fated earl's forfeited estates !

"Has not this effaced the treason ?"

In accordance with what is here held out we are at once introduced to the young earl, at that time only twenty-two, residing at his most picturesque, as well as magnificent, home of Dilston—once a border fortress called Devilstone, and watered by a torrent also known as the Devil's Water—and of whose political proclivities, being a devout Romanist, of an enterprising and courageous spirit, and above all brought up at Saint Germain, in close intimacy with Prince James Edward, better known as the Chevalier de Saint George (they were, indeed, cousins on the maternal side, the earl's mother being a natural daughter of Charles the Second) there could be no doubt ; had not the surroundings of the, at that epoch, retired young earl—his younger brother, Charles Radclyffe, an enthusiastic Jacobite, himself watched and counselled by Father Norham, with a numerous following of retainers, servitors and sturdy miners at Alston Moor, well-filled stables, and a little chapel screened by trees, close by a grey stone tower, the only relic of Devilstone of bye-gone days, in which was concealed a large store of arms—sufficiently attested to the aspirations of this faithful young owner of Dilston Castle, Langley Castle, Simonburn, and one side of Derwentwater, from when his title.

But had not this been the case the young earl, who remained at Saint Germain until after the death of William the Third and the accession of Anne, mixed up in the various Jacobite plots of which that court was then the hot-bed, had, when the death of his father, in 1705, compelled him to return to England, in order to take possession of his estates, promised and bound himself to rise in favour of the Chevalier, whenever a fitting opportunity should present itself. He was thus doomed to destruction from his early youth, and his fate was, indeed, sealed by the time he came into the enjoyment of his birthright.

It was when things were in this condition that the Chevalier,

landing in disguise at Sunderland, suddenly presented himself at Dilston accompanied only by a post-boy who carried his port-manteau. His purport was to obtain an interview, with his sister, Queen Anne, and prevail upon her to appoint him her successor, and to this effect he wished the earl to accompany him to London. The old Jacobite attendant detected "King James the Third" even in his disguise, and the practised story-teller, unequalled, at all events in this country, in the art of eliminating historical narrative without bereaving humanity of its natural elements, as is deemed essential to historical dignity, limns forth the idea just expounded, by the shadowy appearance to the young prince of the earl's ancestors in the little chapel, which was in fact their mausoleum. As one false step invariably leads to another, lady readers will peruse with deep interest, not untinged by chagrin, how the earl became engaged to Anna Webb—beautiful, but proud and intriguing—and, worse than all, her heart bestowed elsewhere, and that to the neglect of Dorothy Forster, fair and lovely, and, what is more, loving in her disposition.

Matters progressed at Dilston, indeed, with a rapidity only to be effected by the magic wand of a wizard of romance. The company which already comprised Sir John and Lady Webb and daughter, Tom Forster, of Bamborough, afterwards the leader of the insurgents, and his fair sister, the Chevalier, with the earl and his brother was reinforced by the arrival of Colonel Oxburgh and some half-dozen Roman Catholic gentlemen—staunch Jacobites—who, well armed and banded together, were in the habit of riding about the country to see how matters stood. Their surprise when they found that the prince himself was at Dilston is more easy to be imagined than described—save by a cunning pen.

The project of proceeding to London is put a stop to by a letter from the Earl of Mar; spies were also already on the track of the prince, for it had become known to Sir William Lorraine, high sheriff of the county, that the Pretender had arrived at Dilston Castle. The Prince, as he was designated by his adherents—the Pretender, as he was termed by the Government party—was thus forced to fly across country, accompanied by all the party, save Sir John and Lady Webb, who travelling in a lumbering old coach, the fair equestrians keeping up with them "over broad wide moors, across valley and through wood—past ancient castles and along the banks of rushing streams"—who does not like to travel, with one who penned the ride to York?—till they were for the time being safely ensconced in sea-washed Bamborough—a spot of which even a cynical old critic may be allowed to enjoy pleasant reminiscences. Two mishaps occurred on this first of the Northumbrian retreats, the lumbering stage coach and its tenants

were captured and made prisoners of by the enemy, and the fair Anna Webb lost herself amid the caves and ruins of Dunstanborough, as if to test the young earl's affectionate anxiety for her welfare. The Pretender was not allowed to remain long at the ancient castle among the sands, but followed up by Sir William Lorraine, he was by an adventurous stratagem, enabled to get on board a Berwick sloop which conveyed him to France.

It was not, indeed, till the accession of George I., that the general insurrection, for which the partisans of the Pretender had been preparing so long, actually took place. Three years before that time, the Earl of Derwentwater had married Anna Webb and so perfect was his felicity, that had it not been for the countess's implacability—she declaring that if he wished to preserve her love, he must draw the sword for King James—it is probable that so hazardous a game, with such high stakes to lose, would not have been entered upon. It is but just, however, to say that the author depicts Dorotey Forster as almost as enthusiastic a Jacobite as the countess, but not quite so self-willed and relentless.

The insurrection of 1715 began, strange to say, in the forests of Braemar, whither the Earl of Mar had repaired, with other noblemen and gentlemen under the pretext of a grand hunting-match. The earl was appointed commander-in-chief with the assistance of an old campaigner—Brigadier Mackintosh, Laird of Borlum; and promises of substantial aid were given by the Marquis of Huntly, the Earl of Seaforth, the Marquis of Tullibardino, the Earls of Southesk, Panmure, and other nobles, and by the chiefs Glengarry, Gordon of Glendarule and Colonel Mackintosh, head of the powerful Clan Chattan. The standard of rebellion was first raised and King James proclaimed at Castletown, and the whole of the Highlands were at once literally in a flame—the Fiery Cross having at the same time been sent round in every direction to summon the clans. The first camp was pitched in a beautiful situation on the side of the Tay, where the Earl of Mar found himself as the head of twelve thousand fighting men, but Colonel Hay, having made himself master of Perth, the head-quarters of the Scottish commander-in-chief, were at once removed to the neighbourhood of that city.]

The government of King George was not idle under the circumstances. The Duke of Argyle concentrated his forces at Stirling, whilst in England a timely warrant was issued for the arrest of the Earl of Derwentwater. How the execution of the warrant was impeded by the earl secreting himself in a wood cutter's hut, and finally set at naught with the aid of Colonel Oxburgh and his gallant little band, by their forcing the magistrates and militiamen to quit the castle, must be read in the lives

pages which record the incidents. The decisive step was, however, now taken ; there was no turning back, and Lord Derwentwater was looked to as the proper leader of the Northumbrians ; but the High Church Tories, being more influential with the commonalty in England than the Roman Catholics, unfortunately for the movement, but fortunately for the government, the command was bestowed on Forster, of Bamborough—a man of irregular habits and no military experience. Lord Derwentwater's first object was then to join General Forster—a junction effected not without some amusing incidents, at a wild spot known as Wanny Crag, whence the two insurgent chiefs proceeded to Warkworth Castle, where they were joined by Lord Widdrington.

Here the insurgent leaders gathered together their forces in the courtyard of the castle, and proclaimed King James—the royal banner being raised on the Lion Tower. A banquet was afterwards given in the great baronial hall in the keep, and this hospitable practice, now first adopted, appears to have been subsequently kept up during the whole time the insurrection lasted, and that with infinite zest, at every place where such was feasible. The habits of the day—meat and ale for breakfast, magnums of claret with dinner, and jorums of punch at night—were favourable to indulgence, and increased by the existing life of a brief and adventurous rising nor did the younger members of the Jacobite party disdain the countenance and support given to the cause by the fair sex, especially, as Mr. Ainsworth afterwards pleasantly portrays, when quartered among his old friends—the Lancashire witches.

The force of the insurgents, although momentarily increasing was at this time insignificant. General Forster could not reckon more than five hundred men, and not only were they unable to effect any impression upon Newcastle, but learning that General Carpenter was advancing against them with three regiments or troops of dragoons, and Sir Charles Hotham's regiment of militia, it was deemed advisable to withdraw to Hexham. We may remark that we should have liked to have heard more of an incident that occurred at this time—the surprise of the fort on Holy Island by Launcelot Errington—albeit small, it is as remarkably defended by art, as well as by nature, against anything, save artillery—or a surprise.

At Hexham, the force which still went on augmenting, was organised. General Forster had written at the onset to the Earl of Mar, praying him to send a couple of regiments to help the rising in Northumberland ; but with the exception of a troop of South Country Scots, from Lord Kenmure's division, these had not put in an appearance as yet. Lord Derwentwater was close to his own

home, and communication, not without dangers duly recorded, was for a short time re-established between his wife and himself.

From Hexham the insurgents marched to Rothbury, and there a junction was effected with the South Country Scots, under Lord Kenmure and other noblemen. The junction was as usual celebrated by a banquet; but the insurgents not considering it safe to venture an encounter with General Carpenter, until further strengthened by a junction with Mackintosh and the Highlanders, and intelligence having been brought that the latter were at Dunse, marching on Kelso, it was resolved to proceed in the same direction, and thus the English were the first to occupy that important town of the Scottish border. Here they were joined by the Highlanders, and the meeting of the confederate forces, the account of Mackintosh's achievements on the march from Perth, discussions at councils of war, and the fierce refusal of the Highlanders to cross the border, furnish materials for several chapters of all the deeper interest as the suspense is becoming more intense. The Scots do not appear to have been very favourably impressed by the appearance of the Northumbrian insurgents.

"Saul o' my body! this will never do!" exclaimed the veteran brigadier to Lord Charles Murray. "These abalygements are na fit for war. Saw ye ever before a dragoon with a hunting-saddle on his horse's back, a toasting-fork by his side, or a riding-whip in his hand? I trow not. They should get basket-hilted broad swords like our ain, saddles wi' high pommels and holsters, and as to those riding-whips, I should like to lay them across the shoulders of the bearers!"

At last, the Scots, partly by promises, partly by threats, were induced to cross the border. Lord Widdrington's arrival with news that they would be joined by twenty thousand men in Lancashire, and Brigadier Mackintosh's stern resolution, had also much to do with this final resolve. Taken it was, and the insurgents, "a jovial crew," as they are termed in the old ballad, were marching gaily to Brampton, before it was even suspected they were in England. Lord Lonsdale, accompanied by the Bishop of Carlisle, awaited their coming on Penrith Fell with some five or six hundred horse militia, and eight or ten thousand men armed for the most part with bills and pitchforks. As soon as the Rebels came in sight the Royalists set up a great shout, and the militia dashed forward sword in hand. But when they beheld Lord Derwentwater at the head of his troop galloping to meet them, they fairly turned round and fled. "Their cowardice saved the Rebels the trouble of dispersing the multitude behind them, for no sooner did the militia fly, than the others took to their heels, and throwing down the weapons, hurried off in every direction." A great number of pr

oners were taken; but they were upbraided for their disloyalty and then set free. "Take back your implements of husbandry," General Forster said to them, "and employ them to a better purpose in future." Attempts were also made to capture the persons of Lord Lonedale and of the bishop militant, but these were unsuccessful.

The "victory" was celebrated as usual by a banquet at Penrith. The Rebels were also, in consequence of their success, received in all obsequiousness at Appleby and Kendal. An amusing incident, which we wish we had space to extract at length, occurred at the last-mentioned place, where General Forster called upon Mrs. Bellingham—his godmother. The old lady was a stern Royalist. She received her Rebel godson with a furious expression of countenance, upbraided him in the presence of his brother officers, declared she would disinherit him and leave all to Dorothy, and prophetically warned him of the fate that awaited himself and all his misguided friends.

A still more amusing and remarkable scene occurred on the way to Lancaster, when Colonel Oxburgh, and a party of horse were detached to Hornby Castle, for the purpose of arresting its owner—the profligate and eccentric Colonel Charteris. The colonel disguised himself in the dress of his own butler, and although detected and captured, he even then managed to effect his escape, and afterwards laughed at the departing Rebels from the summit of his keep.

Sir Henry Hoghton, colonel of the Lancashire Militia—afterwards, in consequence of the important part the regiment took in putting down the insurrection, designated, the "First Royal Lancashire Militia"—took some steps to defend Lancaster. He appears, however, to have thought better over it, and the insurgents entered the city, not only without opposition, but with every demonstration of lively sympathy. The Jacobite prisoners in the castle were set at liberty, and many joined the insurgents. Six pieces of cannon were also obtained from a ship lying in the river. The young insurgents, many of them gentlemen of good family, were quartered in the town and treated as guests. Banquets, balls, and parties, followed in quick succession, and few of the pretty girls, for which Lancaster was then, as it is now, celebrated, but found a Jacobite admirer. "During their stay at Lancaster," says the author, "who is never more felicitous than when expatiating upon Lancastrian loveliness, 'nothing was thought of but flirting by the morous youths, who were completely enthralled by their lady-vees; and had these syrens desired to turn them from their cause, we fear they might have succeeded. Luckily all the girls pro-

fessed themselves ardent Jacobites, and if they fancied their lovers were lukewarm, strenuously urged them to go on." Unfortunately many of these hasty attachments—as particularly in the instance of the handsome Captain Shaftoe and the fair Dryope Dutton—were destined to be lasting, and only ended in the melancholy fate that attended upon most that were in rebellion.

At parting the pretty Lancastrians affected much anguish: "We shall never see you again!" cried the heart-broken girls. "Military men are always inconstant. You will forget us as soon as you arrive at Preston." "Have no doubts of our constancy!" was the reply. "We will always remain faithful. Preston may be full of pretty girls—as they say it is—but they will have no attraction for us."

The pretty Lancastrians had, however, no great faith in the amatory asseverations of their Jacobite lovers, for when the great group of insurgents—for it really cannot be well designated an army—entered "Proud Preston," so well and so minutely described by the author, and the fair Prestonians hastened to see the march past, nothing, it is said, pleased them more than the appearance of a party of young recruits who followed the Highlanders.

"Raw soldiers they might be; but they were very pretty fellows, and had plenty of spirit. Number, three dozen—not including captain. Height, rather below the average—features delicate and feminine—figures slight, but remarkably well formed."

"Never did scarlet coats, laced cocked-hats, flaxen wigs, and all the rest of their accoutrements, find more graceful wearers. Red and white cockades showed they were English recruits—the Scots being distinguished by cockades of blue and white.

"All carried muskets, except the captain, who alone had drawn sword in his hand. Perhaps he had been chosen on account of his good looks. Certainly he was the handsomest, as well as the tallest of his party."

Needless to say, that these were the Lancastrian girls thus disguised; they were assigned a place near the cross, on the market place, and contributed vastly to the picturesque effect of the assemblage.

General Forster's utter incapacity as a leader had become by this time manifest to all. He drank as hard during the march as he had been accustomed to do at Bamborough; and to follow out the versatile romancer's version of affairs, he allowed himself to be hoodwinked by a fair young widow of Preston, who was actually in collusion with the Royalists. Lord Derwentwater, who occupied Sir Henry Hoghton's house—the best in the town—was joined by

his countess and by Dorothy, and both displayed a great deal of spirit.

The insurrection gained new strength at Preston, and by the second day after their arrival the rebels are said to have numbered more than four thousand men. To oppose this force, General Wills had with him at Wigan, three regiments of foot, the Lancashire Militia, six hundred strong, a regiment of horse, and five regiments—or more likely, from their strength, troops—of dragoons. General Carpenter was also hastening on with reinforcements from Newcastle; but General Wills, confident in his strength, hurried on his preparations, so that he might attack the insurgents before Carpenter came up, and thus gain all the glory of the victory.

It is not for us to enter into the details of "Preston Fight," for that would be anticipating all that is most novel, interesting, and striking, in the work before us. Never did the writer pen chapters replete with more minute description, vivid incidents, and moving pictures. Suffice it that the system of defence adopted upon the suggestion of Brigadier Mackintosh was to raise barricades, defended by great guns, in all the principal streets and approaches, and to assist in the defence of these by small arms fired from the adjacent houses. So effectually was this system of defence carried out, that, with the exception of the capture of the two large houses in Church Street, respectively occupied by Lord Derwentwater and General Forster, the assailants had really made but small progress by nightfall, whilst the number of killed and wounded on their part was by no means inconsiderable. The next day, however, General Carpenter arrived with his reinforcements, and although the gallant Highlanders were to the last in favour of cutting their way out through the enemy, no alternative really remained but to surrender upon the best terms possible.

The chief insurgents were taken to London where the Earls of Nithsdale and of Wintoun succeeded in effecting their escape from the Tower—the devotion of the Countess of Nithsdale, has often been made the subject of poetic embellishment. General Forster and the brave old Brigadier Mackintosh also succeeded in getting free of the walls of Newgate; but Lords Derwentwater and Kenmore suffered the last penalty of the law on Tower Hill.

It is a melancholy story. There is also a profound secret, which it is not for us to divulge, in Lady Derwentwater's devotion to the Pretender, and her sacrifice of her husband—a story which might perhaps find its parallel, in a certain sense—a purely religious one—among greater persons in our times. But it is impossible, as the author justly remarks—however foolish in its commencement, how-



ever utterly removed from all possibilities of ultimate success, however injudiciously and incompetently carried out—not to entertain feelings of sympathy for the many gallant Roman Catholic gentlemen who, from mistaken feelings of loyalty, threw away their lives and fortune at Preston.

As to the vivid interest of a narrative of which we have barely able to shadow forth an imperfect idea, all we can say is that it is the fashion among juvenile critics of the day to write of Mr. Ainsworth as the "veteran author," when he is in reality younger in his imaginings, more dashing in his movements, more vigorous in his descriptions, than is to be met with in any work emanating from their unfledged pens.

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## THE SOLDIER'S BOAST.

(*Time*, 1870.      *Recitative—proudly.*)

ENGLAND! our hearts are thine, however coldly  
     Thy glances fall;  
 Thy banner we have ever borne right boldly  
     At Duty's call.

Where rests thy prestige? On the swords we're bearing  
     Where lives thy fame?  
 In battles won, and in our deeds of daring  
     To lift thy name.

In Abram's height, key of that bright dominion,  
     Which owns thy sway;  
 The Cape,—where the Dutch Stork, with broken pinion,  
     Cower'd in the fray.

In Badajos—in Albuhera's story—  
     In Waterloo,  
 Where from before our sabres' flash of glory  
     Napoleon flew.

In Inkermann—in Delhi's seven days' fighting,  
Hand gripping hand :—  
When soldiers, the civilians' folly righting,  
Won back the land.

Why boast the deed, and then decry the doer,  
Whose all is thine ?  
Among thy sons say, who with purpose truer  
Bows at thy shrine,

Than he who bears to victory thy banner,  
Nor turns aside ?  
In front he sees *thy* glory, fame, and honour,  
*His own* bright guide.

R. COMPTON NOAKE,



## SHORT PAPERS ON MANY SUBJECTS.

## III.

BY DR. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

## I.

AMBITION.—Very likely, when people read in the *Gazette* that peerage has been conferred on a distinguished statesman, or that other coveted pieces of preferment have fallen in the way of aspiring and successful public men, they often fancy that recipients of these honours are greatly elated, and that their ambition has been fully satisfied. There is seldom any foundation for such a belief. Let any one look into his own heart, or reflect on the events of his own life, however quiet and peaceful they may have been, and what will he see? He will see that unexpected pieces of good fortune seldom come in this world, and that success generally either comes too late, or is not of the precise kind desired. The letters and confessions of successful men of the world all tell the same tale—disappointment, hope deferred.

The humble tradesman, who reads that a colonel has been named a K.C.B., would, no doubt, be as happy as a king were such an honour conferred on him; it would be so unexpected, so brilliant. But what about the colonel? Is the fortunate recipient of such honour much elated? Seldom, I suspect. Perhaps there is something else he wanted more; perhaps, from high social position, he may think little of it, or, perhaps, he has long been expecting it, and knows that hope deferred which makes the heart sick.

So it is with even the highest honours of the peerage—a dukedom or the garter. How many of those who get these glittering baubles are really satisfied? And if delighted for the moment, does not disappointment soon come, and unsatisfied ambition seek for itself other objects, without the possession of which it is unhappy, and with the possession of which it is miserable.

It seldom happens that a man leaps from comparative obscurity into a position of great influence. When such an event occurs there is something bitter enough, depend upon it, in the nature of happiness. A middle-aged field-officer—in 1854 almost unknown—found himself, in 1856, the general-in-chief of the British army in England ever put into the field. He was a fortunate man; he was Sir William Codrington, and perhaps, for the moment, he was happy. But were his subsequent triumphs such that he is

to have continued elated and contented, or to have been envied by others?

If ambition spurs a man on, he can only hope to be happy as long as one triumph in quick succession leads to another, and as long as his rewards do not fall much below his expectation—equal it they never will. But the time must come when the tide of prosperity will turn, and ambition will be unsatisfied. The less one cares for fame, wealth, titles, ribands, the greater the chance that, if they come, disappointment will not take away their attractions. But there is an ambition, higher and nobler far than the race for riches or the lust of power and honour; he who has it will never know disappointment, never sigh for what he has not. But how many are there whose ambition is to do the right, whatever the consequences, and whose sufficient reward is the approbation of their God, and the joy of an untroubled conscience!

## II

**BROAD CHURCH VIEWS.**—It has often forcibly struck me, while listening to the wild fervour of Calvinistic and Methodist preachers, how little there was in common, between their strong, unqualified utterances and passionate appeals, and the calm, cultured dissertations of a typical Broad Churchman of ability. The same thing must have impressed everyone who has reflected for a moment. The greater power the former possess for making converts cannot be questioned for an instant.

Some months ago, returning home with an able and intelligent Unitarian minister—a minister of that creed which, of all others, rests most firmly on the intellect—we were discussing this very question. He was complaining how difficult it was for him, and for others, who thought with and like him, to arouse their listeners and to inflame their passions. The spread of the views he held, though he considered their ultimate success certain, he admitted must be slow. His hands were tied, he candidly confessed, and he deplored the want of deep religious life, which ought, he thought, to be the peculiar characteristic and prerogative of his co-religionists.

I greatly admire the well-balanced minds and the intelligent views of many Unitarians whom I know, though without the smallest inclination to embrace the peculiar tenets of as worthy and upright a body of men as any in the whole world—a body, the integrity of whose lives, and the breadth of whose opinions, make them an example to all denominations. I cannot, however, but regret the obstacles—almost inseparable, I fear—in the way of the spread of Broad Church views, whatever the particular form they assume. Let me, however, entreat the reader, before he confounds Broad Church views with atheism, not to forget that he would thereby

be condemning Stanley, Kingsley, Arnold, Helps, and Temple, as noble a band of Christians as any country has ever possessed. But a religion, or rather a form of religion, which disapproves of and discourages all excitement, which does not believe that the love and pity of God are the prerogatives of one sect, which holds that the words of Christ must be taken in their broadest signification, and which refuses to admit that anything He said and did will bear the narrow interpretation sometimes put upon it—must be, in a great measure, confined to the cultured and learned. The ordinary forms of religious life—either that which, like the Catholic varieties of the Churches of Rome and of England, attaches exclusive importance to attention to certain rites and ceremonies; or that which, like the Calvinism of the Baptist and the Churchman of the Evangelical type, looks for salvation only to the grace of God; or that which, like the Arminianism of the Wesleyan, tries to rouse by an enthusiastic belief in the power of the blood of Christ—have a better chance of making themselves felt and respected far and wide, and can alone be preached with vigour and fervour. Not so those forms of religion which are not to be accepted on trust, but must be tested by each man for himself, and which teach that God is a Spirit and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

### III.

WHO WINS?—A charming and most successful little work entitled “Who Wins?” was, a few years ago, written by Miss Nevins, of Cheltenham. In the first place, the author pleasantly and ably expounded the mysteries of homœopathy; and in the second, she contrived to convey her arguments and illustrations in the form of a narrative of more than ordinary ability and interest. In other words, “Who Wins?” is a well-written and charming little novel the principal object of which is the advocacy of homœopathy; but, so skilfully, has the writer gone to work that she never loses sight of what she evidently has most at heart, nor does she permit the interest of her readers to flag in the lives and fortunes of her heroes and heroines. I have rarely known anything more remarkable than the art and good taste with which Miss Nevins introduces long paragraphs and conversations, in which the principles of homœopathy are ably handled and very fairly discussed, without, by so doing, making her story heavy and disconnected.

The work itself is well spoken of by believers in this system of medicine. Those who are indifferent to this method of cure would, of course, only care for the incidents of the tale, and for the development of the plot.

The characters are very natural; the plot is well constructed and felicitously carried out. Here and there are sentences full of

et humour and good-natured sarcasm. The introduction of Wordsworth gives an unusual interest to the story, and the descriptions of lake scenery are good and truthful.

One of the happiest touches in the whole work is a short passage which the troubles of a quiet, studious man—who, unfortunately himself and his daughter—the heroine of the tale—marries a rather affected and very pompous woman—are described. Before this unhappy event Mr. Kennicott had used, as his study, one of the best rooms in the house. His second wife wanted it for other purposes, and so her husband was pitilessly banished to the attic. So," we are told, "poor Mr. Kennicott's study was dismissed to an attic, where he had such a *beautiful* view, and could be quite undisturbed when writing." "Moreover, he could only stand upright in the middle of the room, and the fire always smoked."

The writer has apparently studied many things not usually included in the range of female pursuits. For example, there is a very natural reference, at the end of the forty-fifth chapter, to one of the great principles of Berkeley's philosophy, most creditable to her knowledge of studies nearly all ladies would find dull and abstruse.

With reference to the admirable defence and exposition of homœopathy which Miss Nevins has attempted, it is not easy for me to speak. Her thorough knowledge of the subject does her great credit, and she has written well, earnestly, and temperately. She has made no mistakes, even when treating of purely medical studies, a rare honour to pay any work not from the pen of a medical practitioner. But medicine is, of all arts, the most uncertain; and there can be question that diseases can often successfully be treated in a variety of ways, and that the same drug may, in different doses and in different circumstances, produce very dissimilar effects. And, again, it must not be forgotten that disease is seldom allowed to run a natural course. Drugs of one kind or another are certain to be used, and all unfavourable symptoms are attributed to nature, all favourable ones to the curative properties of the drugs exhibited. Hence, it may be perfectly true that allopathists and homœopathists are often equally successful, though adopting different methods of treatment, and that, in not a few cases, good results are obtained, not in consequence of, but in spite of the remedial measures used. My own faith in the powers of curative medicine is too slender to make my opinion of much value when the question under discussion is the rival claims of opposing schools of medicine.

As in all controversial works, many passages which seem convincing to partisans must seldom appear so to opponents. Those medical men who, like myself, find their faith in allopathic drugs waxing weaker, can hardly believe in the truths of homœopathy, a

system which with apparently still more inadequate means, attempts much more, and, its admirers believe, achieves far more.

#### IV.

**THE DOCTOR'S REMUNERATION.**—Whenever money is paid away one likes to feel that there is an adequate return. No one likes to pay taxes, because the money so expended appears to be thrown away, or, at least, not to bring a tangible and pleasant return. Of course taxes must be paid—no one disputes that; but few would deny that it would be a thousand times more agreeable to be able to apply the money to other purposes, the full and free enjoyment of which the spender could himself count on having.

It is just on this account that people so little approve of paying medical men and lawyers. They fancy they are not guilty of fraud or meanness if they can get out of paying for the services they have received, and from which they have profited. No one, except a medical practitioner, can form any conception of the abhorrence most people feel at having to hand money over to their doctor. The precious coins are wrung from them sorely against their will. There are plenty of persons of whom it is perfectly true, as it is of a relative of mine—a very wealthy man—that they would rather pay fifty pounds for a piece of furniture, or for a painting, than half-a-crown for medical advice. The lawyer fares better, in one respect, than the doctor, for the former can generally get paid, while the latter cannot; but there is even greater repugnance to pay the lawyer than the doctor.

After all, one must not be too hard on the public. Illness is a trying and unpleasant thing, and there is nothing pleasant in connection with it. No one asks for it, and certainly no one wishes for it. Unfortunately, there is no choice in the matter, and those whom it fastens on as its victims must bear it as best they can.

When illness comes, it interferes with business and pleasure. It entails all kinds of worry, suffering, loss, and expense. It brings bodily and mental pain. It often means separation and pinching poverty. The doctor is sent for, and is expected to come a once. As long as illness lasts he must attend, and his visits must be as frequent and as long as his clients think necessary. When the time comes for paying him, all is changed. No one calls the doctor in for his own pleasure, though it is none the less true that in the wealthier classes it is the nervousness and want of occupation of his clients which lead to three visits out of every four which are paid. But when the bill is presented no one retains pleasant associations connected with the services of the doctor; few people moreover, ever expect illness till it comes, still fewer prepare to pay the bill, or even think of it till payment is asked. The

everyone complains bitterly, and as the debtor knows that public opinion will sympathise with him, he often flatly refuses to pay. Any pretext is sufficient to justify a course of action which, in any other circumstances, he and his friends would condemn. Besides, it is not the thing for a doctor to sue a client. Of course the doctor, unless a Fellow of the London College of Physicians, can recover in a court of law; but, in the long-run, he loses, for it soon gets known that he is determined to be paid, and people keep away from him, and soundly abuse him as a hard-hearted man!

No man makes more bad debts than a doctor. No one does more work for which he is never paid, and for which he never expects to receive remuneration. Those people, and their name is legion, who complain most of a doctor's charges, seldom remember that a million of patients, half of whom could pay, are treated gratuitously, every year, at the London hospitals alone, and perhaps one-fifth of that enormous number at the Birmingham ones! They do not think of the low remuneration often received by medical men, and of the hosts of people, whom, in private practice, the majority of doctors prescribe for gratuitously every year.

The average remuneration per visit is very small. Those men whose private patients pay five shillings a visit—a very heavy fee by the way, one only obtained by well-established practitioners in prosperous towns—may have nearly, fifty times as many visits to pay to club patients, from who they will not get sixpence per visit, and to whom, moreover, they supply medicines. The physician, who gets a guinea for three or four visits to those people who pay—there are perhaps not a hundred physicians in the three kingdoms who receive a guinea fee per visit—generally has plenty of private patients who pay nothing, besides abundance of hospital work for which, of course, he never receives any remuneration.

As a set-off to the large fees which one sometimes hears are obtained by two or three white-haired men of fifty years standing,—such, for example, as the two fees of a thousand guineas apiece, which, it is said, were two years ago, handed to Sir Henry Thompson, who, by the way, is not an old man,—let me say I have been six years in practice, and the largest sums ever paid to me by clients were two five-pound notes in two cases, and two guineas and a half in a third. In each of the former I gave fifty, in the latter fifteen, visits. So it is not every doctor who receives exorbitant fees.

## V.

**A LIFE OF EXERTION.**—As the result of a combination of favourable circumstances a lady will often look young and be strong at a time of life when a labourer's wife is getting wrinkled and worn



out. Is it thence fair to assume that labour is a curse, poverty an evil? I think not, though it may be perfectly true that overwork and undue pecuniary anxiety take away from the blessings of a life of exertion, and convert what ought to be, what might be an advantage into an intolerable burden. It is not right to bring an indictment against labour and a modest competence, because the abuse of labour and bad economy produce suffering and misery. The solution of the difficulty is to apportion to every man a reasonable amount of work, and to teach him wisely to use that share of this world's goods which falls to his lot.

The country rector walks with a firm step and an erect carriage at an age when many of his poorer parishoners are bending beneath the weight of years, and are expecting soon to hear the last dread summons. Even in their case, it is the abuse of labour, or, at any rate, labour acting in conjunction with a variety of injurious conditions, which is detrimental to good health, not labour alone, cheerfully and wisely undertaken, and raised into a pure and innocent pleasure.

Labour, rightly used, is no hardship. It will not shorten life, provided that it is not commenced too early, and that a reasonable amount of relaxation and a few happy hours can be counted upon when the day's toil is ended, provided, too that food is abundant, and that the mind is contented.

But when labour commences early in life, before the frame is strong enough to bear the burden laid upon it, before the mind can appreciate the importance and objects of labour, and is carried on from day to day, from infancy to old age, when, worse than all, pleasant and innocent recreation is not thought of, or is impossible, when squalid homes, defective education, family contentions and jealousies, bad habits, play their dreadful part in adding to the miseries of life, then indeed, the pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave is a terrible one. When those blessings are denied to the toiler which can alone make life cheerful, he may well sigh for that better country where he will labour under happier circumstances, and where, consequently, exertion will bring as its reward, peace, happiness, and contentment.

When the strength is equal to the task, when the mind is so well regulated that it throws itself into the work allotted to it, when the work itself gives opportunities for the display of ingenuity, and is not pushed too far, a life of exertion is a blessing which those only can appreciate who have been permitted to enjoy it.

## VI.

**WORKS ON HEALTH.**—Many admirable manuals, dealing with

at outlines of the science of health, have of late years been expressly for the instruction of the non-medical public. The benefit conferred by some of these books cannot be over-estimated.

They have prepared the nation for approving of and going out the wise steps, which are now being taken, and they perhaps, done much to render possible those enlightened and measures which are turning to practical account the labours of the writers of able sanitary writers and reformers.

For all, it is of small advantage that two or three far-sighted could find out for themselves the great outlines of a practical and valuable science, unless they are endowed with the power of inducing their fellow-citizens to learn of them, and to practise what they have learnt. Legislators may be prepared to do something, though generally they are a conservative and indocile class; as the masses of the nation, who must be disposed to obey the law which the legislature has drawn up, if these enactments are more than a dead letter.

In any country ruled as England is the people are practically ignorant, and cannot be compelled to reverence laws for which they are unprepared, and to which they are hostile. Hence, it is necessary for a wise statesman, not only to be in the van of progress, but must, as it were, prepare the people to obey reforms, when they come out; and he must, at the same time, urge the people to having necessary reforms. The masses must be induced to believe that they are the prime movers in great measures of reform, and that they will be ready to move heaven and earth to get what they have set their minds on obtaining, and which then, without delay, they will at once practise. In no other way does it seem possible that sanitary reform, the instruction and education of the masses, the suppression of intemperance and of crime, can be accomplished. Laws for which the people are unprepared, and which they do not care to see in the statute-book must be inoperative. They can be enforced only by resort to tyrannical measures, which are and fortunately would not be tolerated.

Public opinion in a democratic country must first be educated, and then gradually led on to a given point by competent teachers. The first part of the work is best undertaken by writers and public speakers. Then, after an interval, the length of which will depend on the variety of fortuitous circumstances, wise and energetic statesmen must take the matter in hand, and force the masses to sanction the measures being done for their good. The science of health, like every political and religious movement, has had its difficulties to overcome, and has owed much to the enlightened sanitarians, who, by the variety of ways, have educated all classes of the nation.

Many books of rare merit were written by eminent physicians of

the last generation, which from the moment of publication to the present day have been widely read by medical men and the general community. These books require careful perusal, and cannot be run through, as one would dash through a three-volume sensational novel. Though exceedingly well written, they may, at first seem dry and prolix, for no writer could treat of the laws of health in such a manner as to interest those persons who are expecting amusement and excitement. No reader of moderate intelligence could, however, fail to derive both pleasure and profit from studying well written and reliable works on this important subject.

One of these books is entitled the "Principles of Physiology, applied to the purposes of Health and Education." The author was the gifted Dr. Andrew Combe, of Edinburgh, the brother of of George Combe, the only really able and distinguished English exponent of phrenological science. The other work—"The Philosophy of Health,"—is from the pen of the celebrated Dr. Southwood Smith, of London. I cannot tell how much, or how little of the attention now paid to the science of health, may have been excited by these little books. There have been several treatises of far greater scientific merit; there are none however, better adapted to instruct and enlighten the general community.

These delightful books, the former more especially, deal in a clear and attractive manner with the great principles of the science. Their authors avoided technical details and unfamiliar terms, and did not discuss the application of the great principles with which they were dealing, except in so far as they were easily applied to practice, and could be made intelligible to ordinary readers. The stores of wealth these small volumes contain will never be exhausted, or lose their value. After all, the chief importance of these really remarkable works is, that the authors carefully conveyed in simple and popular language just those facts which it was well all should know, and which could not fail to be of service to all.

## VII.

**CHILDREN'S SERVICES.**—Several years ago a friend of mine, a clergyman, asked me to accompany him one Sunday afternoon to the schools of St. James's Church, Holloway, London, the incumbent of which, at the time, was the late Mr. Mackenzie, one of the most earnest and eloquent preachers in the north of London.

In one of the schoolrooms were about sixty infants, some only three years old, few over five. The teacher was a stout, pleasant, middle-aged man, plain and unassuming, and yet, with such a love for children, such a marvellous aptitude for arresting their attention,

that he kept them quiet and interested for an hour. They apparently loved him, and, as for him, he seemed to throw himself heart and soul into what was evidently a labour of love.

It would be impossible for me ever to forget the little faces of the eager listeners, or the beaming countenance of the teacher, who, for a full hour, talked to his little flock, and preserved the most perfect order. I have never since seen anything so singular or interesting.

A few months ago another friend of mine, the Rev. Benjamin Wright, of Hurst Street Chapel, Birmingham, one of the most upright and liberal-minded Unitarian ministers, it has ever been my privilege to know, asked me to be present at a children's service in his place of worship. I accordingly went, and was exceedingly pleased. This good man discoursed earnestly for over an hour to three hundred boys and girls of all ages, from six or seven, to eighteen or nineteen. He chose as his text, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world but lose his own soul." Certainly a difficult text to make clear to a youthful audience. But Mr. Wright succeeded to perfection. The interest of the children never flagged, and there was the most perfect order and propriety. A children's service is held in this chapel every Sunday morning, by this earnest and Catholic-minded minister, whose rectitude and piety put to shame the fierce, turbulent, intolerant temper of some of his so-called orthodox brethren.

No one who has to speak to children should be discouraged by failure, of which he will probably have his full share; but few people could be as successful as Mr. Wright were they to try all the days of their life. There must be rare natural aptitude to talk to children, and the aptitude must be long and diligently trained, if it is to be of use.

As a contrast to the above instances of what zeal and aptitude can effect, let me mention a case that has lately come under my notice. Two young ladies in Birmingham, who have zeal, but not aptitude, were given sixty young children to instruct twice a week in the elements of religion. One of these young ladies was on one occasion unavoidably away, and wrote a letter of condolence to her friend, in which she expressed deep concern at the latter being left alone to teach "those dreadful babies." That word "dreadful," conveys volumes.

### VIII.

**VEGETARIANISM.**—Perhaps the ablest living English advocate of vegetarianism is Professor F. W. Newman. This accomplished man has in several well-written pamphlets—laid the views of the little body of which he is the recognised head before the world. Lately, in an article in *Fraser*, for February, 1875, and in a paper

in *Public Health*, for March 16th 1875, he has with still greater force, if that were possible, discussed the arguments on which vegetarianism rests. Professor Newman may occasionally push his arguments too far, or he may now and then use arguments satisfactory enough in the opinion of his disciples, but not at the present time received with the same respect by his opponents. But on the whole, there is a candour, a fairness, a love of truth running through all he has said and written on this subject, which places him in a very different position from that held by the advocates of most unpopular and new movements. There are amongst his followers some intolerant and ignorant fanatics, who might with advantage copy him.

We may unhesitatingly admit that vegetarianism, and of course, Brahminism—that modification of vegetarianism which only disapproves of the use, as food, of anything which it has required the death of an animal to obtain—are compatible with health; in other words, anyone, whatever the kind of work he does, whatever the climate in which he lives, can count on remaining robust and healthy, if he eats and drinks nothing derived from dead animals. We may also allow that a vegetarian diet, though possibly more wearisome and less agreeable, is undoubtedly far more economical than a flesh one. But nothing that I have yet seen or read leads me to believe that the vegetarian will, as a rule, be longer lived, more free from disease, and stronger than the man who eats flesh. Of course, however, this is a matter which experiments on a large scale will alone settle. It seems to me an insuperable objection to the opposition, which many vegetarians make, on moral and sanitary grounds, to the moderate use of flesh, that the food which nature prepares for the young of Mammalian animals is obtained from the bodies of animals. But let this pass.

The vegetarian has proved beyond the possibility of refutation that whether he abstains from all animal products, or whether he halts at the half-way house of Brahminism, he does not suffer in health and strength, and he gains largely pecuniarily. It is much in his favour that he has proved all this.

The principal thing which makes me look with favour on the movement which Professor Newman is so ably advocating, is the dreadful sufferings of the poor animals used for food. The horrible cruelties to which many animals are subjected by butchers and drovers, the miseries of long land and sea voyages, the barbarous ways of preparing some animals for the market; these are indeed, drawbacks to the use of flesh for which nothing will compensate. Many of the atrocities daily perpetrated are as uncalled for as inhuman; but they will continue in full force as long as the habit of eating flesh obtains. There seems to me no hope of improvement.

## ABOUT HIS EARS.

It has always appeared to me that Jenkins was an illused man. According to his own account, he sailed for Jamaica in 1731, and was boarded by a Spanish "Guarda Costa." The captain of this vessel put Jenkins' crew to the torture, and not content with that, hanged Jenkins himself up three times, once with the cabin boy at his feet, and at last finished off by depriving poor Jenkins of one of his ears; bidding him carry it to his king and inform his majesty that, if he were present, he would serve him in the same manner.

Now, there is no doubt that Jenkins committed errors. He should have recollected that it was inconvenient for the English Government to seek redress from Spain. If he had lost his ear by the hand of any savage who had few fire-arms and much gold, Jenkins might have spoken out; but as it was, he should decidedly have held his peace. Nor was it right of Jenkins to carry his severed ear about with him in a little bottle, and produce it, now and again, as proof that he had really suffered the injuries he complained of. Perhaps, too, he should have held his tongue about the Spaniard's audacious boast. It is not good to allude to the ears of royal personages. But Jenkins was not punished by his own countrymen for being politically troublesome, nor for carrying about with him his unpleasant anatomical preparation in his bottle, nor for repeating the Spanish pirate's threat. No; he was held up to scorn and contempt for merely answering a question put to him by a member of the House of Commons. The proper definition of a question not to be asked is, as everybody knows, that it is a question not to be answered; but Jenkins had no choice. Surely the man who asked the question was the more to blame? "What did you think about when you found yourself in the hands of such a barbarian?" inquired the member. It was a curious question—not what did you do? but what did you think about? It must have been a Scotch Member fond of metaphysics, who asked that question. It went to the root of the matter.

It was of no use asking what Jenkins said? the natural exclamation of any one in those days, who was having his ear torn off, would begin with a *d* and end with an *m*. As for what Jenkins did? the question would have been still more absurd,—what could he do? He might have kicked, and perhaps he did; but he was

evidently overpowered when he lost his ear, and could have kicked to no purpose. But what did he think? Jenkins replied—"I recommended my soul to God, and my cause to my country!"

There was something in this reply that caught the popular fancy; and half England was ablaze with righteous indignation against the Spaniard. Pulteney declared in Parliament that the very name of Jenkins would raise volunteers.

Why did any one believe Jenkins? The half of England that believed Jenkins was, of course, the lower half. The common people always have some curious sympathy with mysteries they cannot understand, and with the truths they do not practice. "Mesopotamia" was the blessed word which gave such comfort to the aged female in her devotions; probably the people of England held as firm a belief in the honour of their "country" as the old lady did in the saving power of "Mesopotamia."

We may leave out of the question the first part of Jenkins's reply—he recommended his soul to God. There can be no doubt that he was perfectly truthful so far—Walpole himself could not have doubted that. The circumstances of the case made it a perfectly natural course of thought. It is not as though Jenkins had said—"I always recommend my soul to God every morning of my life, under all conditions of joy and sorrow, poverty and wealth, health and sickness." It is very possible that Jenkins did even do this; but Jenkins was not such a fool as to say so. All that he said was, that *when* his ear was being torn off, and he was hanging up to the rigging of his ship, with a cabin boy tied to his heels, *then* he recommended his soul to God. That is the time that men like to say their prayers—when the evil day has come and the inevitable has to be faced; then it is a natural and usual proceeding to turn to religion. So far, Jenkins must be considered blameless; but, alas! the latter part of his answer was ruinous to his good fame. He recommended his cause to his "country!" The lower classes believed that he did allow this thought to enter his mind; but the upper classes could not believe. How on earth could they? How could Walpole, the Prime Minister, believe it?

One of his biographers says of Walpole—"He gave bribes but he received none. The nice arrangements by which places and patronage are made sufficient to retain the adherents of a party and a ministry, were not so well understood as at later periods. Instead of providing for their friends, sons or nephews, Walpole slipped bank notes into the open palms of Members of Parliament, and bought their particular votes for measures beneficial to the country, because they would have money for them or vote on the other side."

Well would it have been for Jenkins, and better for Walpole

he had bought up that terrible bit of ear in the bottle, and persuaded Jenkins to hold his tongue. Walpole was forced into war with Spain in 1739, and this is what was said of Jenkins by those who wrote the history of the steps which led to the war:—

"This martial passion was excited by orators and authors, by essays, poems, satires, ballads; and it was kept up by all manner of *paltry tricks*—the best known, but not the meanest, of which was the producing at the bar of the 'House,' as the victim of Spanish cruelty, *a fellow who had lost his ears on an English pillory.*" And everybody took the same view sooner or later.

Hero-worship is all very well, but we must change our heroes every now and then. In a short time Jenkins faded from the memories of those who had believed in him but did not know how to write; and the bitter words of his detractors were in print, and the record was not to be obliterated. Walpole was a great man, and a powerful minister. He had hosts of friends and admirers. He was quite right, too, in not wanting to go to war with Spain. Jenkins was a poor wretch who had lost his ship, and was reduced, so far as worldly possessions went, to the remains of one ear in a bottle, and a stock of noble sentiments! No wonder that men of the world came to the conclusion that Jenkins was a liar. Why not leave matters thus? why should I try to upset a prevailing faith? It is pleasant enough to consider Jenkins as an impostor,—that is quite true; but it is also pleasant to destroy respectable old traditions. It has been proved that Wellington never said, "Up, guards, and at them!" Cambronne never exclaimed, "The guard dies, but never surrenders." Some people doubt whether Sir Philip Sidney said to the soldier, when he handed him his bottle of water, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." Many people do not understand how it came to be known that Sir Humphrey Gilbert exclaimed, "Heaven is as near by sea as by land," when his ship was lost *with all hands*. But let those who delight in detractions take away the noble words of these heroes; my task shall be of an exactly opposite character. I will try and show why it is possible that Jenkins did recommend his soul to God, and his cause to his country. Jenkins disappeared into oblivion with his bottled ear; but to stop his mouth the Government gave him command of an Indian trading ship, and he sailed away with a bad name into the darkness. If the reader will study the story of St. Helena, he will find traces of Jenkins in his after-life. It seems to me that as early as 1808, the good name of Jenkins was restored, and yet to the present day he is written down as an impostor and a cheat. Brooke published his *History of St. Helena* in that year, and let me just point out what Mr. Brooke said about Jenkins. About the time when war with Spain was proclaimed, things



were going on badly at St. Helena; and, to quote Mr. Brooke, it was not much to be wondered at:—"Many, if not the greater part of the original settlers, were of inferior rank; their offspring had no other religion or moral instruction than that which could be obtained within the circumscribed society of the island. Their spiritual teachers, far from inculcating sobriety, submission to the laws, mercy, charity, and other Christian virtues, were foremost in scenes of debauchery and infamy, and when it is considered that rebellion, revenge, hatred and duplicity blackened the character of the St. Helena chaplains, for more than sixty years, might it not have been expected that both religion should be put out of countenance and morality out of practice. But these things were trifles—John Bull, or John Company, could have put up with all that; but when people began to put their hands in his pocket it was another matter. The provincial governor disposed of the lands of the Company for a tenth part of their value, the stores were embezzled, the most infamous frauds were committed by erasure and false entries, and the treasury robbed of nearly four thousand pounds. But the Company got secret intelligence of what was going on, and now comes the turn of our ill-used friend Jenkins. To quote Mr. Brooke again, "It was judged proper that a person of integrity should be immediately sent out, with extraordinary powers to supersede the governor and council. The man selected for this service was *Mr. Robert Jenkins*, who had commanded a Scotch merchant ship at the period when so many British subjects had suffered the most cruel indignities, in consequence of the dispute about the right of cutting log-wood in the bay of Campeachy. Captain Jenkins was insulted, tortured, and had one of his ears torn off, which upon his arrival in England he exhibited at the bar of the House of Commons; and being asked by a member what he thought when they mangled him, made that memorable reply, 'I committed my soul to God, and my cause to my country!' . . . He was afterwards commander of a ship in the Company's service and continued in that situation, till he was appointed supervisor of all the company's affairs at St. Helena." This appointment seems to me to throw light upon the blackened face of Jenkins, and to increase the probability that he told the truth when he said "He recommended his soul to God, and his cause to his country!" Of course, he might have been appointed governor in spite of his being a notorious liar; but it was not exactly a question of Governorship—it concerned the till. ¶ Now, it may be taken as a fact positive and indisputable, that a really religious man can always be trusted in money matters. He may be a fool, utterly unenlightened, and excessively vulgar; but *he cannot be a thief*. A non-religious man may or may not be a thief, just as the circumstances

f his circulation may affect certain portions of the brain supposed to regulate moral sentiments ; but a hypocrite, a man who professes religion while he has no belief whatever, *must be a thief*. It is clear enough that the Company believed Jenkins to be an honest man when they sent him to St. Helena ; and when he got here he behaved like an honest man. He landed in May, 1740, and, pursuant to his instructions, proceeded to the Castle, opened his commission and demanded the keys of the Treasury. The cash found and counted on the spot amounted to only six pounds sterling ! A thorough investigation was instituted, and most ample proof adduced in support of the accusation made—and the estates of the guilty were seized to the extent of the Company's losses, which were calculated at six thousand two hundred and eighty-four pounds. So much for Jenkins as a religious man. I, for one, believe he did recommend his soul to God ; and now about his other statement, that he commended his cause to his country—let us turn, to Mr. Brooke again :—"The Governor having executed his commission, Major Lambert arrived, as his successor, on the 22nd of March, 1741, in the ship 'Harrington,' of which ship Captain Jenkins was directed to assume the command for the remainder of the voyage. In his station as a commander his conduct became *still further distinguished* by a gallant action against a pirate, in which he preserved his own ship and three others under his orders." Jenkins it would appear, did make his country's cause his own. He fought a good fight, and he not only told, but did the truth ; and who dare doubt that he spoke it, when he said the memorable words—"I recommended my soul to God, and my cause to my country?"

"TOCAB."



## THE THIRD OF SEPTEMBER.

1650—1651—1658.

- ONE day is in our country's calendar  
 1650 Marked with two mighty victories—*Dunbar*—  
 1651 And *Worcester*, each by Cromwell's iron hand,  
 Achieved in civil conflict, when the land  
 Went mourning for her children's strife : the same  
 Recurrent day is triply known to fame  
 1658 By the Protector's death ; for on the Third  
 Day of September, when the air was stirred  
 With signal-storms, his spirit was exhaled.  
 And superstitious memories so prevailed  
 With certain of his favourers, that they  
 1680 By planetary figures choose that day,  
 Whereon to kill the re-established King :—  
 Not under the paternal axe to bring  
 His careless head, but suddenly to deal  
 Upon him with their ambushed shot and steel.—

Men have deemed Cromwell worthy, as their own  
 Opinions swayed, a scaffold or a throne ;  
 For much was mingled both of ill and good  
 In his strange course, if thoroughly understood—  
 He had an even spirit, a composed strain,  
 Ready with every man to force or feign,  
 To make his purpose seem a sudden chance,  
 Or wind about his aim with circumstance :  
 Harsh was his manner, and his brow austere,  
 His garb and living simple and severe :  
 Secret he was in project, prompt in deed ;  
 Less hard, perhaps, by nature than by need :  
 Some thought him zealous in a cause of right,  
 And others an accomplished hypocrite,  
 Whose prayer was policy—few men would dare  
 To pray like him whose policy was prayer.

He was a Regicide ; but of his crime  
 The very guiltiness held a port sublime ;  
 While gathered thousands saw, as in a dream,  
 The ghostly presence of its drear extreme—

A sad and strange solemnity, whose sorrow  
Almost the semblance did of justice borrow ;  
And from it's stern designer drew a tear—  
By foes accounted false, by friends sincere.  
He was a mere Usurper ; but his state  
As much from others' rashness took its date  
As his own forecast :—in the common way  
A crown beneath his footstep trampled lay ;  
Yet paused he not to lift the meanest gem  
From the old Stuarts' shivered diadem,  
Or to himself a parallel extend  
Of Cæsar's reign—perhaps, of Cæsar's end.  
No princely cradle rocked him ; yet, had birth  
Set him among the thron'd ones of the earth,  
The proudest had not held their sovereign place  
More firmly,—it might be, with easier grace.

He was a Tyrant ; but his tyranny  
Was covered with a brave simplicity ;  
Keeping at distance envy—and he made  
His England honoured, dreaded, and obeyed ;  
And so remained she, till a ribald King  
Sold her to France for wine and wantoning,  
And gold to pay their purchase.—England then  
Allegiance gave to her first citizen ;  
Who cared not for the purple of a throne,  
Content with its intrinsic power alone :—  
For Cromwell deemed it worthier triumphing  
To conquer kings than be himself a king,—  
Oh, could his spirit come on earth again,  
How would he spurn the spurious Charlemagne \*—

How well his brow sustained the civic wreath—  
His sceptre-sword, how promptly from its sheath  
It sprang, to check or to chastise a foe—  
The records of his brief Republic show ;  
Living but while *He* lived, whose life supplied  
Her vital power, and dying when he died.

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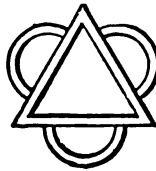
This was written before the French *coup d'etat* of 1870 ; which, had it struck one day earlier, would have "yea, superstitiously squared," our fatal coincidences of the Third of September ; shelving Monsieur Louis part alongside Mr. Richard Cromwell.—E.L.S.

The trim and travelled courtiers—debauched men,  
 Whom his stern plainness pleased not—triumphed when  
 1658 Death overtook his day of victory ;  
 And others deemed its anniversary  
 Fit consummation of that earthly glory,  
 Which rounded at the tomb his complete story.

Thrice ten years passed ; while England bowed the knee  
 To reckless lust and ruthless bigotry,  
 1688 Then burst her weary chain :—yet still was paid  
 Her annual sorrow to the Martyr's shade ;  
 And still the statutory rite was done  
 Of thankful praise for his restored son.  
 But now, when Time hath overshadowed these  
 Changes with two successive centuries,  
 Wisely have we, in our less troubled days,  
 1860 Consoled the sorrow and disused the praise.

Our birth-time is too distant, to concur  
 In their extremes with foe or flatterer ;  
 Nor can I argue with sufficient skill,  
 If Cromwell's life had more of good or ill :—  
 But truth herein my simple judgment guides—  
 THE ILL HATH PASSED AWAY ; THE GOOD ABIDES.

EDWARD LENTHALL SWIFTE.



## THE ENGLISH SUMMER.

By S. U. M.

my humble opinion, perhaps nothing gives such a charm to the country as abundance of trees. To make a walk through country places thoroughly enjoyable, something, however, besides trees is dispensable. The air, for example, must be clear and dry, the temperature warm, the country itself interesting and well cultivated. Still, however warm and bright the day, however rich and verdant the meadows, the want of trees takes away more than half the enjoyment of a long stroll through country lanes.

There are regions of the world where the scenery is imposing—grand, magnificent. The eye never wearies of gazing upon boundless plains teeming with life, and grain, and fruit, or on distant ranges of snow-capt mountains. Here and there the vast landscape may be enlivened or relieved by broad belts of dark-green woodland, or by glimpses of the distant sea. But though these objects impart beauty and variety to the scene; though they raise the thoughts to the Great God who called this wonderful universe into existence; though they as a whole form a glorious picture,—they are not necessarily in themselves pretty and interesting. In other words, the landscape as a whole, when viewed from a distance, may be lovely, and the recollection of its beauties may for long years fill the mind with pleasure. The landscape may be so beautiful that it might be impossible for any one to conceive anything more exquisite, or to weary of drinking in its wonders. Yet, in that extensive and varied panorama there may be no pretty little little-sequented lanes, no sequestered nooks, in which the lover of nature could joyfully pass a few quiet hours. It may be distance alone which lends

“Enchantment to the scene, and clothes the mountain in azure green.”

The most beautiful portions may lose their attractions as soon as entered and closely examined. The mountains when climbed may be bleak and dangerous. The forests when explored may be dull and gloomy. The fields when traversed may appear only wide tracts of badly-cultivated and uninteresting country. There are said, in more genial climates than this, to be cities which from a distance are resplendent, in the warm rays of a cloudless sun, with all the beauties of a fairy scene; so the loveliest scenery may be

that gazed upon from a rugged peak in the midst of a wild and barren country. The traveller hastens in the former case, to enter the white streets sparkling in the sunshine, and finds on his approach only squalid buildings, narrow, dirty lanes, miserable people. So is it with many far-famed scenes which from a distance enchant the eye, but nearer at hand are seen to be monotonous and unpleasing.

It seems to me, that though England may not have an atmosphere so balmy and cloudless as that of some more favoured regions of the world, though her landscapes may be less extensive, her plains often shrouded in mist, her mountains less stately, there is a bewitching beauty in her woods and lanes, in her fields and dales, unsurpassed elsewhere. This is, I find, the opinion of many cultured and refined friends of mine—ardent lovers of nature—who have had good opportunities, that have been denied to me, of seeing the far-famed beauties and marvels of lands where the sun shines brighter and oftener, and the atmosphere is less humid. There, they say, the hills, the forests, the dales are very beautiful; but they want the peculiar loveliness of an English rural scene. It may be the love of country which has in some cases led to the formation of such an opinion; but, however that may be, is there, I ask, anything more sublime, more peaceful, than an English landscape basking in the summer sun? I want to see nothing more beautiful.

When the hedges, after their long winter sleep, begin to clothe themselves in their lovely spring dress, and the tress assume the garb of summer, when the days lengthen, and the sun shines with greater fervour, there are hundreds of English hamlets, thousands of English lanes, where the most restless heart might be at rest, and the most troubled spirit might find peace. A few miles from the largest towns, from those immense centres of population where half a million of men and women toil, day after day, summer and winter, to earn their daily bread, in the midst of squalor and dirt, temptation and suffering, there are almost certain to be lanes and woods basking in the glorious sunshine, merry with the song of birds. How beautiful are the fields, especially when, as happens in some parts of the country, they become one mass of yellow flowers! How lovely the hedgerows, wild and straggling, covered from top to bottom with white hawthorn blossoms! How tranquil the wood in which fifty kinds of trees grow together, and give a variety, a richness to the foliage which never tires the eye!

I do not say that the country is everywhere beautiful, or that every village is charming. But there are in thousands of parishes beauties enough to make the heart thankful and the eye glad.

In all probability, the country lanes and fields are more deserted than formerly was the case. At any rate, many high roads, along

which you might now wander for hours, scarcely meeting six persons, except in or near villages and towns, were once the great arteries, along which carts, coaches, and foot passengers flowed to all parts of the land. Now all is changed. The railway has taken the place of the old road, and the latter is seldom trodden. There has also been a marvellous drifting of the population into the great cities and ports, and the rural districts are less traversed, less frequented, perhaps, than they were fifty, or even a hundred years ago.

I have myself walked many thousands of miles along grass-grown lanes and roads, and passed through hundreds of villages, and even close to great towns, where the solitude was seldom disturbed by man. Last summer, I wandered for many hours, three or four evenings a week, through one of the most beautiful districts in England, and though never far away from a town in which tens of thousands of mechanics ceaselessly toil, in the hundred miles I walked every week I did not meet fifty people. Nay, once or twice in the course of a walk lasting eight or nine hours, I did not meet half-a-dozen persons. Men talk of the stony wilderness of London, where the weary outcast may find solitude, which no one will attempt to disturb; but a solitude far more soothing and much more complete, might, I think, be found in many a thinly-inhabited country parish. The outcast might there take possession of a barn or shed, and days would go by without any one intruding on his sorrow.

If I wanted to pass three or four hours perfectly undisturbed, I should go by train to the nearest country village, and then walk along any quiet lane for a mile or two, and by that time I should in all probability have left man and his belongings far away. The sun might rise high in the heavens, and then sink again to rest, and not more than two or three persons would disturb me, had I chosen my quarters well for the day. There are parts of England not many miles away from the crowded town where I am writing this article, which give me, I fancy, not a bad idea of the solitude of the backwoods of America, or of the plains of Australia.

But to return from this long digression, it is the country lanes which are so exquisitely beautiful, more lovely, I think, than the meadows or the woods. Along the lanes, soft and green as a field, you can wander undisturbed for hours, while overhead the trees sometimes interlace for miles. You have the beauty of the wood and the verdure of the meadow at the same moment. The hedges and banks beside you are for months so enchanting, from the wild luxuriance of the flowers and plants, which find there a safe shelter, that I can conceive nothing more lovely.

There is far more variety among the wild-flowers in an English



ditch or bank, than most people would imagine the case. With a very little care you could gather, during the spring and right through the summer, bouquets, not, of course, as fine as those you would get from a well-kept garden, but extremely pleasing to the eye and interesting to the botanist.

There is a constant succession of flowers springing up day after day, and week after week, at first quite bewildering. The plain dull green bank on which you to-day find three or four pretty wild-flowers will in a week be covered with other species, and before the season is over may have yielded twenty—aye, fifty—kinds of flowers. Now as some plants prefer one locality, and others another, as some grow only in the wood, some only near the brook others only on the bank, this will give some idea of the profusion which nature affords those who care to learn and profit by what she offers.

Just when spring turns into summer is the most beautiful season of the English year. The days are then almost at their longest, the foliage still retains its bright green hue, the air is warm, the fields are carpeted with flowers, the birds are singing in every tree, and darting from every bough, while the sweet, though monotonous note of the strange bird, which has no nest of its own and never rears its own offspring, can be heard from early morning till late at night. There may not be the richness and variety of colour, which, for a few weeks, make the woods and hedges so splendid in the autumn—there may not be that display of fruit and grain which, a few weeks after the longest day is past, delight the eye; but there is, what is far better, the promise of what is to come. And as man always looks forward to the possession with greater joy than he experiences when the possession is his, so in this case does the mind look ahead to the glories of the summer almost at hand, but not yet come, with greater hope and delight than it feels when they are actually being enjoyed.

The long, long days of the early English summer, the merry song of the happy birds, the fragrance of the flowers, the refreshing verdure of the fields, make a *tout ensemble* I think no other part of the world can equal, and certainly none surpass. I do not long for the glorious, many-tinted sunsets of Italy, the clear, transparent air of drier climes—I care not for the luscious bunches of grapes, and the rich abundance of the fruits which, warmer lands, repay the husbandman's labours. I do not ask for stupendous ranges of Alps, tier on tier rising into the clouds, and always covered with their diadem of snow. These things may be very beautiful, and may enchant the eye; but they cannot win my heart from the glades and lanes of England. I, a foreigner, deny the glories of an English woodland scene; while

Englishman, who knows something of the beauties of his native land and can appreciate them, ever regrets to retrace his steps, and to seek once more the landscapes, the hills and fields, less imposing perhaps, by contrast, but not less dear to his heart, because he has had opportunities of seeing what other countries possess.

The dampness of the English climate, perhaps, after all, gives much of its charms to the country in summer. Were the days hotter and drier, the vegetation would probably be more luxuriant and rank, but it would not then have the bright green tints for which it is now remarkable. Usually all through the summer, the trees, hedges, and fields retain their spring beauties. A shower, at any time, washes away the dust, and makes nature smile again. The refreshing green of the country is lovely, and, perhaps, we may have little reason to ask for more fine days and a longer summer because we might not then have some of the beauties we now enjoy.

All country districts are not equally beautiful—at least, all have not these peculiar charms of which I have spoken with such admiration. There are some far more peaceful, verdant, and bewitching than others. Several districts which I can call to mind are more than ordinarily magnificent,—magnificent, that is, in a sense in which there is no impropriety in using the term—beautiful and imposing at a distance, lovely and interesting near at hand. To one I especially turn with delight. A highroad runs from a populous town, through an almost uninhabited country, to a village sixteen miles off. On the left hand side of the road, for several miles, lie rich fields, beautiful woods and untrained hedges, all very beautiful, but not unusually so. But, on the right-hand side extend woods, lanes and hills, forming the most glorious panorama in that part of England. The view is bounded by a range of low hills, which, at the distance of six or seven miles, appears high and imposing. As the traveller approaches the hills, they seem less and less elevated, and when actually reached, they appear only huge irregular mounds. But, in the broad and fertile valley, what a lovely sight is seen! On a clear summer afternoon the variety of tints, the many beech and hazel woods, the numerous elevations, the richness of the pasturage, the peacefulness of the surrounding country, the numberless flowers, the superabundance of birds, combine to make an exquisite scene. What is still more remarkable is, that there is no part of the wide valley or the low range of hills that is not beautiful when attentively and closely examined. Every lane is an avenue of trees, every field is resplendent with flowers, in nearly every field is a brook flowing between deep and almost precipitous banks, the timber is, in some places, large, but whether large or small, is everywhere abundant. There are few spots in

that beautiful valley from which you cannot see the same variety for miles and miles. Nowhere else have I seen anything more remarkable. No one could tire of spending whole weeks wandering about that beautiful district. Every time he approached some well-known point from a fresh direction he would see new beauties. Every time he crossed a field in a different direction, or traversed a wood along another path, fresh beauties would offer themselves to his admiring gaze. Had I to choose a spot, where I should have to pass my days, it would perhaps be that retired and little-frequented valley.

I know not whether it is because that district is very familiar to me, because, when quite a child, I often wandered through it, that it has attractions for me which it would not present to other eyes. I know not whether, though captivating my fancy, it might seem less beautiful to other lovers of nature. Commonplace it certainly never could seem to anyone. Commonplace it never has been allowed to be. Friends of mine, not ardent admirers of the country, have seemed touched by its beauties, while poets, essayists, and men of taste have poured forth their hearts in admiration of its loveliness. It is connected with remarkable events in English history, and in its neighbourhood have dwelt at least two great men, whose fame is still green in the memories of their countrymen. To me, however, it signifies little whether others admire or censure. In many parts of England there are spots almost as lovely and retired, where health, happiness, and contentment would come unbidden, where there should be perfect joy in living out the brief span of life accorded to us, where the scandal and impurity of towns need never give one moment's annoyance, where, when the turmoil of a stirring career is over, a man, who had well-sustained his part in the battle of life, might retire to prepare for the unknown future and await in peace the great and inevitable change which will come over all.

If there is one wish I might express with regard to the English summer it is, I think, that it brought with it more fine, cloudless days. I ask not for hotter days, though, at times, they would be welcome. I ask not for a longer summer, though it does seem hard to have so few fine days till June comes, and not to be able to count on them after about the 20th of August. But I do wish that, during the ten or twelve weeks, when the days are long, the flowers blooming, the fields green, there were fewer clouds. I wish, in fact, that the glorious, merry sun would not quite so often hide itself behind dense clouds, and leave the earth to mourn its absence.

## CALAIS.

THE great wave of English life passes through the port of Calais with its daily and nightly ebb and flow, but it leaves only a few ships stranded upon its shores.

Thousands upon thousands pass to and fro in the course of every year; yet how few ever enter the quaint old gateways or creep into the little French town. A feeling of hideous nausea and an intense thrill of delight as the rolling little steam-ship enters the smooth waters of the friendly harbour are followed by a rush for the shore—where, passing by that importunate individual who stands at the head of the gangway respectfully asking “Ees our baggage registered?” the traveller makes a struggle to carry off in his own hands as many as possible of the packages of his voluminous luggage to the railway-station, whence the impatient tourist is quickly borne off on the rolling car to Paris, Brussels, or, may be, to Calcutta, Sydney, or Hongkong. What does this rapid traveller know of the thoroughly French town that lies close to him as he sits eating his luncheon in the buffet at the Station Hotel? Twenty-two miles of a rough and turbulent sea lie between the white cliffs of Dover and the broad yellow sands of Calais; yet this narrow strait, which may be termed a mere ferry, serves to divide two nations as different from each other, in all the essentials of thought and life, as if the wide Atlantic rolled between them. On landing on the opposite side of the Channel, the English traveller is struck by the marked difference that exists, not only in costume and language, but in almost all the minutiae of character. To him it appears as though the Frenchman made a point of doing everything differently from the English; but this is not the case. The ordinary native of France neither knows nor cares how Englishmen live and act. A different genius appears to pervade the people, and impress the national mind. The Gaul is from a separate stock in the world's great family, and claims only a distant relationship with that Northern race from whom we boast our descent. The hereditary virtues and vices which flow through his sinner being, and impress themselves upon his outer man and on his life, are from another stream than that which flows in our veins; and this causes the Frenchman to be, not only in appearance but in reality, quite a different being from his English neighbour. In some things he is far behind us, in many we can usefully learn a lesson from him.

Let us now leave the crowd of eager travellers who are about to elbow their way through France, and turning our steps along the side of the harbour, enter one of those solid stone gates in which the portcullis now stands ever raised and the drawbridge lowered, but through which, in days gone by, the English have poured their victorious and mail-clad hosts, to be again driven back in ignominious flight, when their usurping hand grew too feeble to hold the citadel against the ever-surging swarms of France.

The inner aspect of the old French town has changed but little since those days. Ramparts and moats, bastion and wall securely close and guard it round on every side, and prevent all extension within the walls. The Place d'Armes, the old Hotel de Ville, the Cathedral, and many other buildings and houses stand where they stood when the Duc de Guise retook Calais from the English, and not a single foot can the town ever grow in size.

It took us precisely five and a half minutes to march through Calais from the Porte de la Mer on one side to the Porte St. Pierre on the other, and exactly the same time to traverse the town in the opposite direction from wall to wall; so that for all practical purposes we may say it is about seven hundred yards square. We could not help wondering how long it would take us to go on foot through London from East to West! Walk along those spacious ramparts that shut it in, and look down on all the narrow old streets with their high, irregular houses, and see the towers of the Cathedral and Town Hall rise like sentinels above the closely packed buildings, the latter throwing its shadow on the spacious Place d'Armes; then carry yourself back to those grim days when the blood of French and English ran in mingled streams through the gutters of those ill-paved streets and lanes—when this little seaport town was thought to be the stepping-stone to the great Kingdom of France, which our foolish rulers desired to conquer and enslave. Turn now your eyes to the east, north, and south, and you will see the same strong walls that so long beat back the desperate valour of the English knights, the same sand-hills, or dunes, on which they camped their armies—all scarcely changed since then. On the western side the same sea rolls twice a day its shallow waters across the wide flat sands; but on its bosom now no foeman's galley floats—no hostile vessel cleaves the waves, but swift steam-ships invade the harbour oftener than the day, and bring their armies of peace-loving citizens to sow all around the seeds of prosperity and goodwill, the result of unrestricted intercourse. Outside the walls, on one side, the large, straggling town of St. Pierre has arisen and grown rich on her manufactures of tulle. Within the town of Calais there is little of special interest,

but owing to its insulated position within its solid stone walls, it has not altered much even socially. Unlike Boulogne, the English do not make this their home except in a limited degree, and the town is as thoroughly French as if you were a hundred and fifty miles in the interior of the country. On market days, the *Plâce* is filled by the stalls of the country people who flock into with all their picturesque colouring and variety of costume. It is, however, outside the barriers, in the populous quarter called the *Courgain*, that some of the most marked features of French lower class life are to be seen. Here dwell the fishing population, who appear to be a distinct race, and who scarcely mix at all with the citizens, except in the way of trade. These curious people wear their own peculiar costume, from which they never vary. They follow their own simple manners and customs, intermarry chiefly with each other, and in all respects keep themselves to their own quarters. The harbour of Calais is a very fine one, and can contain a large number of the fishing-boats in its basin, whilst on either side a long pier runs out into the sea for more than half a mile, and affords shelter to those vessels which are unable to find room in the inner port. Immense quantities of fish, chiefly skate, whiting, soles, and herring, are brought on shore by the numerous boats employed in this industry; but although fish appears to be so plentiful it is very rarely you can purchase, for it is bought up in wholesale by agents, who forward it direct to Paris. During the summer season the women of the *Courgain* with their picturesque dresses, consisting of a neat cap, a short jacket, and very scanty bright petticoats, may be constantly met passing to and fro from their homes to the seashore, their sturdy bare brown legs and ruddy faces showing their rude health and hardy strength, whilst the hand-net over their shoulders and the basket on their backs tell you they are going to wade for shrimps. If they do not carry these implements of fishing they are sure to have a long narrow spade, and with this they dig in the wet sand at low water for large worms with which their husbands bait their deep-sea lines. Anyone who stays in Calais during the bathing season must be very familiar with the sight of these industrious sturdy nymphs, who roam along the beach in troops, quietly pursuing their daily task, and when that is done they may be seen returning to town at a sharp trot in a long regular line. It is now winter, yet these hardy women cease not from their labours. Day by day they muster on the quay and gather in and sell to the Paris buyers the harvest of fish which the men have drawn from the sea between the storms which blow so frequently on this coast. It is true, they are now better clad, and have long woollen dresses and thick worsted stockings of their

own knitting, and in these they display much taste and no little variety. But they cannot quite give up their avocations on the shore. Bait is needed even in winter, and we have often seen the poor women, bare-legged and short-robed, starting off in the dreary twilight of a winter's evening with lanterns in their hands, to march over half a mile of wet cold sand to their hunting-ground, for worms, at the edge of the sea, at low spring tide; and even in December you may come upon small groups of these fisherwomen with their long hand-nets, walking about waist deep in the chilly waves, and all to secure a basket of shrimps.

It is not only the women who labour, summer and winter, in this laborious industry. Nearly two hundred fishing-boats belong to the Port of Calais, and in each of these about eight men and boys are engaged, so that we should probably not be far wrong in setting down the population of the Courgain at nearly 4000 souls. There appears to be an exhaustless supply of fish in our Channel waters, for great numbers of these boats are always engaged in fishing, and we never saw one return empty. With the better fish they always bring enormous quantities of dog-fish, which are eaten by the fishermen and their families, as also are many of the huge skate. During the winter months, the men live a very hard life, not without many attendant dangers. Gales blow almost incessantly over the narrow sea, and often the fishing-boats find it difficult to run safely into the harbour. Several times this season we have seen them stranded on the flat shore at the side of the long jetty, having missed the entrance and run upon the soft sand. When the tide is falling, this is not very dangerous, as the men can walk ashore when the water has receded; but with a rising tide it would be sufficiently perilous, for the long waves roll in with great force and fury. In the bright fresh morning that followed one of the fiercest gales that has blown this winter, we watched from the pier-head the efforts of the sailors and fishermen to save a vessel that was stranded during the storm. She was "La bonne Notre Dame" marked Cal.: 470, in the usual style of these fishing-boats. As she lay on the sand surrounded by empty barrels that had been lashed to her, her sails half set and her decks covered with men who were to work at the pumps, and the long white curling waves just deepening round her when she floated—she would have made a pretty picture. A hawser had been laid out and was worked by a strong capstan on the pier-head, turned by a willing swarm of swarthy sailors, for half Calais seemed to be come out to aid, or stare at the stranded little craft. The tide steadily advanced, and the capstan steadily turned round, until at length, after many efforts, she floated once more, and a steam-

tug went into the breakers and took her in tow. No cheer arose from the crowd as the little wreck floated past them to the safe anchorage of the harbour. The excitement of a French and an English mob is very different in its expression, and we could not but feel that a hearty cheer would have greeted the men who stuck so resolutely to the half-sinking vessel, had they entered a British port. The crowd immediately broke up and sauntered back to Calais; and the sailors, unwinding the long hawser from the capstan, wound it round their necks in heavy coils, and in a line of about twenty deep, carried it slowly away, having thus judiciously divided the weight amongst them. As the derelict was towed up the long harbour she met other fishing-boats beating out to sea against the strong head-wind, for so goes on ever the ceaseless tide of human toil and industry.

A branch of the railway is now opened from the terminus to the middle of the pier. The line winds in a gentle curve through the Courgain, and ends close to the Quai de Marée at which the steamers land their passengers at low-water. It is a great convenience to travellers, but was at first extremely unpopular in the town, as it was supposed it would injure the porters and flymen. However, all now appear agreed that it is an indispensable and most proper addition to a port through which so many travellers pass.

The long crazy old wooden piers, which project for a considerable distance into the sea, have lately received a strong reminder that they are out of date, and not fit for the requirements of the present day. The huge steamship, "Bessemer," on her trial trip to Calais, was caught by the tide and swung heavily against the south pier, which fell down like a pack of cards. Fortunately, that pier is rarely used as a promenade, on account of its greater distance from the town; but had the north pier been struck, a lamentable loss of life must have ensued. A scheme has lately been put forth in the daily papers, which, if carried out, will give a noble harbour to Calais, in place of the wretched shelter now afforded. Indeed, some alteration is absolutely necessary if the "Bessemer" is ever to go there again.

Calais stands upon a flat and sandy shore. There are no natural beauties of scenery, nor is the sea nearly so fine as at many places on our coasts. There is, however, one very important qualification which this watering place possesses, that may well make it the envy of more favoured seaport towns. It is pre-eminently healthy. The English clergyman, who has been stationed here as chaplain to the consulate for at least sixteen years, informed us that he has never known any serious epidemic in Calais. When people have fled from Dunkerque, Boulogne, and other places on



account of the great sickness that prevailed, Calais was perfectly free from all the complaints with which her neighbours were afflicted; and we have heard from various sources that this is one of the most salubrious spots in France. As the traveller enters the town he notices the half empty moat with its obnoxious scents, and at low water the inner basins of the harbour are highly odoriferous after the manner of the streets, but not the "Eau" de Cologne. In spite of this, however, no malaria lingers in this wind-swept town. Standing on a sandy soil, and swept by all the breezes as well as the fierce gales which ascend the English channel, the air is never stagnant, and although there is none but surface drainage the inhabitants are none the worse for it. Sand is the great element of the place. The town is built upon it and it lies in dunes all around. As you walk upon the pier at low-water when a gale is blowing, the sand from the opposite side is driven across the harbour and strikes your face and fills your mouth in a disagreeable manner, and to do this it is carried many hundred yards. This will serve to show how in great gales the town is covered with a thick layer of sand, and it is said that in some very severe storms there was actual danger of its being half buried. It is to save it from the advance of this unpleasant sandy wave that the dunes around have all been planted as far as possible with a binding, creeping vegetation, and that it is "defense" to walk on any of these partially covered heaps of sand. However, we do not entertain any great fears for the safety of the town, nor could the health-giving breezes and light absorbent foundation be profitably exchanged for more solid but unhealthy environs.

CHAS. H. ALLEN, F.R.G.S.



## THE HUNCHBACK CASHIER:

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE BULLION - BOX.

THE "London Flying Coach," as it was called, started every Monday morning, at six o'clock, precisely, from the Royal Oak, in the High Street of Winchester. And so, as usual, one bright summer morning, the coach turned out from the inn yard and drew up at the door for the passengers, who were already standing waiting for it.

The old city had hardly yet woke up into life, and in the full glare of a blazing sunlight the closed shops and deserted streets looked still more hushed and quiet.

The passengers had soon taken their places; they consisted of a lady and her maid, an old gentleman, and our friend Humphrey Berrington, clad in mourning garments, and carrying with him a small black box, which he never suffered out of his sight or keeping. It was, in fact, full of bullion of a large amount, which he was taking up to London,—an onerous and important duty, always fulfilled by Humphrey himself.

The old gentleman was a Mr. Welby, a native of London, returning thither; and the lady a Miss Holmes, going on a visit to some friends. All this Humphrey was informed of before he had been seated five minutes in the coach, for the lady and gentleman were equally talkative and garrulous.

The coach drove out of Winchester, past its pleasant gardens, where every leaf and every richly-tinted flower, was gemmed with bright dew-drops, past its orchards, and its corn-fields, tinged already with a golden hue, and soon the paved road of the city, over which the coach was jolted, was exchanged for a rougher and wider highway, such as can hardly be conceived in these days. At the time of our story, the highways, and even the turnpike-roads, were little better than narrow lanes, cut up with holes and ruts, more than two feet deep, full of dust in summer, and in the winter, containing, instead, pools of water and mud.

Bump, bump, and away flew Miss Holmes, almost into the

arms of Mr. Welby, her nose coming into painful collision with the edge of his broad brimmed, shovel-shaped hat.

"Shocking roads!" exclaimed Miss Holmes, when she had recovered her breath, "what with the state of the highways, and what with the terror of highwaymen, one dreads travelling, of all things."

Humphrey gave an audible sigh. He was thinking of his darling sister, only yet partially recovered from that dreadful attack of brain-fever, caused, it appeared, solely by the shock of her meeting one of those dreadful men; and then of poor Mr. Metham, who had died so suddenly of heart disease of long standing, so Dr. Burton reported.

"Call this a turnpike road! it's a disgrace to the Government," observed Mr. Welby, severely. And indeed the aspect of the highway warranted this assertion. The coach was passing through the little dismally-built, ill paved town of Chawton. The principal street, two hundred yards long, full of deep holes, was almost a precipice on one side, whereby a drunken man, or traveller by night on horseback, might break his neck with charming facility.

"This is a nice firm road now," remarked Miss Holmes, with a sigh of relief.

"Yes, but it won't last," growled Mr. Welby, "and look at the narrowness of it. But for the matter of that, the highways all over England are in a most villanous state! I have travelled the road before; you see it's wide enough for one coach, but not for two. Mayhap, we shall be lucky enough not to meet any car, but if we do one of us will have to plunge down the bank, while the other goes by. I remember a case some few years ago, just about this very spot. The coach I was in had to go down the bank; down we went, and there we stuck. 'Twas in the winter and there was mud enough, I'll promise you, for our wheels to sink in. Our horses weren't strong enough to pull us out, so we all had to dismount; our luggage was removed to lighten the coach, and at last, after an hour's delay, we got on to the high road again. A nice place this, too, to pass over on a dark night!" added the old gentleman, pointing from the window to the road beneath, and the deep ditch laying open and unprotected by railing or fence, thus exposing to view its black, deep, sluggish waters as they lay beneath, a frightful source of danger for man or beast on a dark night.

Humphrey quite assented to the truth of his fellow-traveller's remark; but observed that they should soon reach a better road. This delightful consummation, however, did not happen till the coach had plunged through clay, mud, and mire, so strong that

had not the horses been excellent beasts, Mr. Welby might have had a second taste of the joys of being stuck in the mud. When at length the coach got on to a tolerably good and firm road, there were no more stoppages or inconvenience, except once, when the tinkling of bells was heard in the distance; and then the London Flying Coach drew up to let the cumbersome carrier's waggon pass by with its eight horses.

At Alton the coach stopped to allow the passengers to breakfast, a meal which Mr. Welby would have prolonged to an indefinite period, had not the sound of the guard's horn admonished him that the coach was about to start again.

Bagshott Heath, with its gloomy and terrible associations, was passed safely, and without any surprises from highwaymen; and at Staines the fellow travellers dined, where nothing occurred worthy of notice, save that Mr. Welby descanted much, after they had resumed their journey, upon the villanous and sinister appearance of the ostler. This theme lasted him till they arrived within sight of Hounslow Heath, when he exchanged it for a dissertation upon highwaymen, their exploits and doings. His remarks seemed to cause Miss Holmes some alarm, as they were now about to enter on a favourite *rendezvous* of these gentry.

"At any rate," said Miss Holmes, with an air of confidence, "the guard is well armed; he has a brace of loaded pistols."

"Oh, aye!" replied Mr. Welby, sarcastically; "but will he dare use them? There are two things to be observed ma'am: sometimes a guard is too much afraid to discharge his fire-arms, sometimes he doesn't chose—he may be either timorous or dishonest; I hope our guard may not be either; but I have heard of collusions between highwaymen and guards, ostlers, aye, and even landlords—but, mind, I accuse nobody," he added, settling himself back in his seat with an air of satisfaction, as though he had done a laudable work in destroying the last bulwark, behind which Miss Holmes had entrenched herself.

"You will not leave Miss Holmes a solitary crumb of comfort, sir," observed Humphrey, with a smile.

"I am only stating facts," replied Mr. Welby; "it is of no use lulling ourselves into a false confidence. We all know the dangers of travelling; for myself, if, for instance, I had to go from London to Manchester, I should certainly make my will first."

"Well, there's one thing you can't deny," said Miss Holmes triumphantly, "that ladies stand a less chance of being molested by highwaymen than gentlemen. I have heard many stories of their gallantry and politeness to females—nay, for that matter, I can tell you how vastly civil one of these men was to a friend of mine;" and here, the lady proceeded at once to relate the tale—

"Well, you must know, my friend, accompanied by a nephew and niece of hers, were travelling in a post-chaise on Saturday night, when about ten o'clock, they were stopped near Ingate's by a single highwayman, well mounted. He was very polite, begged the ladies not to be frightened, for, he said, 'I would not to rob a woman,' and then he went on to tell them he would not touch their money, or watches, or jewels. 'But sir,' he says, addressing the nephew, 'I have an immediate occasion for cash, and must have you will be expeditious in supplying me with what you are possessed of.' The gentleman presented him with about eight guineas, then demanded his watch, 'I have not one,' says the gentleman, and then he told the highwayman he hoped he would return him as much money as would pay the expenses of the chaise, and entertain his fellow travellers with a supper; 'for,' he added, 'it is hard, sir, on a journey, to be deprived of all my cash.' Thereupon the highwayman returned him a guinea and a half, which was very civil of him; and then he said, turning to the ladies, 'I should be happy to attend you to the end of your journey; but having business of mighty great importance to transact, 'tis rather inconvenient;' and thereupon, he wished them a good-night, put spurs on his horse, took the London road, and set off full speed. "So, gentlemen, see, gentlemen what you have got to expect," added Miss Holman, very contentedly; "the recollection of that story has made mine quite easy."

"I am glad of it, ma'am," answered Mr. Welby; "I only wish if we are fated to meet with one of these knights of the road may be such a one as you describe. However," he added, with a sardonic smile, apparently taking a wicked satisfaction in weakening the poor lady's hopes, "I never travel with more than a guinea, so beyond my coach fare, and I should question whether any highwayman's gallantry would extend so far as to prevent him applying to the ladies, should he glean but a very scanty harvest from gentlemen—of course, I cannot answer for our fellow-traveller, but," he added, directing his glance towards Humphrey; "he may be able to satisfy the most rapacious demand in full."

Humphrey started, and turned slightly pale. He was more a brave man; but not constitutionally so. His delicate features seemed, indeed, little fitted for any contest, of whatever kind it might be, and the consciousness that were he robbed of the bullock box, it would cripple the bank very seriously, made him more agitation and alarm than he had ever felt before.

"I must express a hope," said Humphrey, "that I may not be called upon to satisfy any such demand; but," he added, "I shall certainly dispute it if I am."

"It is the fault of the Government, or rather, I should say

the laws, that we are cursed with these confounded highwaymen," growled Mr. Welby.

Miss Holmes looked surprised at this attack on the constitution of England, and begged to know the meaning of Mr. Welby's last observation.

"Why, I was alluding to the blessed custom of our Squires leaving the whole of an estate to the eldest son, and turning the younger ones into annuity sons—I mean, that the younger ones are not brought up to any profitable employment, as mercantile life, or commerce in any form—the father is too proud for that; so he just gives them a small annuity, which will not keep them in anything like the style in which they have been accustomed to live, and the consequence is they make the highways impassable by taking to the road."

"It is astonishing how gentlemen born should peril their necks for a few guineas," observed Miss Holmes.

"But they get more than few, madam," said Humphrey; "there was a highwayman named Field, not long ago, executed at Kennington Common: he confessed that he and his companions had, in the space of three months, taken nineteen gold watches on the highway, a great number of silver watches, and £2300 in cash."

"Bless me! that was a large sum indeed!" exclaimed Miss Holmes; "but they must have attacked many people to have got so much; and 'tis wonderful they should have escaped detection for any length of time."

"You have no idea of the tricks and cunning of these fellows, ma'am," answered Mr. Welby. "There was Harrow, one of the Hatfield gang; he was called the flying highwayman; he had a black mare and bay horse, at a livery-stable in London, each worth £150, with which he used to perform his surprising feats of horsemanship. One of his contrivances was to give his horse an artificial bald face, with a white cat-skin, which he could take off at pleasure. On one occasion—mind, he told this story himself, when he was taken—he was pursued by a party of light horse. Well, what does he do, but whip off the cat-skin, and then back he turns to meet his pursuers?" "Friend," say they, 'hast passed, on the road a man mounted on a horse with a bald face?' whereupon, he makes for answer, 'Oh, aye, I met such an one a few minutes ago.' And so he escaped."

"Dear me, how dreary the heath looks!" said Miss Holmes, with a shudder, as she looked out of the window.

The bare tract of land they were passing through certainly did not present an enlivening appearance. The country on the London side of Staines, formerly a forest, was, at the time of which we are

writing, nothing but a dreary desert of heath, with scattered herds of half-starved wild sheep upon it, who fled away, as swiftly as hounds, when the coach approached them.

"Pry'thee, Sally, thou hast better eyesight than I have," exclaimed Miss Holmes, in a quavering tone, addressing her waiting-woman; "do tell me if thou dost not think yon black speck in the distance is a man on horseback!"

"Lord, ha' mercy on us! I believe it 'is ma'am," replied the trembling maid.

"I'll bet three to one it's Page," said Mr. Welby.

"Nay, do you take it for granted, sir," asked Humphrey, "that all who ride across Hounslow Heath are highwaymen?"

"Oh, I say nothing," answered Mr. Welby; "but," he added, "I'm much mistaken if we don't soon have to pull out our purse."

Mr. Welby's sinister forebodings came more true than he probably meant or wished, even though it established his reputation as a prophet; for, in a few minutes, the horseman came upon them as though borne on a whirlwind, his salutation to the coachman being a fierce oath, and a command to stop on the peril of his life.

The coachman, being unarmed, obeyed; but the guard, who appeared to be a brave man, raised one of his pistols and fired it, however, flashed in the pan, and with the second he was equally unsuccessful.

"The charges have been drawn," said Humphrey, in an agitated voice.

"That accursed ostler!" groaned Mr. Welby. "Page, mind you!" he added, as the highwayman, who had dismounted, advanced to the door of the coach and opened it, "I know him by his chesnut-horse."

"Stand you back, I have no concern with you!" said the highwayman, addressing the guard, in a thick, husky voice; "but you, within there, be sharp," he added, as he vaulted on to the step of the coach, "unless you want a brace of balls amongst you."

Miss Holmes was so terrified that, though she had taken her money out of her pocket, she had not the strength to offer it. Mr. Welby was about to tender a guinea. Humphrey sat motionless, but with one hand in his breast-pocket, when the highwayman, whose eyes had just fallen on the latter, started, and almost fell back from the step. In a moment, however, he seemed to recover himself, and said—

"I shall simply request that gentleman to hand me over that black box by his side, and then I shall not molest the company any further."

"This box I shall not part with but at the cost of my life," replied Humphrey, resolutely, though his agitation was evident.

"Nay, I want not thy blood on my hands; but I want thy box, and I'll have it," said the highwayman, preparing to spring into the coach.

Humphrey made no answer, but he suddenly drew a pistol from the pocket, in which his hand had been concealed, and levelled it at the highwayman. The aim was directed with a trembling hand, but it proved fatally true; for, almost simultaneously with the report, the assailant of the coach fell headlong back into the road.

All was commotion in a moment, and the four passengers crowded to the door, as the guard, kneeling on the ground, removed the mask from the face of the wounded man; but, as he did so, a cry so despairing, so bitter in its anguish, that it pierced the hearts of all who heard it, fell from the lips of Humphrey Berrington.

"What have I done? My God!! what have I done?" he exclaimed; "I have killed the son of my benefactor! O Basil, why have I lived for this? to have slain him whom I would have died for!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### FULFILLING OF THE PREDICTION.

THERE was a small gathering about the porch of the "Dog and Partridge," talking in whispers, and often pointing to the Heath and then to the inn. Now and then the name of Page might be heard, uttered in a louder key, and allusions to the stage coach from Winchester.

To this inn, in fact, the ill-fated, misguided Basil had been conveyed, after he had received his death-wound from the hand of his friend, who had thus innocently taken the life of the man whom he would so willingly have died for.

The coach had brought Basil to the inn, which was the nearest house, and then had gone on its way to London, leaving Humphrey Berrington and the wounded man behind. A surgeon had been sent for, but he at once pronounced the wound mortal, and declared that the sufferer had but a few hours to live.

A still, hushed silence reigned in the house, and there was not a sound, save in that little room facing the west, where Basil Metham lay dying, and there two voices mingled, that of Basil, still loud and clear, and that of his friend, low, stifled, and full of anguish.

Giles Dickson had left the room, for hard, rude man as he was, he could not bear to witness a scene so distressing.

The Cashier sat beside the bed on which Basil lay propped up



with pillows; the latter held his friend's hand firmly clasped in own, and never released it for a moment.

"I recognised the bank bullion-box by your side, Humphrey, and the temptation was too great for me; but would I make you see and believe that what has happened has been the best thing that could have happened for me," said Basil, gazing earnestly at his friend. "It embitters these, my last moments, to think that you will condemn yourself for what I view as a last of God's mercy. Honestly, I have really never disbelieved in the existence of a God, but yet I was twice ready to rush, unbidden, into His presence—the prayers, I believe, of my saintly uncle saved me from that crime; but had I lived longer I might have become more hardened, and have resisted God's grace; so, Humphrey, it is not well that you should have saved me from becoming a suicide?"

"Oh, no—no!" exclaimed Humphrey, in a tone of bitter anguish; "it is not well that I should have slain the son of a benefactor, the nephew of my early friend, the kind, good priest; those who saved me and mine from destitution, and suffering, and want, and I have killed the last representative of that house, the last who bears their old, time-honoured name."

"Brother of my soul," exclaimed Basil, as he clasped Humphrey's hand still tighter in his own, "you have preserved the name of Metham from shame and disgrace. My end must have been the gallows. Is it not better to die in this still, quiet room with the friend of my youth by my side, rather than on the gibbet with a howling multitude beneath, watching my death-pangs?"

"It might not have been," replied Humphrey; "you might have lived to repent."

"No—no—no!" reiterated the dying man, "I should only have become hardened in impenitence, and my uncle foretold my end, and you see how his prediction has been fulfilled. But, I know myself, it seems like a judgment, that now, when I wish to be reconciled to my God, no priest can be found to assist me in my dread passage to eternity. I have scoffed at them and their ministrations in my lifetime; and it is God's justice that on my death-bed I should not have their assistance. I never feared death, Humphrey, nor do I fear it now; but I dread appearing before that awful tribunal where I have none to plead for me, nothing to save my being placed on the fatal left hand!"

"Nothing but God's infinite mercy," said Humphrey, in earnest tones; "far greater than our sins."

"It is my only hope," murmured Basil, whose voice seemed to be growing weaker, "my only refuge against the Spirit of

whose suggestions I have alone listened to; he has ever been at my side, and even now is trying to urge me to despair. I have never said a prayer for years," he added, "save one, and that has been but a few simple words, an echo of my childish days, a little prayer that I used to say at my mother's knee, to the angel guardian, whom, she taught me, God had appointed for my guide. My longer prayers were forgotten, but that has clung to me, and throughout the whole length of my guilty career I have never passed a night without repeating it. White-winged angel! and dear old uncle! ye have ever been my only landmarks, on the tempestuous sea on which I have been tossed since my childhood. They are like beacon-lights now, Humphrey, in the darkness of death that is closing in upon me. My hour is coming fast, for all is black before my eyes, and yet, but a moment since, I saw the crimson-tinted clouds of the west, and the sun setting in all its glory!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

## A LINK WITH THE LAST CENTURY.

IN the year 1850 there stood in Peter's Street, Winchester, a pretty, old-fashioned house, with diamond-paned casements, and beams of timber fantastically crossing its white stuccoed walls.

In this house dwelt an old lady, said to be the oldest resident in Winchester. She was verging on ninety, and yet her faculties were still unimpaired. Her eyes had lost little of their early brightness, and almost the only visible sign of her great age was that her walk had become rather infirm. It was a pleasing sight to see her moving about in the large, quaint, old sitting-room at the rear of her house, where she spent most of her time, supporting herself on her ivory-headed black cane, always dressed in black silk, with a small cape or some little shawl of fleecy wool upon her shoulders her hair, white as silver, just visible under the frills of her spotted blond cap, mittens on her hands, and always an apron on, usually one with pockets; yet, though the fashion of dress dated years back, it seemed entirely to suit her; her face was calm and placid, and yet with ever a lurking shadow of the sorrow of the past mingling with its present sunshine.

A beautiful little spaniel, with long, silky ears is always by her side, and watches every movement. But she has other company than that of her sagacious little dog to enliven her solitude. Young and old, the rich and affluent, and the poor and needy, all visit here. This old lady, this link with the last century, is a general favourite far and wide, and the young, particularly, rejoice in her

society, and both love and revere her. To them she is as a rich stored book, whose pages they may ever open with fresh interest and learn something more from them. Her quiet serenity, her cheerful resignation under the heavy blows which deprived her, in her early youth, of all those whom she loved, teaches them how to endure the ills and mortifications that all flesh is heir to.

Sixty years! what a space of time divides that aged woman from those whom she loved, and with whom she spent her early years! When she sees the gas-lit streets at night, or in the day-time, in her pleasant garden, hears the rush of the distant train, as it flashes past, leaving a wreath of white vapour curling up amongst the green foliage, she will tell her young listeners of those bygone days, when the fine, broad thoroughfares of Winchester were dirty, ill-paved streets, dimly lighted up at night with murky oil lamps, and when the "Flying Coach" was thought to perform a great feat by making the journey from Winchester to London in ten or twelve hours. But when she spoke of the stage coaches there fell ever a shadow on her aged face, at the recollection of the great sorrow of her life.

Dear reader, you already know, doubtless, that her of whom we speak is Rose Berrington. Changed now, from a young and blooming girl, to an aged woman, long past four-score. Even before the close of the last century, all who were near and dear to her had been swept away. Sorrow and grief had been her portion, and yet her resignation to God's will and her patient cheerfulness never failed her. Amidst the wreck and ruin of her earthly hopes her mind remained unscathed, and her tender heart seemed to forget its own affliction, in soothing the anguish of others.

Never did woman lead a better or purer life, or do more good in the circle in which she moved than did Rose Berrington; and yet there was nothing over-strained in her virtue, no shadow of gloom or moroseness in her cheerful, practical piety.

She lives happily and peacefully, and can look back with gentle resignation on that picture of the past, whose colours are still to her bright and vivid. The untimely end of her first and only love Basil Metham; the months of weary wasting away through the slow stages of decline, in which she watched her dearly-loved brother pass from time to eternity; the childishness and imbecility which fell upon the old banker, lasting till his death, and in which Rose had tended him as a mother tends her child,—this was the picture of the past which Rose contemplated.

Humphrey had never looked up after he became the innocent cause of Basil's death, and died in the arms of his loving sister a few months later. Mr. Metham lingered on in a state of childish

ness for three or four years ; but before this weakening of his mental faculties he had made a provision for Rose, so that she was enabled, during her long life, to gratify, to some extent, the desires of a singularly charitable and tender heart.

Bowed down with years, but full of patient resignation, charity, and faith, she awaiteth, with her lamp trimmed, the coming of the Bridegroom.

THE END.

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### THE MEMORIAL TREE.

Translation of the Latin Elegy, written by DOCTOR CROWE, the Oxford Poetry-Professor, in memory of his son who was killed in India.

THIS elm, which mine own hand in happier days  
Had planted, unto thee, son most beloved,  
Henceforth I consecrate : William, this tree  
Shall be called Thine, and ever bear thy name.  
My gallant Boy, needing no more such gift,  
Thy toils of life and travail now fulfilled,  
God hath enrolled thee to Himself in Heaven ;  
Me, still afflicted, this, which unto Thee—  
Slight proof of love—I reared, me shall console.  
Here, while on life and dim futurity  
I meditate, thy form, thy dear discourse,  
And words, though blithe and quick of spirit, which  
Flowed from so pure a fount, will I recall.  
Ye, too, who visit this sad spot—  
Nought else I ask—forbear a father's grief,  
Nor mock my intercession for this Tree :  
Let it find favour in your sight, and find,  
Untouched by the rude axe, its natural time ;  
Memorial of the soldier-youth, who fell  
In battle for his Country :—so may thrive  
The fortunes of your house ; so may your eyes  
Never behold the funerals of your sons !

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[The feeling with which—but a few days subsequently to the return of my own son on leave from India, after eighteen years' absence—I have transcribed this version of a Poem which can never be read without tears, may be well imagined.]

EDMUND LENTHALL SWIFTE.

## TO PYRRHA.

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE 5.

SAR, Pyrrha, lovely maid,  
 What tender youth reclining at thy feet  
 Fragrant with liquid odours sweet,  
     Basks in thine eyes' soft lustre,  
     In that cool grotto's shade  
 Where roses cling and cluster?

For whose enraptured eye  
 Dost thou those sweet neglectful fingers ply,  
     That into careless plait have braided  
     Each golden yellow tress—  
     Thine own unstudied loveliness,  
 Which no false art has aided?

Alas! how oft he'll weep  
 Thy broken vows, and fickle gods bemoan,  
     Propitious once, now hostile grown!  
 How oft (yet new to unrepaid devotion),  
     He'll wonder at the storms that sweep  
 O'er Love's once-tranquil ocean!

Who, finding thee all fair,  
 All smiles to-day, still hopes—ah, too confiding!  
 Thy love, thy charms will prove abiding,—  
     Nor dreams that ere the morrow  
     Will veer the changeful air,  
 And turn his joy to sorrow!

Alas! unhappy they  
 For whom Love's surface smiles, and smiles untried!  
     That *I've* escaped the fickle tide  
 The temple-wall with votive slab declareth;  
     Where, dripping from the fatal spray,  
     Hang dedicate, a lover's trappings gay  
 To that dread Power which Ocean's sceptre beareth.

R. D. F. S.

## WORD PAINTING.

THIS is the new phrase, used to designate an art that dates from the earliest period of the World's history, even before the introduction of a *written* literature. At the present day, in semi-civilised countries, like India and Egypt, the story-teller is a great feature of the bazaars. He answers the same purpose to the inhabitants of Eastern cities as "Mudie" does to ourselves; the only difference is that Asiatics are satisfied with the same stories told over and over again, whilst the more *blasé* denizens of the modern Babylon are always craving for something *new*. No matter what, so long it is new! This craving for novelty can only be satisfied by dishing up old materials with a *sauce piquanté à sensation*. Our stories are in the main identical with those of the East, only the inhabitants of Calcutta and Grand Cairo are not so "used-up" at present as to require the strong stimulant of an express train, with *real* steam, and a *real* whistle, nearly capitulating a *real* man, who is lying upon *real* rails! . . . . .

As a step they have got to make in the march of progress. The term of "Word-painting" may be used to denote a piece of prose or poetry that has not any intrinsic merit of its own to commend it, but the choice of language of its author has been so good that as a mere collection of pleasing sounds it possesses a value of its own. An author has as much to learn in his choice of *words* as an artist has in mixing his colours, both have to serve a dreary apprenticeship of failure; it is only patience and perseverance that can ensure success, either with the paint-brush or the pen. Authors differ as much as artists in their sketches. One has a bold style of writing, conveying his ideas in short incisive sentence, and making them stand out in relief like one of Reynolds' portraits. Another veils his thoughts in vague obscurity like one of Turner's skies. The art of "word-painting" is as varied as their style of working in oils, water-colours, or sepia; there are not two of the best-known and most esteemed authors who unite alike. Byron's "Childe Harold" is an exquisite description of southern scenery, and yet it is totally different to the choice of words from other writers on the same subject; Hume and Macaulay both wrote histories of England, the main

facts are the same, of course, but how very differently these are told! Macaulay by a judicious choice of language, clothes the old facts with a juvenescence that makes them read like a work of fiction. Hume's composition is, of course, irreproachable and is perhaps more valuable as a book of reference than Macaulay's; but then the former is read as a task, the latter as a pleasure. This is entirely owing to the thorough knowledge of "word painting" that Macaulay possessed; perhaps no one has better understood the art than himself. His History of England effected quite a revolution in the republic of letters. Facts, which even one knows are stubborn things, were no longer judged necessary to stand up in all their natural, adamant hardness, but were clothed in a pleasing garment of language and metaphor.



# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARY BURROUGHES.

## CHAPTER I.

### LEIGH.

A PLEASANT place enough was the little village of Leigh, on the Devonshire Coast, only eight years ago. Since then much had happened to destroy some of the charms which made Leigh so dear to strangers. In the first place, a railway had been opened to the village; and, in the second place, a pump had been erected. These innovations had, to a certain extent, sapped the foundations of society, which had once been so sweet and patriarchal at Leigh, and residents knew that the place was no longer what it had been; but it still had charms for visitors. There was something gratifying to the man of business, who knew the world, and was engaged in a constant struggle to outwit it, to find himself at "Leigh;" here was repose; at least—all was old-fashioned, dull and stupid, the inhabitants were a simple race still, old men in smock-frocks; doubled up with age and toil, and hobbling with corns, rheumatism, and misshapen boots, yet touched their hats to a passing stranger who wore a good coat—not, poor wretches, because they expected to get anything by it, but actually because they retained a lesson taught years and years ago in their Catechism, that they should order themselves lowly and reverently to all their betters. They could only judge man, as they judged a horse or a sheep, by the state of his coat, and they touched their hats reverently to well-cut clothes. Perhaps this little peculiarity was in itself enough to dispose the stranger to think favourably of "Leigh." Men of the world know that, as a rule, they cannot expect to have hats doffed to them without having to pay for it; and, really, after one is forty or so, the act of ceremony is hardly worth the money-payment it entails; but to have a full grown man touch his hat out of simple reverence and respect for your own distinguished appearance is a different thing,—it elevates a



man, and makes him at once an aristocrat, particularly at "Leigh." Old visions of the feudal times rise up, such as we have read of in novels—a simple peasantry, the village maiden, innocent as beautiful, ourselves in the character of the haughty aristocrat, noble and good, but yet not too good to refrain from gazing upon the village maiden, when we think she only will note the high-born, conquering wink. Then there are also more material joys for the solid townsman at Leigh,—lobsters are evergreen, crabs are perennial, and over-eating is not followed by indigestion, or, if it be, what matter? A dip in the sea, to-morrow morning, will set us up all right, and the appetite will grow again with what it feeds on. And the sea is beautiful at "Leigh,"—at least, when the visitor sees it. It is beautiful in the early morning, just stirred with the breeze, the blue surface broken everywhere into little dimples which laugh at the small sea horses, playing at "breakers" upon its restless bosom. A fierce longing seizes upon the stranger to embark upon that smiling, tempting ocean, and sail away and away to that better land he used to dream of when he was a child, the land which seemed to promise then so often, what it so seldom does as we grow older, a chance of getting away from ourselves. More beautiful still is the sea at evening time, fast asleep with a pale grey face, all trace of passion passed away, rocking so peacefully in its resting-place, canopied with the purple curtain of the sky, dipping and melting in the fringe of the horizon, which is neither sky nor water. Up comes the moon at last, and a broad, silvery path soon glitters over the face of sleeping ocean, and points mysteriously to another dream-land; but the stranger usually does not care to contemplate a land which promises such entire rest as that, and hurries home to more lobster and a little brandy-and-water, to prevent the evil consequences of too much romance, and to convince himself that life is still real, and still earnest. There is a village at Leigh, of course, but that is not of much consequence to strangers, they want lobsters, brandy, romance, a roving sea life at two-and-sixpence an hour, the smile of the artless village maiden, and the touching of the hats from the feudal peasantry. However, residents at Leigh are rather proud of their little village, or, at least, were so before the railway came and the pump was erected. There was no nonsense about the place—it was exactly what it pretended to be, neither more nor less. It was old, and prejudiced, and shaky, but it was divided against itself; there was not a drain in the place, and nobody wanted one, whereas, in more modern places, if you make one drain, the inhabitants immediately wanted two; there was water laid on, but every little house possessed a well in its back yard, which served to accommodate the surface drainage when rain had been unusually severe.

There was no slaughter-house at Leigh ; but the butchers had always killed their pigs and sheep in their own back-gardens, and nobody had ever been the worse for it. There were not many shops, but then people could turn their hands to anything at Leigh. If you wanted your hair cut, you could get it done pretty well at the grocer's ; he had been a gentleman's servant before he was a grocer. No one ever made any objection to this before the railway was opened ; but not long after that event a man from the outside world objected to clippings of hair in his " moist brown " at ten-pence a pound ; this, in itself, shows what Leigh was before it was contaminated by the railway and the pump.

There were no greengrocers at Leigh, but every house had its back-garden, and you could always buy or borrow a cabbage. There were four hotels in Leigh, and some dozen residents of the superior classes who lived in houses of some greater pretensions than those inhabited by the majority of the population ; but it would have been impossible to find a bath room in the most aristocratic mansion in Leigh. It would be difficult to say what the inhabitants lived upon. For three months in the year, of course, they lived on the visitors who came for the bathing season ; but what they did for a livelihood the remaining nine months in the year, was somewhat of a mystery. It is supposed they ran up long scores with the five or six tradesmen of the place, and repaid them after a fine haul of mackarel, or of visitors. The inhabitants of Leigh lived upon both ; they were a maritime population, to a certain extent—that is to say, every man possessed a boat, and during nine months in each year each householder would pass hours upon the beach contemplating his boat, now from one point of view, and now from another ; then he would go home and either dig for a quarter of a hour at his cabbages, or cobble a pair of shoes, or repair a rent in his neighbour's garment, according to his profession.

The good wives passed an innocent time upon their doorsteps, and improved each others' minds by edifying conversation. There is not much else to be done upon a doorstep, or, no doubt, they would have done it ; for during three months in the year neither men nor women in Leigh were wanting energy. Mackarel and visitors drove the inhabitants almost to frenzy ; the beach might be deserted, and the whole townlet apparently asleep, when the magic cry of, " A haul ! " " A haul ! " would change everything like the slap of harlequin's wand. Down rushed the tailor from his cabbage-garden, the plasterer from the house-top, the carpenter from his bed of shavings, the blacksmith from the half-shod horse, the butcher from his half-shaved pig—in fact, every man and boy, with the exception of the dozen residents, and the five or six superior tradesmen, and visitors drove the women almost as mad as the mackarel

did the men. Every house became a lodging-house, the usual families disappeared; probably they slept on the beach, the women passed their hours over the wash-tubs, and their husbands became watermen. It was impossible to find better watermen on the coast of England at two-and-sixpence the first hour, and two shillings every hour afterwards; there was not a better mariner at the price in the wide world than the tailor of Leigh. Habit enabled him to take his customer's measure at a glance, and, like Macbeth's witches; he would give you a fair wind whichever way you wished to go. And as for the "Leigh" barber, you could not have told him from Blackbeard the pirate, when he was afloat in his own smart little cutter; and the women were as much changed as the men. If you were told that that hag, with a short blue serge petticoat and a flopping white sun-bonnet on, now working like a horse, dragging the bathing-machine down to the water's edge, now plunging like an old merwoman into the billows with a visitor's child in her arms,—if you were told that the ambitious creature we describe was Mrs. Todger, the very Mrs. Todger who for nine months led the fashion on the East Street doorsteps, with chignon of the amplest, and skirts of the latest fashion, you simply would not believe it. Look, again, at Mrs. Baffle, watch her bending over the wash-tub with her five assistants, all rising to work at five in the morning, and leaving off at nine at night, during the letting season; and see if you find any trace of the gossiping trollop who led the scandal music on the East Street doorsteps for the previous nine months—no wonder that visitors who only saw Mr. Todger in his capacity of sailing master of the *Mary Anne*, quarter ton tonnage, or Mrs. Todger in her merwoman dress, admired the inhabitants of Leigh almost as much as the place itself. Gentlemen almost pitied poor Todger, he was so good a sailor and so artless a man; and ladies almost loved Mrs. Todger for her simple innocence in the way of dress. We suffer fools gladly when we contrast their childishness with our own world wisdom; and visitors, proud of their own superiority, never thought of grudging the washing-bills or the boating charges of the simple people of Leigh.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE RESIDENTS.

It is time to return to the railway station and 'the pump. Mention has already been made of both these articles as detrimental to the respectability of Leigh, in the eyes of the residents. They were not numerous, but for months in the year they were lords and ladies paramount at Leigh, and their feelings

deserve respect and attention. The shopkeepers described them as a "poor lot," but the deprecatory epithet must be qualified. The residents were, to a certain extent, poor, although most highly respectable; but, since the railway-station was opened, many of them had commenced to deal with co-operative stores in London; and this naturally detracted somewhat from their respectability in the eyes of the shopkeepers—no doubt the local tradesmen had great provocation.

It is not pleasant to have an old customer enter your shop, not to purchase, but to ask your price for cinnamon and cloves, and then walk out again without purchasing, after imparting the gratifying news that he can obtain exactly one pound and a half of cinnamon at "the Stores" for the money charged at Leigh for an ounce of the same article. The shopkeeper does not want this information, any more than a simple child wishes to be taught the A B C. It may be for his good, but he does not like it.

The shopkeepers at Leigh took their revenge. They became less polite to the residents, or perhaps it would be better to say, they grew more familiar and friendly in their manners with the customers who were known to deal at "the Stores." Perhaps, of all things, this conduct is most irritating to the upper classes—that is, to each class in its order which holds itself as something superior to some other miserable little collection of human beings, bound together by some inferior kind of red tape—

"The man that hails you Tom or Jack,  
And proves by thumping on your back  
His sense of your great merit,  
Is such a friend, that we had need  
Be very much his friend indeed  
To pardon or to bear it."

Some idea of this kind entered the mind of the "Misses Jenkinson," when "Mr. Comfit," the grocer, placed his hand upon their shoulders almost affectionately, and asked them to inspect his two-shilling tea, which he thought they would find as good an article as could be procured "at the Stores!"

That was the price the Misses Jenkinson had to pay for their underhand dealings. Formerly, they had been of the upper six of Leigh, now they had fallen to a certain extent from their high estate. What did it matter any longer to them that Miss Penraddocke, of the Manor House, still visited them once a-year, and still acknowledged them in the public streets with gracious and condescending smiles? what does it matter to any of us that we are graciously looked upon by our superiors? As it was in the days of Haman, so it is now—it is the respect of our inferiors that we all

crave for. Probably it is because we all have a dreadful suspicion that we don't deserve any respect at all, and crave for the adulation that strengthens afresh our powers of self-humbug.

The Misses Jenkinson had entered Leigh some years ago as members of an aristocratic branch of the Jenkinsons, supposed to reside somewhere in the aristocratic parts of various distant counties. Miss Penruddocke had endorsed this pedigree to a certain extent; she had asked them once to tea, and they had been grateful. But the Misses Jenkinsons knew that Miss Penruddocke was perfectly well aware that the Jenkinsons' ancestors had not fought at Hastings nor anywhere else since. But Mr. Comfit had, apparently, really believed in them, until they had purchased a ticket in the co-operative stores; and now they knew, as he touched them on the shoulder, not that they were not the real aristocratic Jenkinsons—they knew that perfectly well before—but that Mr. Comfit had found their secret out.

There were no old families at Leigh. The lord of the manor belonged properly to another county or two counties. They were a grand old race, the Penruddockes. They had never done anything since they were first mentioned in heraldry, except marry money. They were not at the Crusades; they had nothing to do with the Red Rose or the White; they were neither Cavaliers nor Roundheads; they were not Whigs nor Tories;—they were something much better—they were prudent people. They were always on the look-out for heiresses, and they always succeeded in marrying them.

Two extraordinary qualifications are necessary to make this plan of life a success. It is necessary, in the first place, to be indifferent to the personal appearance of the lady intended to be married, and yet to impress her with the idea that she is sought solely and entirely on account of her personal charms. Any man can do that, of course; but then he would not remain in all his after-life pre-eminently respectable. Now, the Penruddockes always married for money, and yet increased more and more in respectability every day,—that is to say, the head of the house grew richer and richer every day, and a reflected glory hovered round the heads of his poorer relations.

The resident member of the family at Leigh was a maiden lady, and nobody doubted her claims to respect and consideration. Mr. Comfit would not have touched her on the shoulder if she had depreciated his goods to his very face. But, with the exception of Miss Penruddocke, the residents were not what they had once been at Leigh.

The Starres, of Oakfield, were extinct. That old and ancient family had grown larger and larger in the nose and smaller in the

brain, ever since the Battle of Bosworth, and the last of the house died in a retreat for imbecile old gentlemen at Bath. The Traynors, of Bradfield, had also disappeared. They had been the pride of the country for many generations; but, alas! they had persisted in spending £10,000 a-year out of £5000, and Government had done nothing for them. A Governorship might have saved them,—but no, fortune was against them, and the last of the Traynors, of Bradfield, was said to be the staunchest radical democratic republican in the United States of America. And now these glorious old families and half-a-dozen others were replaced by people like the Jenkinsons, and the Taffitoes, and the Barkers, and the Tomkinsons, and such-like,—a poor lot, even when they dealt with the local tradesmen of Leigh, but indescribably mean when they opened accounts at the co-operative stores. They were, besides their original defect in the way of blood, to a certain extent corrupted by the railway.

Now let us turn to the pump.

It was rather a remarkable structure. About eight feet high, square, but tapering slightly to the top, with a handle on one side, and a spout in front; from its head spouted three enormous iron feathers, representing the plumes of the Prince of Wales. So far, it was all right—a constitutional pump and a legal one, unless any covert sneer was intended, by the dedication of a pump at all to H. R. Highness. But on one side of the pump, not occupied by the handle, was an inscription which meant mischief. It ran as follows:—

THIS PUMP  
WAS ERECTED BY THE INHABITANTS OF  
LEIGH,  
TO COMMEMORATE THE VICTORY  
GAINED BY  
FREETHOUGHT AND PROGRESS,  
OVER  
PRIESTCRAFT AND BIGOTRY,  
BY  
THE MARRIAGE OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,  
IN  
LENT.

In short, the inscription was a public defiance of the Church, under the guise of a loyal demonstration to the State.

The pump spoke of division, and foreshadowed the breaking up of the old-established order of things at Leigh. Not being right-minded, the inhabitants fell foul of the Church and exalted the State; whereas the clergyman at Leigh would have reversed the order of things,—at least he would have done so, while still indignant about the date of the wedding of the heir to the throne. However, there is a great difference between the righteous indignation

of a reverend gentleman and the unbridled hatred of a semi-infidel mob ;—all really good church and chapel people of all denominations know this well. The Vicar of Leigh thought he did well to be angry, and so he provoked the parishioners to put up this unrighteous pump.

The Reverend Mr. Moodle had done much to upset the ancient and established order of things at Leigh, in his attempt to revive the traditions of antiquity. He had not been content with the withered old British oak, but had tried to make it a living tree again, by daubing it over with a fresh coat of paint. With extraordinary perversity the parishioners at once opened their eyes and mouths, and not only denounced the paint-pot, but actually tried to grub up the ancient old British oak by the roots, as so much useless firewood.

It was impossible not to like Mr. Moodle, although he certainly was a bit of a nuisance. He was a born martyr; he would have liked to have worn sackcloth next his skin, only his skin was very tender, and so he wore the very best linen,—but he did the next best thing he could—he wore no shirt collar. His coats were of an extraordinary length, and no doubt typical of something, and his trousers were a compromise between men's trousers and women's petticoats. Providence, he considered, had been very good to him, for his hair had dropped away, until only a fringe was left, which gave one quite the idea of the tonsure of another church. It was one of the privileges of Mr. Moodle to undergo persecution about this tonsure, to be suspected, by the wicked persecutors of this world, of having contributed to the monastic appearance of his own skull. In private life Mr. Moodle was very nice and gentlemanly. He was mild, patient, and willing to defer to any one's opinions on politics, art, literature, or mechanics, of which matters, indeed, he was profoundly ignorant, excepting when he was in the pulpit, when, according to his own idea, he became endowed with some mysterious knowledge which made him infallible on all points, religious and secular. Mr. Moodle was a married priest, and this was his sorest trial. If he had been a married parson it would not have signified; but Mr. Moodle was no parson. He would rather have been a sexton than that. No; he was a priest, and a married priest.

Now, a wife is, in all cases, such a luxury that it was impossible for Mr. Moodle to preach the duty of constant mortification while he was blessed with the companionship of Mrs. Moodle. There were fourteen children, too, and a fifteenth coming; and even looking at children as a form of penance, it still struck Mr. Moodle as odd that the yearly penance should be inflicted on Mrs. Moodle only. The other principal points in Mr. Moodle's character

nsisted in a tendency to embroidered ornaments on all parts of his Sunday trappings, and a persistency in turning his back to the congregation at all parts of the service where his predecessors had been used to turn their faces. He would have walked up the pulpit on his head, if he could have stirred up the consciences of his parishioners; as it was, he managed to stir up their bile, and so up went the pump.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE VISITORS.

THE visitors who formed the usual harvest of the inhabitants of Leigh had always been of a very superior class, prior to the formation of the abominable railway, and the attractions of the place were so great that they continued to visit it in spite of the objectionable people who made excursions to Leigh during the three summer months. A superficial observer would not have detected much harm in these excursionists, beyond the fact, that they brought their own provisions with them, wrapped in greasy newspapers which they always left behind them on the beach; there was little to be said against them, but they did exercise a strong influence on the people of Leigh, particularly on the rising generation—the boys had always, for ages past, been noted for extreme ignorance of grammar, and wonderful knowledge of parts of the Catechism; they had been brought up to pull their forelocks to the Penruddockes and the parson; and the girls, in like manner, never omitted to salute in bad English, and drop remarkably good curtsies to the female authorities. A schoolmaster from London was reported to have become insane in former years from receiving an unexpected reply from a little boy who was crying on the beach, either because he had lost his mother or could not find his sister. “What trouble oppresses you, my little man?” asked the schoolmaster. “Her has kept I waiting for she all day, and where be him now?” replied the poor boy, as he touched his hair respectfully to the man of letters. Somehow, or another, since excursionists took it into their heads to visit Leigh, the grammar of the rising generation improved, and their manners fell off dreadfully. The fact was, they picked up a great many so-called comic songs, and became infected with the knowledge of good and evil, and used the good to promote the evil, as was natural enough. They swore in correct English, and became addicted to indecent expressions—expressed in elegant rhyme without one atom of reason. The Rev. Mr. Moodie did his best to correct this state of things; he did not attend the village schools indeed, because an irreligious government had fixed certain hours,



during which time alone he could impart secular knowledge, and as Mr. Moodle truly said it was necessary that the teacher should be free at each and every moment to impart religious instruction. It is clear that no man or boy can learn the flute if the music-master is forbidden to refer to the music of the Israelites, and arithmetic is impossible if the teacher cannot call attention to "Division," as exemplified in the quarrels of the clergy of all denominations; but Mr. Moodle did what he could—he formed a surpliced choir, and tried to elevate the ideas of the boys by marching them in procession up the aisles of the church on every Sunday. It was pretty enough to see the dear children peeping from under their eyes right and left to see if they were being admired as they marched to the tune of Christian soldiers, and at any rate, for one day in the week the boys refrained from singing "Champagne Charley." But although the excursionists had corrupted the youth of Leigh, the railway had not been long enough in existence to ruin the place utterly; and the old-fashioned style of visitors still came to Leigh; it was a very healthy place and a refuge for convalescents—it was a very haven for whooping-cough, and roadstead for scarlet-fever; the mothers flocked here with their treasures, and the fathers came down occasionally to note the progress of their little ones. As a rule, they found out they could do this much better by prolonging, as far as possible, the intervals of absence. The paternal ear gets dulled by incessant whoops, and the fathers preferred to retain their organs of hearing in the highest state of critical accuracy. As a rule the visitors did not associate with the residents at Leigh; the first were prepared to spend money freely during their visit, and the second class was not—but of course, there were exceptions. If a new arrival was in any way connected with the Penruddockes, or any other family mentioned in the Peerage or Baronetage, the residents were willing to be as civil as possible; but they held aloof, as was natural, from the rich nobodies who raised the prices of beef and mutton, absorbed all the best cuts of the sirloin, monopolised all the junket and clotted cream, and put half-crowns ostentatiously into offertory bags on Sunday.

Claremont villa, at Leigh, was one of the best houses in the place, and was only let to people of family with some money, or to families of no particular family with a very great deal of spare cash. It was now in the occupation of General de Calverley and his wife and children, ranging from eighteen years of age to the last darling aged five. General de Calverly, was a great favourite with the Horse-Guards and the authorities generally; he was blind, which was very much in his favour, not so blind that he could not see, but to such a degree that he would not see. The General had one great rule both in private and public matters, he shut his eyes

olutely to whatever he did not wish to observe, or his superiors did not desire to have noticed. He was a sort of human ostrich, sticking his head into a bush when the hunters were abroad, and persuading himself that the danger was over, because it was no longer visible. He was a worshipper of peace although a warrior by profession, and if the matter could have been kept perfectly snug and quiet, would have put up with a kicking from an enemy, as quietly as any Quaker that ever existed; but for all that he was a gentleman, and bound by the strictest code of honour, and no man could have resented a public affront to the satisfaction of his club member than General de Calverly. He was a good-looking man, tall and well made, very affable and communicative; but, somehow, nobody could ever recollect having gained any specific information from the General. He wore an eye-glass, which he never used unless he had seen something which he did not intend to look at; and the advantage of the eye-glass was, that when he used it he could not see anything at all. As he advanced in years the flesh began to predominate over the spirit; and although the General was a handsome man still, there was no denying that he no longer looked such a "shell jacket." Mrs. de Calverly, or, as the people of Leigh called her, the General's lady, was a very good specimen of a certain class of dowagers. She was stout and very fair, with good hair, and plenty of it, and beautiful teeth. It is needless to say she was pleasant-looking—she was good-tempered naturally, so long as she had all she wanted for herself and family. She grudged nothing to people outside her own domestic circle—she was beloved by her domestics, she never grumbled at their dress or adornments, she was content to feel that their imitation furs and velvets came into no competition with her own, and perhaps it pleased her to see them at least as well dressed as the residents at Leigh, who came to do her homage at Claremont villa. Mrs. de Calverly was a Penruddocke by birth, and sister to the lady of the Manor House; she knew perfectly well all about the Jenkinsons, and the Taffitoe, and the Barkers, and was civil enough to them so long as they were favourably reported on by Miss Penruddocke. She was even kind to them, provided they knew their places,—not to know your place is an offence which was unpardonable with Mrs. de Calverly, but she did her duty always, and the offenders were very soon taught better manners. She was a great favourite with the poor; any one properly recommended by the Vicar got plenty of scraps which could otherwise have been sold by the cook or given to the pigs; while from the other charitable ladies at Leigh the poor only got scraps, and an occasional rice-pudding which they were not as grateful for as they should have been,—indeed, a rice-pudding prepared for the poor by Mrs. Taffitoe or Miss Jenkinson was

rather a trying affair. These ladies were stern disciplinarians, and above all, insisted that the poor should not be pampered. To produce a rice-pudding which would not pamper the pauper's appetite, it was necessary to avoid eggs, refuse sugar, and have nothing to do with milk. Probably a Hindoo would hardly have been able to detect the difference between a rice-pudding, and his own boiled rice; but Christian paupers should have known better than a heathen Hindoo, and been more grateful. In other respects Mrs. de Calverly was a tolerably good specimen of an English lady of aristocratic county family—she was religious, and she believed that the cook and the housemaid might go to the same heaven as she would, provided she gave them a character, but she was not a perfect woman, for it was impossible for her to suppose she could ever be quite on such terms of equality with her own governess. She was well-instructed, and knew something of the laws of her country, and considered that they ought to be put into execution, excepting in cases where her own interest and that of her family would be affected. She was accomplished, and did not look like a fool when clever people talked of eminent composers, authors, or painters. On the contrary, she looked as if she took the greatest interest in them, which, however, was not the case. Probably, as women go, she had hardly a fault, excepting that she imagined her waist was precisely the same size as it had been twenty years ago, and that she required exactly the same sized gloves and shoes. But this may be forgiven her, for it is common to womankind.

## CHAPTER IV.

### FLORENCE.

FLORENCE DE CALVERLY was just eighteen, and a pretty girl. She had blue eyes, and a very fair complexion, like her mother, and beautiful hair, soft and silky, of light-brown colour with a golden flash of colour playing about it when the sun shone. In some respects she resembled her father. She was tall for her age, and her head was very well shaped; she gave one the idea of being able to think. Now, this was the very power in which, according to her mother and father, she was deficient. Mrs. de Calverly considered the child almost a fool in some things,—as she said so to her sister, Miss Penruddocke.

“What do you think, Harriet, dear, the child did the other day? My maid, Stephens, you know,—nice decent person, been with me twenty years,—must needs go and get some nasty low fever when we were in London last month! So tiresome of her, you

; because she knew we were coming down here! The General or a doctor to see her, and the stupid man said it was small.

It gave me quite a shock, my dear,—so abrupt of the man. to send for my own doctor, dear, Sir Charles Lutestring, my s were so upset. The General got Sir Charles to see Stephens vards, and he said, 'he should call it variola, and not small,

Such a different thing, you know; so much nicer to men- if one must mention such things. You can fancy my horror, ear, when Stephens actually got raving mad in the night— larmed the whole house. When the General went up to see was the matter, she actually didn't know him. 'Oh, ma'am,' aid to him, 'I am so sorry you hurried so, you've forgotten pads!' He got frightened, luckily, and came away, or their knowing what that woman would have said; after being my onfidential maid, too, for twenty years! Next day, my dear, ens was sensible, and the General and I thought it quite a to get her into some hospital; so we got a cab, and put her e, and told the man to drive to the nearest hospital, and say it in accident. I thought of that, my love, because, you know, never turn away accidents; and, after all, it was quite an ent, getting variola. Would you believe it, Harriet? that l cabman brought Stephens back at seven o'clock in the ng, after having tried eight hospitals, and having been posi- 'refused admission in every one! We had to take the poor ure in again; and I believe she was very bad, for all the nts refused to go near her. The lower orders, my dear, have y any sympathy. Now, Harriet, what do you think happened ! At three o'clock the next morning somebody knocked at edroom door. 'General,' I said 'that is a knock!' 'Better sem to hear it,' said the General; 'perhaps it will go away.' t didn't go away. The knock came again. 'General,' I said, ust be thieves!' 'I think it is better, my dear, to take no e,' replied the General; 'for, after all, we are only lodgers, f we keep our door shut perhaps they will try some other

Harriet, a third knock came, and I determined to act my- 'Who is there?' I said, in a gruff kind of manly voice. 'It's s,' was the startling reply. Now, Norris was the young girl waited on Florence. 'Oh, ma'am,' said the girl, 'Iv'e been ss Florence's room, and she ain't in bed.' 'Tell her I desire o go to bed directly,' I replied. 'Oh, ma'am,' she cried, 'she get into Stephens's bed. There ain't room, for one thing, he blankets ain't enough.' 'General,' I screamed, 'here is er case of variola—Norris is mad!' 'No ma'am, please n,' she answered, just in time to stop the General, who was to call out 'Fire'—it's Miss Florence has gone into

Stephens's room, and there she is, ma'am, and she have locked the door, ma'am.' My dear Harriet, you might have knocked me down with a feather, and the poor General cry—positively, my love, to cry! 'This is very dreadful, to me, 'Laura!' 'Will you go up, love,' I said, 'and tell her to come down directly?' 'I think not, my love,' said the General, 'this is a sore trial, but we must resign ourselves. You see, if she comes out, she will spread the variola contagion, and it will increase our trouble if you, my dearest, were to be infected by the thoughtfulness of him, wasn't it? Well, Harriet, my dear, the flight of rooms Florence stopped for a fortnight, night and day, and her meals poked in at the door, and seeing nobody but the General and Norris, who asked to be allowed to go and help Miss L. And after all, my dear, Stephens got well, and Florence did nothing at all, did not even look very tired, and hardly the slightest feeling afterwards for what she had seen and her poor papa suffer. And this is what Florence calls dear!"

Undoubtedly, the poor girl had a very ill-regulated mind, and her education had been a good deal neglected. She knew nothing of algebra; physical geography she was utterly ignorant of; astronomy was an unknown science; she did not know how far the moon was from the earth; and once she said to her astonished governess that "she didn't care!" That was the case of Florence. Nobody, of course, does care how far the moon is from the earth, but people do care to be supposed to be interested in such things, and Florence would not even do that.

"I cannot understand it," soliloquised the General,—"the child take after? not her mother, I'm certain. I remember the Astronomer Royal took her in to dinner last year, and he sat on her side all the evening after. She told me afterwards that she had seen an elderly man, who had, perhaps, had a little too much wine, and he did say the prettiest things about the stars; and how some stars were more precious than heavenly ones; so that she really spent quite a pleasant evening.' And I was asked to sit in a chair once at a public lecture on astronomy, because I looked like a man who understood that kind of thing. I suppose she gets her notions from the Penruddockes—somehow, that Harriet Penruddocke, now, Frank, my eldest son," remarked the General to me, "is different. He has his faults, and talks very wild fancies he is a democrat, and all that sort of thing; he is knocking everything down, and revolutionising everybody; but you would never find Frank mixing his politics with the lower orders in that kind of way. In fact, Frank is a gentleman, and all his Radical nonsense will come down

bye; and, by Jove! I've no fear of Master Frank taking to nurse his valet."

"I hope not, General," sighed his poor wife; "but there is no knowing what one may have to bear. You know he did associate with some low people who kept a gambling-house at Cambridge."

"Yes," said the General, "I remember that pretty well, certainly."

"Ah, General," replied Mrs. de Calverly, "I always fancied there was something not quite honourable about that business!"

"Please, don't talk nonsense, Laura," said the General. "Frank would never do anything of the kind; he has odd notions; but you can always trust Frank,—he is certain in all cases to respect himself."

## CHAPTER V.

### AT THE RIVER MOUTH.

GENERAL DE CALVERLY and his daughter were taking their morning stroll upon the beach, and wandered by degrees to the mouth of the river Lagge, which tumbled into the sea at one end of the little bay of Leigh. It was a pretty stream enough, with the exception of its mouth. Anglers loved the river, and perched themselves all along the banks at intervals, for the whole fifteen miles of its course. There were no fish to speak of, but there had been fish in the olden time. Rumour spoke of the days when the inhabitants of Leigh refused to eat the Lagge salmon, more than five days out of the seven. Anglers, when they met, repeated this tradition to each other, and they talked of fish they had themselves seen, although shy, very shy!—

"Till their own dreams at length deceived e'm,  
And oft repeating, they believed e'm."

When they got back to London they actually talked of the capital fishing they had enjoyed in the Lagge! But the mouth of the river was a different thing. It was a stuttering mouth, hesitating how it should find its way through the ever-increasing shingle into the open sea, and then breaking out into a furious, incoherent rush of moving water, that swept like a torrent, now fifty yards to the right, and then another fifty to the left, and then once again to the right, when it made a final leap over a sandy bar, and somehow or another, amalgamated with the salt water, after a great struggle between them for supremacy. The one hundred yards of bank at the river mouth was treacherous. The rush of waters scooped out the shelving pebble into quite a precipitous slope, so that if any one tumbled in, he or she would fall at once in four feet of water, and

probably find themselves in double the depth before they recovered presence of mind enough to shout out for help. People, of course, went to look at the mouth of the Lagge, but they seldom went twice, unless they were lovers, who wanted a quiet spot to utter out loud their soft sayings, which they were tired of whispering on the more crowded "esplanade," as the sea-wall called itself.

The General and Florence sat down upon the shingle, at a safe distance, and looked about them. Nobody was in sight, excepting a young man, coming towards them from Leigh, also, apparently, bound on an inspection of the river mouth. Yes, there was one other living figure; a little boy was treading the edge of the bank, trying, apparently, to scoop up some of the water into a small tin bucket with a wooden spade.

"Papa," said Florence, suddenly, "that child-will be in the water!"

"Better come away, my love," said the General. "It's very awkward, you know, if any accident happens, and it is better not to interfere with children,—parents do not like it."

"Papa, dear," said Florence, "I must go; the child is almost a baby!" And off Florence started; but she was too late—a dig with the little spade, given with too much energy, made the child lose his footing, and in another moment the water had him fast, and tossed and rolled him, a little bit of human rubbish, towards the oblivion of the dark waters. In another moment Florence would have been in the water too; but was prevented.

"Stop, girl!" shouted a loud voice, and a strong arm dragged her back upon the safer part of the bank; and then hurriedly saying—"Take care of my hat and coat," the stranger jumped headlong into the eddying current.

Florence did mechanically as she was bid, and hung the coat over her arm, while she held the hat against her side, until, from being rather a good-looking *chapeau*, of the chimney-pot order, it suddenly acquired the appearance of having been engaged in a pitched battle. But Florence was thinking of the tragedy before her eyes. The man had reached the boy, and evidently made an effort to swim back to the bank with him; but it was useless. Rapidly the current overmastered him, and soon man and boy were lost to sight in the broken water of the bar. Florence ran to the extreme end of the bank, where she could get a good view of the river mouth. She caught sight again of the dark forms of the castaways, nearer, too, to the shore than she could have expected; the tide was running out, and there was an eddy which swept close in shore.

"Papa, dear, can't we do anything," cried Florence, as she dropped the coat and hat, and clasped her hands in despair.

something?" repeated the General; "yes, certainly: here's coming. Here, you sir; don't stand there and let your features perish before your eyes!"

He hurried over to the General's side.

At is the row, governor?" he said.

The general was speechless; he had never been called "sir" to his face before in all his life.

He answered—"They are drowning; oh, do save them!"

He looked about him for a moment, and caught sight of an oar which had been left on the beach. In another moment he had slipped it a pea-jacket, and pitching it at the General with an air of, "Mind my coat, governor!" he went to the rescue.

The general had some difficulty in getting clear of the obnoxious

It had gone right over his head and blinded him for a moment or two. When he had extricated himself he was red in the face and angry.

"Now, Florence, I hope you see what comes of having your

If you had listened to me, and come away when I told you, you would have been none of this disreputable business. By the way, to think that I and my daughter should have to stand up two seconds at a prize-fight, holding these ruffians'

"Oar, papa! saved!" shouted Florence; and then she burst into a cry.

He the stranger had done some good with his oar. He had managed to drag and push the half-insensible form of the drowning man, ported by the oar, in the direction of the beach, and when the water was gained, the last comer dragged ashore the body of the drowning man, who was perfectly insensible, but still retained, in his arms, the form of the little boy.

"You are your friends, governor," said the very objectionable man, holding the oar; "but it's my belief we are a bit too late. Don't you see," he said, suddenly, as he looked at Florence—"time is passing, or tears in the next world, there's work to do in this. Do you know what to do with drowned people?"

"I thought not; no one ever does know anything in this old world unless he's paid for it. Here, catch hold, governor!" he said, and looked here, miss! you serve the child as we serve the dead, in another moment, the stranger began to carry out the duties of the Royal Humane Society, as if he understood

"Up away, miss," he cried, to Florence. "Bring the arms



close down to the side. Governor, you hold the stranger's tongue out of his mouth!"

"By Jove!" said the General; but he had no time to say more, for the operator was too busy pumping, as he called it, to give any further instructions.

"By the Lord!" said the amateur Member of the Humane Society, "he's coming round!" and sure enough it was so, and in another five minutes the apparently drowned man was sitting up, bewildered and stupified, but evidently in a fair way of recovery. But the child was dead, and poor Florence sat with it in her arms, hugging the poor little thing to her bosom, and wishing she could give her heart's blood to bring back one beat in his.

In another five minutes quite a little crowd had collected, and plenty of help was at hand.

"Poor child is dead!" said a sea-faring man of experience—"ain't nothing been done? He ought to have been held up by the heels, you know, to let the water run off."

"Casks is better," said an old boatman. "You take a drowned man and roll him on three casks, and you are most sure to bring him round."

"I don't know, old boy," replied a one-eyed veteran, who had served, in former days, aboard the 'Arethusa'; "I mind that in the West Indies we rolled a messmate of mine for two hours, and he never came to himself."

"What casks was they?" sneered the first boatman.

"Sugar casks," replied the veteran.

"Sugar casks be d——d!" said the rival practitioner. "All you all right, sir?" he continued, addressing the young man, who was now rapidly recovering.

"Quite, thank you," he answered. "What is to be done with the poor child? I fear there is no chance of restoring life; but I had better be moved to some house, and the friends sent for. Will any of you men carry him to the nearest public-house?"

"Better leave him, mister," replied an old nautical man. "It's only getting into trouble; the police are against it, and the coast guard has their say, and the coroner has you up, and asks you where you come from, and what you've been doing of lately, and that sort of thing. 'Tant everyone as likes saying where he was last—is it Joe?" said the speaker, addressing a bystander, who had been in trouble lately, something about the salmon in the Lagger.

Joe scowled, and the crowd grinned.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the veteran who had served on board the 'Arethusa,' "here's a gentleman who is a gentleman (and

he touched his hat respectfully to the General, who was much cheered by the recognition of his position, and immediately began to recover his authoritative manner and bearing). As I was saying," continued the old veteran, who was an observant man with the one eye, which he kept solely for his own use and benefit,— "here is a real gentleman, like, and beyond the law; now, if this gentleman says carry the poor dear to the 'Chester Arms,' like, and I'll give you, say, eighteenpence a-piece, why, there's me and Bob Jones, and George Smith, and, mayhap, Harry Grimes," added the veteran, who thought he had better conciliate Harry. "We will do the job, and d—n the policeman and the coroner!"

"Certainly," replied the General. "You can act under my directions. Convey the corpse to the proprietor of the hotel, and say it is sent by direction of General de Calverly."

"Certainly, sir," replied the veteran, holding out his hand in a thoughtful kind of manner. He held it out, indeed, so very thoughtfully and suggestively, that the General could not help seeing it, and taking his purse from his pocket, extracted half a sovereign, which he placed in the extended palm.

And now the procession started, leaving the General and his daughter alone with the strangers. It took but half a minute for some of the party to recover their self-possession.

"Might I trouble you for my hat?" said the young man who had given his garments into the custody of Florence, who had mechanically picked them up again, when the dead child had been taken from her arms. "Thanks! I'm sure I'm very much obliged," he continued, as he put the sacred but disfigured chimney-pot upon his head. "No, thank you, not at all damaged," he replied, to an odd look on Florence's face, as she became aware that she had made a pancake of it. "Good-morning!"

The General lifted his hat and Florence made her curtsy, and the man with the oar also prepared to take his departure.

"Hand over the coat, governor," he said; "I'll do as much for you someday. Thankee! good-bye, miss!—I'd like to shake hands if you didn't mind."

Florence gave her hand, and the General gave a groan.

"Good-morning!" he said, stiffly; and making his daughter take his arm, he left the detested spot. And then the two water champions had a good look at each other.

## CHAPTER VI.

## EXPLANATIONS.

THE man with the oar was an old fellow in the eyes of irreverent youth; he looked at least forty-five, and might have been a year or two older. He was about five feet ten inches in height, and well shaped, broad across the shoulders, and at least four inches wider by measurement than he was round the waist, but his face was not so young as his figure, his hair which had once been very dark, was now flecked with grey, and his curly, bushy beard was not as uniform in colour as it had been; but he showed no signs of decay, his teeth were strong and white, his eyes bright, blue and bold looking, he had no bend in the shoulders, and he lifted his feet when he walked like a war-horse, instead of shuffling them along the beach like a tired old porter. Young girls of sixteen would have considered him a rather fine old man if they had taken the trouble to look at him at all; and old maiden ladies and widows would have considered him a model of a man, or a moral one, a man, which many of them consider much the same. The man whose life he had saved was about the same height, but not so muscular, nor so set in figure, being very many years younger; he was not above twenty-eight, and some would have taken him for less; he was good-looking, with light brown curly hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion; his forehead was good and high, and plenty of intellect beamed out of his eyes; but still the expression of the face was not quite satisfactory; he looked both sorrowful and stern, as if he had seen some trouble, and had been rather hardened by it.

"I owe you my life," said the rescued man; "and I would thank you, if I knew how; but it is idle to try and express gratitude in words, at least, I can't do it; but I am thankful to you. My name is Walter Neville, and I have just come here as curate—indeed, I only saw Leigh for the first time yesterday, and pretty nearly for the last time to-day, if I had not met with you."

"I am glad I was at hand," replied the man with the oar; "it was a lucky thing, and promises more perhaps,—my name is George Burroughes. I am a Colonist, and on a run home from New Zealand, to the old country."

"I call it rather providence than luck," said Walter Neville rather gravely.

"Well, I don't know," replied George Burroughes. "You see,

I only arrived at Plymouth the day before yesterday ; and I was in a railway smash yesterday, close to Exeter. I did not get hurt, and I call that providence."

"Surely," said the curate ; "and so is this."

"I aint sure about that, it's a dangerous speculation ; you think so because you have got out of a scrape to-day, and I thought so because I was not killed yesterday. It might have been better for anything I know, that it had all turned out the other way, circumstances alter cases so,—I remember, only last month, our skipper ; who was all for detecting special providences, said at breakfast time, 'A fair wind, gentlemen and ladies, and running twelve knots an hour off the reel !' A young fellow answered up 'We're in luck, captain.' 'Call it providence, my dear young friend,' replied the captain ; 'there's no such thing as luck.' The young fellow looked very foolish, and ate his 'fry,' in silence ; but he had his revenge,—it blew hard enough before dinner, and when the steward brought in the soup tureen, he missed his footing, and slap went the pea-soup all down the skipper's back. He was a pious man, that skipper ; and he did not swear, he only said, 'Dear me ! how very unlucky !' 'Don't call it luck,' calls out young hopeful ; there's no such thing as luck—call it providence.'"

The curate laughed, and said—"Then you don't believe in special providences?"

"I did not say so," replied Burroughes. "I only doubted whether we always detected them. But we ought to get ourselves dried, somewhere or another."

"Do you stop here?" asked the curate."

"Not a bit of it ! I ought not to be here at all ; I am on my way to London, and came here by the merest chance in the world,—or providence, if you like it. I got out of the train at Saxby Junction, and while I was staring about like a fool, off went the train, and there is no other up-train until the afternoon. It struck me I might just as well pass the time running down to Leigh and back ; and that is how I came here."

"Come home with me ;" said the curate ; "you will find there will be plenty of time to dry yourself, and catch the train in good time."

"All right," replied Burroughes, and the pair started ; but they were destined to meet with further interruption. The local policeman had approached unnoticed.

"You are the gents, I see," he remarked, "that can give information about this business ; and I must trouble you for your names and addresses, as you will both be wanted at the inquest."

"Here's a providence, if you like," said Burroughes, to the

curate. But I want to get up to town to-day, policeman," he continued.

"Can't be done, you know," the official replied. "Its all been just about as irregular as it could be, and we can't allow of any more irregularity. So far as I understand it, the body was not even searched. Did either of you, gents, search the body?" he asked severely.

"No," said Burroughes. "This gentleman didn't because he wasn't sensible; and I didn't because I was. I was busy trying to restore life by Marshall Hall's method, as they call it, or, at least, the young lady was."

"Oh, that's Mr. Hall's method, is it?" replied the official; then it's not mine, and, more than that, its contrary to instructions. First thing is to search the body for the weapon with which the act was committed; then take a note of all valuables, and, after that, if you like, remove the corpse to the nearest public house, and inform the coroner; that is my notion! It's been all very irregular; no search has been made, and as for valuables, they might drop out of the dead party's pocket, don't you see, supposing there was ~~an~~ official present."

"Surely," the curate replied, "you don't suspect us of robbing the body of a child about five years of age,—poor little fellow! ~~he~~ could not have had many valuables beyond a peg-top or a penny-worth of marbles,—where could he have got them?"

"He might have stolen them," said the policeman solemnly.

"Why, man," exclaimed Burroughes, "you would suspect ~~your~~ own mother!"

"Of course, I would," replied the policeman — it's my duty — I do always."

"It must be an awful life," said the curate.

"Well, no, not if I finds them out; but it is trying to go ~~on~~ for years suspecting your father, or mother, or wife, it may be, ~~and~~ never to catch them after all.

"You've caught us, anyway," said Burroughes; "I will ~~just~~ put up at the 'Chester Arms,' and then you will be sure of me."

"All right," replied the official; "I will just walk there ~~with~~ you, and introduce you to the landlord. And I know where to ~~find~~ ~~you~~, sir," he continued, addressing the other young man,—"the new curate, I think?"

"Yes; I'm lodging at Mrs. Todgers."

"All right, sir!"

Mr. Neville took his departure by a short cut over a field, while the policeman and Burroughes walked slowly to the "Chester Arms." The curate reached his home, or rather lodgings, in Violet Terrace, but, of course, not unobserved. If nobody else had

him, his neighbours, the Misses Jenkinson, would have spied out. In the first place, they were always on the look-out never failed to detect anything disreputable, and the curate's sent appearance was certainly against him; his hat was enough to condemn him. No wonder the Misses Jenkinson put two and two together, as they called it, with remarkable acuteness.

"Oh, gracious!" said Miss Jemima, who was peeping through the slits of the Venetian blinds up the terrace, while her sister Flora was watching the approaches down the terrace, "Oh, my dear Flora, look here!—I declare it has given me quite a turn;—the curate, my love, and I fear intoxicated!"

Flora seldom disputed the judgment of Jemima, for the latter was the elder sister, and fifty-three years of trial in this wicked world had, of course, given her an experience she at forty-nine would not have hoped to gain,—indeed, she did not hope to acquire rather the other way; for in her heart of hearts she really looked on Jemima as just a little past the matrimonial age. But the case was a young man and a stranger, and unmarried, for anything she knew, and it was a duty to defend the innocent.

"Jemima!" she exclaimed, indignantly, "how can you say such things! I see no signs of intoxication,—his hat is queer, his lips; but that might have happened in a hundred different ways: he might have had an accident."

"Make excuses for him if you like, my dear," replied Miss Jemima. "You were not so charitable when dear Mrs. Hopkins went out the other evening with her bonnet on the wrong side."

Because I know she was a little so-so, Jemima. I did not judge by her bonnet; I went out the back way, and managed to get her on the beach. She wanted to avoid me; but I was sick for her. 'Oh, you dear thing!' I said; 'what a time it is to see you,' and before she knew where she was I kissed her lips. Oh, my dear, there was no mistake about it; it was I think."

"It's a pity one cannot detect gentlemen always," said Jemima, "they are so sly. Now, if one could only catch them like you Mrs. Hopkins, you would see that I am right about that."

"Now you are wrong!" replied poor Flora, hotly.

"But, my dear, is mere assertion," said Miss Jemima; "it is to make assertions without producing proof. You should produce words."

"If I could," thought poor Flora; but she did not quite say so. She was not immodest, considering her age, and in her tendency to put two and two together, she had always only made an exception in the matter of male lips.

## SHORT PAPERS ON MANY SUBJECTS.

## IV.

BY DR. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

## I.

THE FUTURE LIFE.—It is a charming fancy, which assigns to the dead an eternal habitation far away beyond the clouds, where nothing resembling or recalling earth will mar the brightness and happiness of that future life to which all men look forward, of which no man knows anything certain.

Far beyond the star-spangled sky, far beyond Sirius and Alcyone and the mighty suns, which are to other systems of planets the sources of light and heat and life, there the child intuitively feels that his little playmates, whom he has lost, are at rest; there the weary and aged pilgrim knows, though he can give no proof in support of his knowledge, that the long-lost mother, the long-departed friend await him. There, beyond the stars where all is so calm and peaceful, it is pleasant to hope that the habitations of the blessed are placed. It may only, perhaps, be a superstitious remnant of a faith which, amidst the attacks of modern scepticism, is fast falling to pieces. The wise man may, indeed, know that those mansions of peace must be happy and beautiful wherever they are, because they come from the hand of God, all whose works are very good; yet it brings joy to many, who in the midst of trouble and sorrow are only sustained by the thought that among the stars is their eternal habitation.

That future life, of which all think, of which none know much, must often fill the mind and occupy the thoughts of even the worst and vilest. Little may be said about it in public, but deep down in the recesses of the human heart there must be a constant recurrence of the thoughts to it. What will it be? How will eternity be passed? Who can tell? Who dare answer? There can be no absolute certainty about these matters, for God has not been pleased to give that knowledge to any of His creatures which alone would make conjecture unnecessary. But man, notwithstanding, feels assured that He who has clothed the lily with a loveliness and purity man's works never possess; He who has created those mighty suns and planets which crowd the boundless firmament; He who watches over all His creatures, protects them from danger, enables them to live,—must have prepared a place of abode, and

have devised occupations for man, grander, purer, more useful than anything it has entered into man's heart to conceive of. That thought should silence all doubt, and impart to the prospect of soon entering upon the future life. Man occasionally be obliged to toil painfully upwards with nothing at hand to bless or cheer; but "he who hath the Father and the Son may be left, but not alone." How different is the Christian's thoughts when death approaches from the case of Hadrianus, who, when dying, exclaimed, "*Animula, vagula, hospes comesque corporis, quæ nunc abibis in loca lula, rigida, nudula, nec ut soles dabis jocos?*"

## II.

3. **DIGNITY OF LABOUR.**—In spite of the recent remarkable increase of intelligence and the great development of the human mind, there continues to linger in many minds an extraordinary notion that labour is an unmitigated hardship—not a blessing. As a result of this singular delusion, men lament that the ground is cursed, and that in sorrow they are compelled to eat its fruit all the days of their short and weary life. The earth, say they, is destined to bring forth thorns and thistles, and in the sweat of his brow it is decreed that man shall till it till he returns to the ground from which they assume he came. As the logical development of this opinion, they never fail of trying to demonstrate to their hearers that in a perfect state of existence there will be no necessity that any kind of labour be undertaken. Then all that man needs to make him happy will be provided, and in sensual indulgence and luxurious ease his life will flow on like an untroubled stream through the eternity. In that state of existence he will reap that which he has not sowed, and eat that which has cost him no labour. These notions, which have received a kind of religious sanction, but are really a shadow of foundation on which to rest, might be well dispensed with in the infancy of the world; are they deserving of credence at the youth and the infancy of mankind are over, and that the fuller glory of manhood is at hand? It is too late to seek to enlighten the human mind and to retard its unending progress. Man lies in wait for a grand future—a future when he will refuse to bow blindly to authority, and will free himself from the bonds of despotic and unjust creeds draw around him. Then he will be comforted by calm and intelligent faith, and listen to the voice of reason. A day must come when man will no longer obey arbitrary commands, nor tremble at the words of bigoted priests, whose systems of theology receive respect only because,



having been suited to the infancy of mankind, they claim a right from their antiquity to be cheerfully accepted by all generations and conditions of men. The time is come when the spirit, not the letter of religion must be sought, and, once discovered, must be carried into practice, and influence the lives, the hopes, and the conduct of men. While seeking to learn and grasp the spirit of true religion, man must judge of creeds and dogmas by the unprejudiced and matured light of reason, and test all things by its lofty standard.

That error against which this short paper is directed, is more common in some parts of the world than in England. The inhabitants of the sunny lands on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, enervated by corrupt education and a warm climate, despise labour and seem supremely happy, in their way, as long as basking idly in the sun, they are able to revel in the *dolce far niente*, the *summum bonum* of many of them. In spite of the purer light in which men are now privileged to live, at times an echo is heard of the old cry that far away beyond that dark and tempestuous sea which good and bad alike will one day cross, when they fade away from the sight of friends for ever, is a land of pure delight, called the New Eden, where the sun never sets, where there is no work to do—at least, the only work allotted to man will be praising his Great Creator and contemplating during the endless ages of eternity His transcendent power and glory. It is not well that man should authoritatively pretend to say what will be when the dark gates of the tomb close upon his mortal remains; but is such a heaven the one the scholar and the divine really desire to enter—a heaven purer far, it is true, but constructed in some measure on the same plan as that odious paradise which Mahomet promised his faithful followers.

Let anyone look around; he will perceive that motion and progress are now, as they have always been, the order of God's mighty universe. They who look forward to an eternity of idleness, and fancy that they could be happy in its enjoyment, do not perceive that they yearn, in their ignorance, for something which cannot be, and which, were it possible, would be a blot in the midst of that beautiful combination of order and progress which the cultured and reverent intellect confesses is the sublimest characteristic of man's Creator and Father. The stars never rest for an instant, the stability of the universe demands that they should roll on for ever and do their appointed work. The sun is not for a moment at rest, and moves in its mighty orbit as grandly now as it did millions of years ago—as grandly as it will roll onwards when all of mortal form has for ever left this earth. The heaven prepared for man may be a land of peace—winter blasts may never blow over it—sorrow, which here wrings the manliest breast, may there be unknown;

as may never dim the eye there, disappointment may vainly seek to find admission where all is joy and peace. Work to do there must be even there. In heaven, as on earth, there must be progress, and man—poor, weak creature!—must even there approach nearer and nearer to the purity and perfection of his Maker. Those whose feet, through great tribulation and a life of well-directed energy, have carried them to the higher life, will find that there still always remain much for them to do. Surely the divine effect of man cannot alone be idle when all else is in ceaseless motion and doing its appointed work. Man would be a miserable being were he destined to pine on through an eternity of idleness. He may find many things there the meaning of which he could not now fathom. He is, in this beautiful world, surrounded by many mysteries which here he will never understand; but there must be plenty of scope for energy in the other world. In this world there may be little peace worthy of the name—little knowledge really paying the labour expended on its acquisition; but man was created that he might work—willingly, cheerfully, and unceasingly—and that he should prepare himself for the new career awaiting him when labour will never be painful and knowledge never be dearly purchased. He who neglects his allotted task cannot be held to pass through life guiltless, though in most respects his career may appear blameless to his fellow-men.

As it must needs be done to-day, labour is sometimes full of weariness and anxiety, still under the most favourable conditions it is better far than idleness. Discontent and sorrow more often come to him who refuses to bend his energies to accomplishing some worthy task than to him by whom a constant round of toil and exertion is cheerfully welcomed. To a well-regulated mind labour is not itself a cause of grief, though the circumstances under which it is done may render it more trying than it was intended to be. Were it not for the necessity of working—that blessed necessity—one of God's greatest gifts to man, bestowed out of perfect love and in all gentleness—life would be an uninteresting and of barrenness and sorrow, and man, the noblest of the inhabitants of the earth, would alone be debarred, of all the creatures of the air and field, from those means of pure enjoyment which now come in his way. Half man's troubles are phantoms of his disordered fancy: soberly examined they vanish before the light of reason. So he who laments that he rises in the morning only to commence a day of toil, complains in his blindness of that which gives life more than half of all that renders it lovely, and which, were it used aright, would impart joy to the humblest lot, and bring variety and cheerfulness to the most monotonous career.

## III.

CRITICISMS.—There should be the greatest freedom of criticism permitted, provided always that critics know what they are about and are actuated by kindly motives. Public men, whose writings, sayings, doings, and opinions are exposed to the light of day, in a degree from which those of less distinguished persons are fortunately protected, must, however, often be pained by the severe, unfeeling, and absurd remarks daily flung at them.

Let the critic never forget that the man he criticises may be far abler, better, and wiser than himself, and that, in what are confessedly matters of opinion, unanimity cannot be expected and might not be desirable. Unless there are obvious marks of imperfection in what is criticised, unless it is certainly known that ignorance and presumption have actuated the writer or speaker, why should anyone contemptuously fling aside the work, which may have cost days or months to prepare, which surely has merits, though they may be small.

Few men are so bad as to be utterly worthless, and nearly all are better than they are thought to be. In the course of a life not very long, but which has brought me in the way of persons holding very different creeds and moving in all possible walks of life, from the humble pauper in the workhouse to ranks in which intolerance and aristocratic exclusiveness reign supreme, I have seen that few men are altogether depraved, I have learnt that nearly all have many good points; the same remarks apply to nearly everything written or said.

But it is the writer who is especially liable to be hurt by the random, thoughtless objections that will be constantly made to his works and opinions. Unless such criticisms are more than usually wide of the mark, I do not in my own case heed them. Of course, however, fair and generous criticisms I try to profit by, for from them I may learn; but how seldom are criticisms fair and useful. Few know how galling it is to have a letter from a friend with a postscript to the following effect:—"N.B. That last paper of yours is full of nonsense;" or, "That article is quite a mistake;" whereas has several times happened, I knew that my correspondent had neither education nor ability to justify him in forming any opinion one way or the other. Once a lady in Manchester, a complete stranger, wrote me eight pages to the effect that she had seen a paper of mine, dealing by the way with a purely social subject from which she said no one could tell whether I did or did not believe in the existence of a God; and, thereupon, in spite of all!

ould do to assure her that on that point at least she was in error, she favoured me with several long letters in which she satisfactorily proved—what I have never doubted—that there is a God.

Once, again, an amiable Birmingham solicitor—for whose benevolence I have much more respect than for his prudence and wisdom—wrote me a long and angry letter pulling a paper of mine to pieces, and urging me to adopt his views. Unfortunately, as he subsequently confessed, he had been so precipitate in writing that he had not perceived that my opinions and his agreed in all respects. Such instances I could largely multiply, and perhaps many of those eminent public men, who are daily harshly criticised, might often have to complain that their critics were just as rash as mine.

#### IV.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE.—For wars and national commotions the year Eighteen Seventy-three was not remarkable, nor will it be famous, in English history at any rate, for having witnessed important measures of reform. In most respects the year was commonplace enough. Commerce everywhere grew and flourished, and, in the United Kingdom, prosperity and tranquillity reigned supreme. There was one respect, however, in which the year has had few equals—it saw the close of many brilliant careers, and there were few weeks in the fifty-two which did not, as they gave place to their successors, leave England poorer in great men. Not England alone, but the whole world, had to bear with resignation the wide gaps which, in the course of the year, death made in the ranks of the leaders of mankind. Four countries especially suffered severely—England, France, Italy, and the United States.

The year commenced ominously. As early as the 9th of January the world was startled by the news that the late Emperor of the French had expired at Chislehurst. Later in the year France, besides other names of distinction which might be added to the list, lost Amédée Thierry, the historian; Auguste Nelaton, her greatest surgeon; Odillon Barrot, the orator; Charles Rigault de Genouilly, Admiral of the Fleet; François Victor Hugo, the translator of the sonnets of Shakespeare; and St. Marc Girardin, Vice President of the National Assembly.

On the 18th of April a greater man than any of the preceding—Justus von Liebig—ceased from his labours; in losing him the whole civilised world felt that a terrible blow had been struck at science. A fortnight earlier, another great German, Albrecht von

Bernstorff, in the midst of his career of usefulness, passed away, and Prussia, though not the world, sustained a trying loss.

In the course of the year the United States saw her small group of illustrious sons seriously diminished. She had to deplore the deaths of Captain Matthew Maury, the famous hydrographer; Charles Pettit McIlvaine, Bishop of Ohio; Chief Justice Chase, the inventor of greenbacks; Louis Agassiz, the naturalist; and Hiram Powers, the distinguished sculptor. Mr. Powers's *chef d'œuvre*, "The Greek Slave," exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851, proved that America had, at last, produced a genius worthy of taking rank among the greatest artists of the century.

On the 22nd of May, Italy lost Alessandro Manzoni, the gifted author of "I Promessi Sposi," the finest novel in the Italian language, and a work ranking with the best of Sir Walter Scott's. Among other irreparable losses were those of Urbano Rattazzi, twice Prime Minister; Dominico Lauro, poet and patriot; Rinaldo Rinaldi, the sculptor; and on September 19, at Vienna, after a few hours' illness, Professor Donati, the distinguished astronomer, whose connection with the great comet of 1858 brought Italian science once more into general notice.

A strange but interesting link connecting the present age with the long-vanished past was the Countess Guiccioli, infamous for her connection with Lord Byron. Her death, in the course of the spring, snapped the link.

The above were assuredly great losses; still, in the aggregate, they did not equal those England sustained. She, in every walk of literature, science, and art saw gaps made among her greatest and best men. It would be out of the question to do more than enumerate the most illustrious; even then the sad list is far too long. There died Emanuel Oscar Deutsch, the accomplished Hebrew and Chaldee scholar; Thomas Guthrie and Robert Candlish, the heads and brightest stars and two of the four great founders of the Free Church of Scotland; Baptist Noel, the most respected and amiable minister in the Baptist denomination; Lord Lytton, poet, novelist, essayist, statesman, thinker; Stephen Lushington, the upright and broad-minded judge; Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury—the illustrious law-lord; Admiral Sir Robert McClure, the Arctic explorer, and Sir Paul de Strzelecki, the Australian traveller; Lord Chief Justice Sir William Bovill; John Stuart Mill, the most original and profound of English philosophers and political economists; Samuel Wilberforce, the courtly, stately, and eloquent Bishop of Winchester, whose melodious voice thrilled through the hearts of the thousands who flocked to hear him; Mrs. Alfred Gatty, whose wonderful books for children placed her at the head of an important field of literature; Adam Sedgwick, the Nestor of

English geology; William Charles Macready, the prince of English tragedians; Sir William Tite, the architect of the Royal Exchange; Sir Henry Holland, the eminent physician, traveller, and man of letters; Sir Edwin Landseer, the painter of dumb animals; John Evelyn Denison, Lord Viscount Ossington—the universally-respected Speaker, for fifteen years, of the House of Commons; and, though not known in this country till long after, on the 4th of May, David Livingstone.

Of these famous Englishmen, the names of six at least will go down to posterity among the foremost of which the Anglo-Saxon race can boast. They are those of Samuel Wilberforce, Edward Bulwer Lytton, John Stuart Mill, William Charles Macready, Edwin Landseer, and David Livingstone—men in their respective walks high among the acknowledged chiefs. One of the six is a man who never had an equal in any of the pursuits to which he devoted himself, and who has only had three or four rivals, of late years, in the other. It is the glory of him who from being a Glasgow factory-hand became the world-renowned David Livingstone, that he was the prince of modern travellers and explorers, and that, as a missionary, he attained an eminence only two or three Englishmen have ever approached.

## V.

**MODERN PREACHERS.**—Few of the many letters and articles on this topic, which have of late years occupied so large a space in our periodical literature, have appeared to me to enter fully into the reasons for the want of eloquence among the clergy, and the undoubted diminution in the influence of the pulpit. It would be most presumptuous were I to hope that my remarks would prove more satisfactory to others than theirs have to me. No writer, in my opinion at any rate, has attempted to point out clearly, much less to explain, the many and various causes for the slight hold the Established Church has on the affections of at least two-thirds of the nation.

The duties of a clergyman are, it appears to me, divisible into two, perhaps I ought to say into three, great classes. First, he has to preach to his parishioners, many of whom never hear him except in church, where, besides, all classes and ranks meet. Secondly, he has to superintend and conduct the schools, societies, and charitable institutions of the parish, and to aid in the supervision and management of similar institutions in the district and diocese. Thirdly, he has to visit and comfort the sick and the dying, to go from house to house and gain the affection of the people, and to exercise a salutary influence over them.

Now, it is obvious, that to preach weekly to, and reach any congregation probably drawn from all grades of society, great tact, considerable learning, and some eloquence are needed; Again, in most parishes, the incumbent requires a good deal of judgment, and a fair share of administrative skill, to conduct successfully the second class of duties referred to. But thousands and tens of thousands of Sunday school teachers, local preachers, and even uncultured labourers, are fully competent to visit and pray with the sick. Often when their hearts are right with God, they do good to members of their own class where more learned men would completely fail.

The Church of England ought either to have two grades of clergy, the one to undertake work demanding considerable education and ability; the other to attend to humbler, though not less holy, duties; or the latter might be deputed to an inferior class of scripture readers and lay visitors, as is now to a great extent done in a number of populous town parishes.

As long as the same man, whatever his tastes and abilities; is expected to attend to many conflicting duties, failure must frequently be the result.

It is generally admitted and expected at the present time, that every clergyman ought to be able to deliver some kind of a sermon, or speech, and in such a way as to be at least endurable. Yet men are ordained whose voices are so feeble that they cannot be heard half over a small church. Worse faults than this are occasionally to be found. I went into a church one evening in Birmingham, and heard a clergyman preach who had a cleft palate. I hardly understood a word. Of course it was painful to watch his distressing efforts to articulate distinctly. He was a learned and pious man, but certainly never ought to have been ordained, or at least should not have been allowed to preach. An acquaintance of mine, a vicar in London, has a most disagreeable lisp; many words he cannot properly articulate, not a few he mispronounces, and others he quietly omits.

Then, again, look at the want of earnestness of many of the clergy. At Oxford you can always find hundreds of tall aristocratic-looking men, who are going into the church. A few years later you find them settled down into the dignified, well-bred, refined rector, a capital acquisition at a party, or to one's circle of acquaintances. There are in this country some thousands of these men, whose want of earnestness, objection to fervour, and deficiency of anything like eloquence or fluency, show how deplorably unfit they are for their sacred and responsible calling. Now I contend that every man who has to preach once or twice a week all through his life, should take the deepest interest in preaching, and should realise

the importance of the work before him, and that he should in addition have the physical and intellectual qualifications required to make his preaching successful and interesting. The desire to preach well is not enough; the preacher ought to know how to preach.

## VI.

UNIVERSITY HONOURS.—There are few subjects on which greater misconceptions are rife than on the importance and meaning of high university honours. Now, what is meant by passing severe examinations, and taking a good place? Just this—that a certain curriculum is gone through, in a certain place, and often, too, during a certain brief period of life. It is, consequently, at once evident that many of those persons who cannot devote themselves to one or two lines of study, for three or four years, in a given town, may all the time be filling their minds with the richest stores of knowledge, and yet may fail to take those coveted honours the import of which so few persons choose to understand.

But, again, granting that honours are obtained and all the steps gone through leading to them, what then? Proof has been given that of two or three branches of knowledge a full and accurate knowledge is possessed at the age of eighteen, twenty, twenty-five. It then rests with the successful candidates whether they will or can make good practical use, during the remainder of life, of that solid foundation of knowledge they have acquired; for, surely, no one would admit that he is satisfied with merely knowing what is a good deal for a young man.

Unfortunately, however, it has become the pernicious custom of the age to look upon taking a good degree as the consummation and the end of study. The explanation must be looked for in the number of sinecure fellowships and college livings connected with the old universities. A good degree leads to a fellowship, and generally, too, to a living. The reward of study is so obvious and certain that many, fortunately not all men are satisfied with their early achievements, and henceforth they rest on their oars, and are only redeemed from utter contempt by pointing to what they did twenty, thirty, forty years before.

Without disparaging high honours, let me point out that the men who come out so high that they are entitled to receive the pecuniary rewards the old universities can offer, may occasionally be little superior, at the time of taking their degree, to other men, who fall just behind, and who are consequently for ever debarred from fellowships and other sinecures; but who, from working hard all through life leave a name in history far above that of more fortunate university rivals.



Many of the brightest names in literature, science, and art, are those of men who were, during their university course, eclipsed by rivals, who either kept more closely to what paid, or who had a better knack for passing examinations. Of course this is not always the case, and honour-men often greatly distinguish themselves in after life. University honours, however, ought to be the promise of better things to come, not the crowning glory of life.

## VII.

PROFESSIONAL INCOMES.—It was Sydney Smith who first, I believe, pointed out that, in the church, the private incomes of the clergy were on the average twice as large as their professional salaries. In all the professions it is the rule to find that, in addition to the earnings, there are usually abundant private means. This fact is, I think, too well established to need any corroborative evidence. It may safely be assumed that, though some professional men are absolutely dependent on their earnings, the majority have some private means, ranging from half or a quarter their stipends, to forty, fifty or even a hundred times their earnings.

One result of this state of things undoubtedly is that persons not much in the way of the professional classes, but seeing that they usually live in good style and are well off, jump to the conclusion that doctors, lawyers, authors, and engineers earn largely. The stipends of the clergy are generally too well known to make such mistakes possible about them.

But here we are met with an objection, only excusable in persons who know little of professional life. Why, they ask, should men who have private means enter professions? Would any man with £500 a-year settle down as a village surgeon? It is impossible. A moment's reflection will remove all objections. Is a man with £500 a-year private income not a much greater man when connected with an honourable profession than when he has no occupation? Is not the same man much better off if he also earns £300 a-year? But there are other considerations to be remembered which clear away all difficulty. It is the custom in England for gentlemen to enter professions; they thus ultimately earn something that may be of help, and they have a decidedly better social position and more influence; they, moreover, have something to do, and few young men would care to pass through life without employment.

Perhaps, however, before all the reasons enumerated above comes one, few men will openly proclaim, but which certainly actuates many of those who embrace a professional career—it is the hope of gaining some of those prizes and honours, which every

professional man sees before him, but which not one in twenty may ever grasp. Many an unsuccessful doctor, who never earned a guinea a day, is buoyed up till his hair is white by the hope that he may become a distinguished consultant with £3000 a-year. Many a barrister, who lives on hope, looks forward to a county-court judgeship, which twenty others are as eagerly expecting. Many a clergyman, who remains the rector of the same poor village for half a century, pleases himself with thinking that he may, some day, get something of greater value. Hope buoys up many a man, who plods on very contentedly amidst difficulties which might well overwhelm him, were he to think of them.

### VIII.

**HYDROPHOBIA.**—Modern scientific experiment and observation have clearly proved that, both in the human subject and in the dog, hydrophobia—more properly, rabies—never occurs except as the result of a bite from an infected animal. The dreadful experiments of Dupuytren, Breschet, and Magendie—who, with the disregard of suffering, so fearful a characteristic of the flippant, heartless French disposition, caused dogs and cats to be exposed to the effects of hunger and thirst, as well as the more appalling cruelty perpetrated in the name of science, at the Veterinary College, at Alfort, in France, where unfortunate dogs were chained in the full blaze of a burning sun till they died—lead to the same conclusion.

It is seldom easy to make out the causes of disease, however common, and he who sets himself the task will often despair of success and certainty. When at last patient toil and skilful investigation are crowned with success, he often finds that neither cause nor disease is amenable to remedies.

Hydrophobia is always fatal. Perhaps no well-authenticated case of recovery or cure is to be found in the records of medicine. But with care the disease may be invariably prevented. Now and then it has happened that an unfortunate person has died from what seemed to be hydrophobia without having been exposed, as far as could be made out, to danger. Such cases are rare. It is generally easy, with a little trouble, to find out the occasion on which the bite was inflicted.

It may, I think, be accepted as distinctly proved, that *de novo* hydrophobia never occurs in man. Obviously, it is more difficult to prove this of animals, but in a very large proportion of cases it can be shown that the rabid animal has been in the way of danger. It is but fair, therefore, to argue the same cause—a bite from a rabid animal—in all the remainder.

Dogs have been exposed to all the causes which medical theorists

have stated likely, under certain circumstances, to produce the complaint. The result has been a death of intense agony to the poor creature, but rabies has never been produced. Intense heat, and want of food and water, have been proved not to be the causes.

Even now many people believe, with the obstinacy of ignorance, that rabies is more common in summer than at any other season. Statistic demonstrate with unerring accuracy that public opinion is wrong.

Granting that deaths from rabies may not often occur, that dog bites are not frequently severe, that the precaution of having a wound cauterised may not be painful, though probably the surgeon and his patient would differ in their respective opinions, the conclusion to which every benevolent man must come is that on their own account, the poor, half-starved, diseased, wretched curs, so plentiful in the streets of every great town, ought to be put out of their misery. Without cruelty to the animals, and with little pain, they could be destroyed, and the frequency of a dreadful complaint would be greatly diminished.



MASTER MARTIN,  
THE  
COOPER OF NUREMBERG AND HIS MEN.

A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

[From the German of E. T. A. Hoffman,]

BY J. LORAIN HEELIS.

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CHAPTER I.

*How Master Martin was chosen President of the Coopers' Guild, and how he returned thanks for the Honour conferred on Him.*

ON the first day of May, in the year of grace one thousand five hundred and eighty, the Worshipful Guild of Coopers, of the imperial city of Nuremberg, held their solemn guild meeting, according to old-established custom and usage. One of their presidents, or Kerzenmeister, had been recently carried to the grave, and a new one was to be elected. The choice fell upon Master Martin, almost as a matter of course, for scarcely any cooper could equal the strength and finish of his casks, and no one understood so well as he the management of wine in the cellar, so that he had the best people for his customers, and was in easy, indeed, almost convenient circumstances.

When Master Martin had been elected, the worthy counsellor, Job Paumgartner, who presided over the guild as Master of the craft, spoke thus :—

‘You have done well, my friends, to choose as your president Master Martin, for the office cannot be in better hands. Master Martin is esteemed by all who know him, for his great skill and sound knowledge of the art of keeping wine. His honest life, and his pious life, in spite of the riches which he has accumulated, should serve as a pattern to you all. So I greet you my dear Master Martin, as our worthy president.’

With these words Paumgartner rose from his seat and stepped a few paces with outstretched arms, expecting that Master Martin would advance to meet him. But the latter, placing a hand on the arm of his easy chair, raised himself slowly and heavily, and in such a well-nourished personage. Then he walked slowly into Paumgartner's hearty embrace, which he returned.

"Well," said Paumgartner, somewhat disconcerted, "well, Master Martin, is it displeasing to you that we have chosen you as our Kerzenmeister?"

Master Martin, as his manner was, threw his head back, laid his two hands on his corporation, protruded his under lip, and looked round on the assembly with eyes wide open. Then, turning to Paumgartner, he said:

"Ah, my dear, worshipful sir, why should it displease me to receive that which is my due? Who would scorn to receive wages for honest labour? and who would turn away from his threshold the debtor who comes at last to pay the money borrowed long ago? Ah, my good people," continued Master Martin, turning to the master coopers who sat around, "has it at length struck you that I—that I *must* be president of our worshipful guild? What do you require in a president? Ought he to be the most skilful in his craft? Go and look at my two fudder-cask, my masterpiece, made without heat, and then say if any of you can boast having turned out one like it, for strength and neatness of work? Would you like your president to be possessed of money and land? Come to my house, and I will open my coffers and strong boxes, and your eyes shall be dazzled with the glitter of gold and silver. Should the president be honoured by both great and small? You have but to ask the honourable members of our town council. Ask the nobles and gentlefolk in the neighbourhood of our good city of Nuremberg, ask the Right Reverend Bishop of Bamberg. Ask them all what they think of Master Martin. Well, I think you would hear nothing ill of him!"

With these words Master Martin gently patted his corporation, smiled in a self-satisfied way with his eyes half closed; and as all kept silence, and only an ominous "Hem!" was now and then audible, he proceeded:

"But I well know that I ought to be thankful that the Lord has at length enlightened you in your choice. Well, when I receive the recompense of my toil, when the debtor repays the money I have lent him, then I write at the foot of the account—'Received with thanks, Thomas Martin, master cooper, of this city.' So, I thank you from my heart for paying an old debt, by choosing me for your president and Kerzenmeister. For the rest, I promise to fulfil the duties of my office with due fidelity and rectitude. I shall be ready to assist the guild and each and all of its members in time of need with counsel and help, as far as my powers will permit. I will strive to maintain our renowned craft in that state of honour and dignity to which it has attained. And I invite you all, worthy masters of the craft and dear friends, to a jovial feast on Sunday next. Then will we cheerfully discuss, over deep potations of

Hochheimer or Johannisberg, or whatever other wine from my well-filled cellar, it may please you to drink, what is to be done for the advantage of us all. Once more I heartily bid you all to the feast."

The countenances of the worshipful masters, which had visibly darkened during the delivery of Master Martin's proud speech, now assumed a more cheerful aspect, and the ominous silence was succeeded by a lively conversation, the principal topic being the merits of Master Martin and his well-selected cellar of wine. They all promised to come next Sunday, and held out their hands to the newly-elected Kerzenmeister, who shook them heartily, and even pressed one or two of the masters slightly against his stomach, as if about to embrace them. So they separated in a mighty good humour.

## CHAPTER II.

### *What happened in Master Martin's Dwelling.*

Now, the worthy town councillor, Jacob Paumgartner, on his way home, must needs pass by the house of Master Martin : and as the two stood before the door, and Paumgartner was about to walk away, Martin doffed his cap, and bowing as low as was seemly for so dignified and corpulent a personage, said to the councillor :

"If you would not disdain to step into my poor house for an hour, my dear worshipful sir, be pleased to let me have the pleasure of listening to, and profiting by, your wise conversation."

"Oh, my dear Master Martin," replied Paumgartner, smiling, "I will willingly tarry awhile in your house ; but why do you call it a poor one? I well know that not one of the houses of the richest citizens surpasses it in adornment and furniture. It is only a short time since you finished the handsome building which makes your home the chief ornament of our renowned imperial city, to say nothing of its interior decoration, for no nobleman need be ashamed of that."

Old Paumgartner was right ; for no sooner had you opened the brightly-polished door, adorned with rich brass-work, than you were in the roomy entrance-hall ; with its clean inlaid floor, with fine pictures on the walls, and the artfully-turned presses and chairs, looking quite magnificent. So every visitor cheerfully followed the advice given in the verses which, according to time-honoured custom, hung on a small tablet close by the door :—

"Whoever here will enter in  
Must be sure his shoes are clean ;  
Else let him take them off before,  
So that none complain therefore.  
A man of sense will know before  
How to act when past the door."

The day was hot, and the atmosphere of the room, now that the

evening twilight entered it, was close and sultry. So Master Martin led his worthy guest into the commodious and cool state kitchen. This was the name given in those days to the room in the houses of rich citizens, which was fitted up as a kitchen but not used as one. It was adorned with all kinds of costly furniture of household necessity, but merely for show. No sooner had they entered this apartment than Master Martin called, with a loud voice, "Rosa—Rosa!" Then the door opened, and Master Martin's only daughter, Rosa, came into the room.

I trust, dear reader, that you have seen some of the masterpieces of the great Albert Dürer. If so, and if you have a vivid remembrance of the noble figures of the Virgin, full of grace, and mildness, and piety, their fair and lovely brow, their cheeks coloured, as it were, by the breath of roses, their lips like cherries, their tender, downcast eyes, half-shaded by dark lashes, like the moonbeams shining through a lovely grove,—think of their silky hair, so daintily braided—think of all the heavenly beauty of these virgins,—and you will see in your mind's eye the form of Rosa. If not, how can I picture to you that lovely child? Yet there is one modern artist into whose breast a bright ray from that old time has penetrated. I mean the painter Cornelius, in whose picture of Gretchen, as she speaks to Fame these words—"Bist du weder Fräulein weder schön," you may also see Rosa.

Rosa bent in childlike humility before Paumgartner, and, taking his hand, pressed it to her lips. The pale cheeks of the old man became flushed, and, as the sun when just about to sink beneath the horizon, suddenly lights up the dark foliage with one last golden ray, so the fire of youth, long passed away, sparkled once more in his eyes.

"Ah, Master Martin," said he, "you are a prosperous man; but I trow that the bravest gift with which the Lord has endowed you is your daughter Rosa. When we old men all sit in council how our hearts glow on seeing that dear child! and we cannot turn away our dull eyes from her. And who can blame the young men for gazing on your daughter when they meet her in the street, for looking at her in church instead of at the priest, for always being near your daughter, sighing and ogling and making sweet speeches on the Allerwiese, or wherever there may be a festival, to the great annoyance of all the other maidens? You may pick and choose your son-in-law from among our young patricians, or wherever you please."

Master Martin's countenance clouded over. He ordered his daughter to bring some rare old wine; and as she quitted the room with glowing face and downcast eyes, he thus addressed Paumgartner:—

"My dear sir, it is indeed true that my child is gifted with rare beauty, and that in this, also, Heaven has made me rich ; but how could you speak of that in the maiden's presence?"

"How could I keep silence?" rejoined Paumgartner, smiling. "Out of the full heart the mouth speaketh. Don't you think that even my sluggish blood moves more quickly when I see Rosa ? and if I say with sincerity that which she must know very well herself, then, no harm can come of it!"

Rosa brought the wine and two stately drinking glasses, and Martin pulled the heavy table, which was adorned with quaint carved-work, into the middle of the room. The two old men had just taken their places at the table, and Master Martin had scarcely filled the two glasses, when the tramp of a horse's hoofs was heard before the house. A horseman drew up at the door, and his voice was soon heard in the entrance-hall. Rosa hastened to the door, and came back with the news that old Squire Heinrich von Spangenberg had arrived, and wished to speak with Master Martin.

"Well," said Master Martin, "doubtless he has some orders, and perhaps he wishes me to lay down some more wine for him. At any rate, we shall have a pleasant evening, now that my oldest customer has come to pay me a visit!"

And with that he hurried out of the room, to receive the welcome guest.

### CHAPTER III.

*How Master Martin extolled his Craft above every other.*

THE hochheimer perled in the delicately-cut drinking glasses, and opened the hearts, and loosened the tongues of the three old men, and of Spangenberg, in particular, who, old as he was, had still a good store of youthful spirits in him, and could narrate many a merry jest of happy bygone days, at which Master Martin laughed until his sides shook. Paumgartner, too, forgot his usual dignity, and enjoyed the rare wine and lively talk. But when Rosa re-entered the room with a neat basket on her arm, out of which she took the table-cloth, as white as newly-fallen snow ; when she, tripping hither and thither with quite matronly diligence, had laid the cloth with all sorts of tasty condiments, when, in fine, she invited the old gentlemen, with a sweet smile, not to disdain the meal which had been prepared in haste,—then, indeed, talk and laughter were hushed. Both Paumgartner and Spangenberg turned their gaze towards the lovely maiden ; and even Master Martin, leaning back in his elbow chair, with his hands folded over his goodly corporation, watched her movements with a satisfied



smile. Rosa wished to withdraw; but old Spangenberg sprang from his chair like a young man, and putting his hand on her shoulders exclaimed, while the tears ran down his cheek; "Oh, you good little angel, you dear little maiden!" Then he kissed her twice,—nay, thrice on her forehead, and went back to his seat in deep thought.

"Yes," began Spangenberg, when Rosa had left the room; "Heaven has given you, in your daughter Rosa, a jewel which you cannot value too highly. She will bring you yet greater honour, for who is there, however great may be his soul, who would not willingly be your son-in-law."

"Don't you perceive?" interrupted Paumgartner, "don't you perceive Master Martin, the worthy gentleman is of my opinion! Methinks, I see before me already my dear Rosa as the bride of a patrician wearing a rich chaplet of pearls on her fair head."

"Dear sir," said Master Martin, quite vexed, "How can you speak of a matter of which I have not yet even thought? My daughter Rosa is only just eighteen; and a child of that age has no right to look out for a husband. What may happen in time to come, rests with the Lord; but, this much is certain, that neither a patrician nor any one else shall have my daughter, but only the cooper who proves himself to be the most skilful and efficient master in the craft. Provided always, that my daughter likes him. I will never force my daughter to anything, least of all to a marriage which is displeasing to her."

Spangenberg and Paumgartner exchanged looks of astonishment at this strange declaration of Master Martin. At last, after some preliminary humming, Spangenberg exclaimed—

"So your daughter is not to marry out of your own craft?"

"The Lord forbid that she should," rejoined Martin.

"But," Spangenberg continued, "suppose a skilful master in some noble craft—say, a goldsmith or even a youngartist—came after Rosa, and pleased her more than all other young fellows, what then?"

"I would say to that young man," replied Master Martin, throwing his head back—"I would say to that young man: show me, young man, the handsome cask which you have made as a masterpiece; and, if he could not do so, I should open the door in the most friendly way, and politely request him to seek a wife elsewhere."

"But," pursued Spangenberg—"but, if the young fellow said, 'Although, I cannot show you such a small piece of workmanship, yet if you will come to the market-place, and look at that stately house whose pointed roof rises high in the air, you will behold my masterpiece.'"

"My dear, sir," said Master Martin impatiently, "you give

myself a great deal of trouble to persuade me to alter my determination. Once for all, my son-in-law shall be of my craft, which, in my opinion, is the noblest handicraft on the earth. What! do you think it is enough to be able to fasten a hoop round the staves to keep them together? Is it not one of the principal requirements of our craft, that a cooper should understand how to keep wine, so that it may become mellow with age, and invigorate itself by its strength and sweetness like a real elixir of life? Then there is the making of the cask itself. If we wish to have a really good cask, mustn't we, first of all, measure everything with compass and rule? We must be arithmeticians, geometricians; or, if not, how could we know the proportion and the contents of the barrels? Oh, what a pleasure it is to finish off a well-proportioned cask, when the staves have all been accurately prepared, when the workmen swing their hammers which fall with a lusty click-clack! 'click-clack!' Ah, that's the music for money! then, when it's quite finished, I can't help feeling proud, as I take the marker and put on my trade mark—which is known and honoured by every good winemaker—at the bottom of the cask. You talk of builders. That's all very well; and a fine house is a fine piece of work, without doubt. But, if I were a builder, and passed one of my houses and saw a dirty good-for-nothing blackguard looking out of the window at me, I should feel ashamed of myself, and should like to pull down the house for sheer anger and vexation. But such a thing, could never happen to my buildings, for in them dwells the finest spirit on earth—wine! Ah, there's no craft like the coopers."

"Your eulogium," said Spangenberg, "is well meant; and our respect for the craft, does you infinite credit; but you will not be impatient if I don't let you off yet. Supposing a patrician should really come and propose for your daughter? If such a thing were really to happen, you might, perhaps, act otherwise than you imagine."

"Ah," exclaimed Master Martin, almost angrily; "how could I do anything but bow politely, and say: Dear sir, if you were an honest cooper——"

"But listen a moment," interposed Spangenberg; "suppose one fine day a smart young gentleman, mounted on a noble steed, with a gay retinue of followers, were to stop before your house and demand your daughter Rosa in marriage?"

"Heyday!" cried Master Martin, more angrily than before. "Heyday, why I should run as fast as I could to bolt and bar the house-door. How I should shout—shout and cry; ride away, ride away, brave sir, such roses as mine do not bloom for you! You would like to have my wine-cellar, and my gold pieces, and

the girl might be included in the bargain ; but, you may ride away, you may ride away !”

“ Well,” said he, after a while ; “ one last question, Master Martin. If the young man were my son ; and if I, myself, stopped before your door with him, would you close the door, and would you think, that we came only for your wine, and your gold pieces ?”

“ By no means,” answered Master Martin. “ By no means, worthy sir. I would open the door, and everything in the house should be at the command of your son, and yourself. But as for my Rosa, I should say, I would to Heaven that your brave son had been a cooper, no one on earth, should have been more welcome as a son-in-law ; but as it is—but, my dear, worthy sir, why do you plague me with such strange question ? Only see what end there is to our pleasant talk ; and how the glasses stand unemployed. Say no more about Rosa’s marriage, and my future son-in-law ; but let us drink to the health, of your brave son, who, I am told, is a handsome lad.”

Master Martin seized his glass, and Paumgartner followed his example exclaiming—“ A long life to your son, and an end to all unpleasant talk !”

The three hob-nobbed together, and Spangenberg said, with a forced smile, “ You know, I only spoke in jest ; for nothing but infatuation could induce my son, regardless of rank and birth, to sue for your daughter in marriage, for he may choose his consort among the best-born in the land. But, for all that, I think at least you might have replied to me in a more friendly fashion.”

“ Ah, my dear, sir,” answered Master Martin, “ I could not speak otherwise, even in jest, as to what I should do, were such an event as you imagined really to happen. Besides, do not grudge me my pride, for you yourself, admit that I am the best cooper far and near, and understand the keeping of wine in the cellar ; that I hold faithfully and truly to the late Emperor Maximilian’s wine regulations ; that as a religious man I abhor all godlessness—I never evaporate more than one ounce of pure sulphur in my two fudder-casks, which is absolutely necessary. The tasting of my wine will sufficiently prove all this.”

Spangenberg sat down again, and tried to assume a more cheerful demeanour, and Paumgartner started other topics of conversation. But, as it happens, when the strings of an instrument are once out of tune, the player vainly endeavours to call forth as before harmonious notes ; so now these three old men could no longer agree on any subject.

At last Spangenberg called for his servant, and left in dudgeon Master Martin’s house, which he had entered a few hours before in such good humour.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Of the Strange Prophecy made by the old Grandmother.*

MASTER MARTIN was somewhat troubled at the ill-humoured leave-taking of his old customer, and said to Paumgartner, who had just finished his last glass of wine, and prepared to depart :

"I know not what the old gentleman was driving at with his speeches, and I can't make out how he should have been so vexed."

"My dear Master Martin," began Paumgartner, "you are an honest, upright man; and such a man may, indeed, value that which he has done with God's aid, and which has brought him riches and honour. But this feeling should not be allowed to degenerate into proud boasting, which is opposed to all Christian sentiment. It was not right of you to rate yourself above all the other master coopers at the guild-meeting to-day. It may be, you really understand more about the craft than the others; but to tell them so is only to excite vexation and ill-feeling. And now again, this evening, you could scarcely be so blind as not to see the object of Spangenberg's remarks was to try how far your obstinate pride would drive you. But it must have grievously wounded the old gentleman's feelings to hear you assign, as the reason of the young gentleman's suit, nought but paltry greed. Yet all might still have been well if you had stopped short, when Spangenberg began to speak of his son. For instance, if you had said, 'Yes, my dear, worthy sir, if you yourself were to come with your son, then I might waver in my resolution; for I never dreamt of such an honour as that.' If you had said this, the result would have been that Spangenberg would have quite forgotten all that had passed, and would have recovered his former good-humour."

"Don't spare me," exclaimed Master Martin; "I merit all your reproaches. But the old fellow did talk such rubbish, that it stuck in my gizzard, and I felt compelled to answer him as I did!"

"And then," said Paumgartner, "the mad resolve to marry your daughter to no one but a cooper. You said your daughter's fate ought to be submitted to the decrees of Heaven; and yet, with earthly shortsightedness, you encroach on the decrees of eternal Providence, by obstinately determining from what limited circle you will select your son-in-law. Such a resolve may be the ruin of yourself and your daughter. Desist from such un-

Christian-like, childish folly. Let eternal Providence decide the matter, and it will put the right decision into Rosa's heart."

Ah, my worthy sir," said Master Martin, quite despondingly "I see how wrong it was of me not to have told everything. You think it was the high estimation in which I hold my hand-craft which made me resolve that no one but a cooper should marry Rosa; but that is not the case. There is another reason, a strange and mysterious reason, for this resolve! I cannot let you depart until you have heard all, and then you will have a better opinion of me. Be seated and stay, I pray you, a few minutes more. See, here's still a bottle of the oldest wine, which the ill-humoured gentleman disdained. Be pleased to partake of it."

Paumgartner was astonished at the importunity of Master Martin, who was not at all of a confiding disposition. It seemed as if something weighed on his mind, of which he would gladly unburden himself.

When Paumgartner had taken his seat, and had drunk a glass of wine, Master Martin began as follows:

"You know, my dear, worthy sir, that my good wife died soon after giving birth to Rosa. At that time, my grandmother, who was very old, was still living: that is, if you can call it living when one lies day and night in bed, as deaf as a post and as blind as a beetle, and without the use of one's limbs. My Rosa had been baptised, and the nurse sat with the child on her knees in the room where the old grandmother lay. I was very sorrowful, and when I looked at the pretty child I was so moved to anguish that I could do no work, and stood near my grandmother's bed in sad silence, thinking how happy she was in being already relieved of all earthly pain. But as I looked into her pale face, all at once she began to smile strangely; her wrinkled features lost their furrows, and a tinge of red coloured her white cheeks. Raising herself up in the bed and stretching forth her enfeebled arms, as though endowed with supernatural power, she cried, in a clear voice, 'Rosa—my dear Rosa!' The nurse stood up and brought the child to her, and she took it in her arms, and rocked it backwards and forwards. But now, my worthy sir, think what was my surprise when the old lady began to sing, to the tune of the Hymn of praise, composed by Master Hans Berchler, mine host of the 'Geist Inn,' at Strasbourg, these lines:—

"Little maid, with ruddy face,  
Rosa hear this saying;  
Wouldst taste nor shame, nor yet disgrace,  
To God be ever praying  
Thee from all vanity to keep,  
And slander, which makes others weep.

There shall come a suitor brave,  
Who a glittering house shall bring,  
Where the ruddy wine is flowing,  
And bright angels gaily sing,  
While the fire of love is glowing.  
Now he to your home has brought,  
The glittering little house of gold ;  
'Tis he only whom you ought  
In your loving arms to fold.  
Nor skills it to inquire  
Of thy sire  
If thy love adore thee,  
With the house before thee.  
While the golden house endure,  
Riches, luck, and health are sure.  
Maiden with the eyes so pure,  
And the ears which ope to truth,  
May God's blessing on thee rest,  
Be happy, by no care oppress."

had sung this, she laid the child down gently and care-  
placing her withered and trembling hand on its brow  
words which I could not understand ; but the old  
adiant countenance showed that she was praying. Then  
the bed, and at the self-same moment the nurse took  
from her, she heaved a deep sigh and yielded up the

," said Paumgartner, when Master Martin had finished,  
a strange story ; but I do not quite see what your old  
er's prophetic song has to do with your obstinate resolve  
Rosa to a cooper."

" replied Master Martin, " what can be clearer than that  
dy had a special revelation from on high in her last  
and that she predicted what must happen to Rosa, if  
be happy ? Who else can be the bridegroom with the  
little house, who brings home riches, happiness, health,  
ty, but a doughty cooper, who has made his masterpiece,  
little house, in my workshop ? In what other house do  
f wine flow but in a wine cask ? And when the wine  
then it hums and murmurs, and gurgles, and that is the  
the angels. Yes, yes, my old grandmother meant no one  
cooper, and a cooper shall my Rosa's bridegroom be."

interpret," said Paumgartner, " you interpret the old  
phecy according to your own fancy, my dear Master  
But I am not at all satisfied with your interpretation,  
ture to say that you should leave everything entirely to  
sation of Providence and to your daughter's heart, in  
proper decision surely lies hid."

I," impatiently interposed Master Martin, " I repeat,

once for all, that my son-in-law shall be none other than a doughty cooper!"

Paumgartner was very near losing his temper at Master Martin's obstinacy; but he restrained himself, and rising from his seat said:

"It is late, Master Martin, let us now leave off drinking and speaking, which seem to be no longer beneficial to us."

As they stepped out into the entrance-hall they saw a young woman standing there, who had five boys with her, the eldest of whom might scarcely be eight years of age, and the youngest six months' old. The woman was crying and sobbing. Rosa, who was hurrying to meet these visitors, explained:

"Ah, good Lord, I fear Valentine is dead; here are his wife and children."

"What," shouted Master Martin, in astonishment, "Valentine dead! What a misfortune!" Then, turning to Paumgartner, he went on, "Valentine, my dear sir, was the best workman in my shop, and industrious and pious to boot. Sometime ago he wounded himself dangerously with an axe while making a large cask; the wound grew worse and worse, he fell into a violent fever, and now he is dead in the prime of his years."

Master Martin went up to the sorrowing woman, who lamented with tears that she must now perish of hunger and want.

"What?" said Martin, "what, then, do you take me for? Your husband received his wound in my service, and yet you think I would leave you in your misfortune? No; you and yours, from this time forth, belong to my house. We will bury your poor husband to-morrow, or whenever you like, and then you and your children shall go to my farm before the Frauenthur, where I have my fine open workshop, and where I work with my men every day. You can be my housekeeper, and I will bring up your boys as if they were my own sons,—and I will take your old father into my house as well. When he had his strength he was a matchless cooper. Well, if he can no longer handle a mallet or a notcher, or a hoop-cramp, or work at the joiner's bench, he can still wield an adze or erase marks with a joiner's knife."

If Master Martin had not supported the woman in his arms she would have fallen at his feet for emotion. The elder children clung to his doublet, and the two youngest, whom Rosa took up in her arms, stretched forth their little arms towards him, as though they understood everything. Old Paumgartner said, smilingly, albeit, the tears stood in his eyes, "Master Martin, no one can be out of temper with you!" Having said this he betook himself to his habitation.

## CHAPTER V.

*he two young Journeymen, Frederick and Reinhold, made each other's Acquaintance.*

a pleasant grassy knoll, shaded by lofty trees, reclined a man of handsome presence. The name of this young man was Frederick. The sun had already sunk beneath the horizon, and the rose-coloured flames flashed high into the heavens. The great city of Nuremberg could be descried in the remote distance in the valley, and its lofty towers rose high in the red glow of sunset, which tinged their pinnacles with gold. The young man, with his elbow resting on his knapsack, gazed with longing at the beautiful scene. Sometimes he plucked the flowers, and walked around him in the tall grass, and threw them to the wind in the direction of the setting sun; sometimes his gaze was abstracted, and tears came into his eyes. At last he raised his head, and extending both arms, as though to embrace the loved object, he sang in a clear, sweet voice the following

“Once more I come  
To thee, sweet home;  
From thee my heart  
No more would part.  
Rise, O rosy red, for me,  
Nought but roses would I see.  
Oh, blushing rosebud kind,  
Do but incline thy mind  
To converse sweet and blind.  
Wilt break, O swelling heart?  
Be firm in joy and smart.  
Sweet sunset ray,  
My envoy be,  
My tears convey  
To her, and say,  
‘If now I die,’  
And she ask thee,  
‘What death died he?’  
To her reply,  
‘He died for love of thee!’”

When Frederick had done singing, he took a piece of wax out of his knapsack, and having warmed it on his breast, began to mould it into a beautiful rose with a hundred fine and delicately-formed petals.

While thus busied he hummed now and then bits of the old songs, and at last became so absorbed in his occupation that he did not notice a handsome youth, who stood behind him, attentively watching his work.



"That is a pretty thing you are making, my friend," said this youth.

Frederick, somewhat startled, looked round; but when he encountered the friendly gaze of the stranger's dark eyes, he smilingly replied:

"This is only an amusement for me on my journey, and scarcely worthy of your approbation, fair sir."

"Well," rejoined the strange youth, "if you call it an amusement to model a flower so much like nature, you must be a very clever modeller. You have afforded me double pleasure. Firstly, you charmed me by your song, which you sang so well to the melody of Master Martin Hüscher; and secondly, you have pleased and astonished me by your artistic skill in modelling in wax. Whither are you journeying to-day?"

"The end of my journey," answered Frederick, "is before us. I am going to my native place, the renowned city of Nuremberg. But, as the sun has now set, I will pass the night in the hamlet at the foot of this hill, and start early in the morning for Nuremberg, so as to arrive there by mid-day."

"Ah, that is excellent!" said the young man, joyfully. "I, too, am going to Nuremberg. I will stay all-night in the village with you, and we can go on together in the morning. Now let us have a friendly gossip."

## CHAPTER VI.

### *Of what passed between Frederick and Reinhold.*

"If I mistake not, you are a statuary in metal. I judge so from your skill in modelling, or are you a gold and silver-smith?"

"Alack, fair sir," said Frederick with sad and dowcast gaze. "You take me for better than I really am. I will tell you at once that I have served my apprenticeship, as a cooper; and am going to Nuremberg, to work for a well-known master of that craft. Perhaps, you will despise me because I do not model statues; but only fasten hoops round casks and tubs."

"I despise you because you are a cooper, when, all the while, I am a cooper myself?"

Frederick looked at him with astonishment; and did not know what to think, for Reinhold's attire was certainly not that of a travelling journeyman cooper. He might rather have been taken for a well-to-do merchant, habited, as he was, in a doublet of fine black cloth, slashed with velvet, a fine frilled collar, a flat cap with a long feather and having a short broad sword by his side. Reinhold, noticing Frederick's incredulity, opened his knapsack, and drew

with his cooper's leathern apron, and case of knives, exclaiming—  
Look here, my friend! look here! Do you doubt that I am a comrade? I know my attire seems strange; but I come from Strasburg, and the coopers there walk about attired like noblemen. There was a time when, like you, I had a desire to be something different; but now I prefer the cooper's handicraft to any other, and have founded some expectations on it. Is it so with you, comrade? But, methinks, some dark cloud has cast a gloom over your bright young life, and has made you sad. The song which you sang was full of anxious love and pain; but there were sounds in it which seemed to come from my own breast, and I could fancy that I know already everything which is hidden in your heart. So you may safely confide in me. But, at any rate, we shall be good comrades in Nuremberg. Shall we not?" and he threw his arm round Frederick and gazed smilingly at him. To this Frederick, without more ado, replied—

"The more I look at you, the more I feel an inward conviction that you and I are to be friends. I must tell you everything. Not that I, poor wretch, have weighty secrets to confide; but because the heart of the true friend has always room for another's pain, and I recognised in you a true friend, as soon as I set eyes on you. Although I am now a cooper, and may say that I understand my craft, yet my delight from childhood was another quite different art. I wished to become a great master in the casting of metals, and the working of silver, like Peter Fischer and Benvenuto Cellini, the Italian. I laboured with enthusiastic ardour under Master Johannes Holzschuer, the renowned silver-worker, in Nuremberg, who, although he does not cast statues, gave every needful instruction in the art. Master Tobias Martin, the master cooper, often came to Master Holzschuer's house, bringing with him his charming daughter, Rosa. I fell in love almost without noticing it,—leaving my home, I went to Augsburg, to learn the art of founding statues; but now the flame of love began to glow within me. I heard and saw nothing but Rosa,—all the pains and troubles I took to learn my profession, became distasteful to me as not seeming to lead to the possession of the object of my affections. At last, I decided to take the only path to that end. Master Martin will give his daughter to no one but the cooper who can make the best cask in his house, and who is also favourably regarded by his daughter. I put my art on one side, and began to learn coopering; and am going to Nuremberg, to work for Master Martin. But now that home is near; and Rosa's image glows before my eyes, I am dying for fear and anxiety. Now I see clearly the folly of my undertaking. How do I know if Rosa loves me, or if she ever will love me?"

Reinhold had listened to Frederick's history with growing interest. Resting his head in his hand, which shaded the upper part of his face, he asked in a hollow, gloomy voice, "Has Rosa never given you any token of her love?"

"When I left Nuremberg," replied Frederick, "Rosa was rather a child than a maiden. She used to smile upon me like an angel when she and I plucked flowers, and wreathed them into garlands in Master Holzschuer's garden; but——"

"Well, then there is still hope!" cried Reinhold, all at once, and with such a loud voice that Frederick was quite startled. With that, he sprang to his feet, the sword clashed at his side, and, as he now stood erect, the deep shades of night fell on his pale countenance, and so distorted the gentle features of the young man that Frederick anxiously exclaimed—

"What has happened?" and starting back, his foot struck against Reinhold's knapsack, which gave forth a sound, and Reinhold angrily cried out, "Don't break my lute, you rascal!"

The instrument was fastened to the knapsack; and Reinhold, unloosing it, played as though he wished to break all the strings. Then he began to play softly and melodiously.

"Now, my dear fellow," said Reinhold, when he had played some little time; "now let us go down to the village. I hold in my hands a good medium for exorcising evil spirits which may come in our way, and may have a wish to get hold of us, and of me in particular."

"Why should evil spirits wish to attack us, my dear brother?" rejoined Frederick. "But continue your playing,—it is delightful."

The golden stars glittered in the blue vault of heaven, the night wind murmured plaintively over the fragrant mead, the brook whispered more and more loudly, and the dark trees of the distant forest rustled round about, as Frederick and Reinhold descended the hill, playing and singing, and the sweet sounds of their ballads rose clear and bright as on glittering pinnions through the pure air.

Arrived at their lodging, Reinhold threw lute and knapsack to the ground, and pressed Frederick warmly to his heart, and Frederick felt that his cheeks were wet with Reinhold's tears.

## *The French in Tong-King.*

### THE FRENCH IN TONG-KING, OR TON-QUIN.

At a time when the customary and characteristic policy of Orientals—that of playing fast and loose, with different powers at the same time, threatens to involve us in difficulties with the King of Burmah, a potentate who one day extends hospitality to the Chinese general in command of the troops of Yun-nan, by a party of whom Mr. Margary was murdered; and another gives a politic ear to the representations of Sir Douglas Forsyth,—it may not be uninteresting to read of the difficulties experienced by the French, in their attempts to throw open Tong-King to commerce, after a fashion of their own, the more especially, as these attempts involved the loss of a well-known intrepid and adventurous traveller, M. Garnier, concerning whose fate little was known up to the present time. We are indebted for our information upon the subject, to extracts published in the journal *L'Explorateur*, from a work by M. Caillaud, and it appears from these extracts, that previous to M. Garnier's expedition a M. Dupuis, a merchant in China, had made no less than three journeys into Yun-nan, in order to supply the Chinese mandarins of that province, with arms and ammunition, to be used against the Mussulman rebels.

The first was in 1868, when he could not, on account of the success of the insurgents, get beyond Yun-nan-fu. The second was in 1869-70, when he succeeded in reaching Upper Tong-King, and the Annamite advance ports beyond Son-Tay. M. Dupuis ascertained upon this occasion that the river, written Son-Koi in French orthography, and one of its tributaries called Hong Kiang, or "Red River," were navigable, at all seasons of the year, to steamers of light draught, from Mang-hao to the sea, or a distance of 414 miles, which could easily be encompassed in five days.

The King of Annam is confirmed in his appointment by the Emperor of China, and every five years, he sends an embassy with tribute; but whilst the Chinese can trade in Annam, the Annamites are not permitted to enter China proper. Supposing then, that an agent of the Chinese government would be respected by the Annamites, the authorities of Yun-nan decided, upon the representations of M. Dupuis, that in future the transport of war material should be effected by the navigable rivers of Tong-King. More than

this, M. Dupuis, was presented, in 1872, to the then Minister of Marine—Vice-Admiral Pothuau, who took much interest in the result of his exploratory journeys, which he looked upon as the solution of a problem left unravelled by the Scientific Commission, entrusted to M. de la Grée. (*Expedition Française en Indo-Chine, sous le commandement de M. de la Grée.*) The French government did not, however, care to involve itself in so remote and hazardous an enterprise; and whilst it expressed its hopes in the success of M. Dupuis's undertaking, it distinctly stated, that such must be carried out at his own risk and peril.

M. Dupuis returned to China, it is to be supposed, at all events, assisted by funds; for he purchased two English gun-boats at Shang-hai, which were inscribed at the French Consulate under the names of Hong-Kiang and Lao-Kai. He also purchased a steam launch at Hong-Kong, which he named the Son-tay, and he chartered a Chinese junk, to carry coal and warlike material.

M. Dupuis arrived with his expeditionary force at Kua-Kam, situated on one of the navigable mouths of the delta of Tong-King, in the month of November 1872; and here he found the *Bourayne* engaged in a survey of the coast of Tong-King. M. Senez, in command of the French ship, induced the Annamite mandarins to obtain from the chief authorities at Hue, the permission for M. Dupuis to ascend the river; but in case the permission did not come he was permitted to proceed without it. Accordingly the sanction of the authorities not coming within the time specified, M. Dupuis, commenced the ascent of the river at his own risk.

When, however, he arrived at Ke-cho, the capital of Tong-King, he found that difficulties would be thrown in his way by the mandarins, and he was ultimately obliged to leave his boats at that city, under charge of M. Millot, whilst he proceeded onward to Yun-nam in native boats, taking with him the greater part of his armament, as also some "Europeans," who were to instruct the Chinese in the use of the weapons. Unfortunately, we are told, he had lost ninety-five days in discussions with the Tong-King mandarins, and hence he did not arrive in Yun-nan, until after the capture of Taly, which rendered the armament he had brought with him at so much trouble and expense, no longer of much use.

He, however, appears to have obtained orders for further material of war, and returning to Ke-cho in May 1873, he sought for the countenance of the Viceroy of Canton, and induced that ruler, who represents the Emperor in all matters which concern the Kingdom of Annam, to write to the Annamite mandarins, ordering them to allow free passage to M. Dupuis and his vessels, carrying arms and merchandize, which belonged to the regular authorities of

Yun-nan. At that epoch, indeed, the troops of the province of Canton, were in occupation of a portion of Tong-King, with the view to suppress the devastations committed by several bands of insurgents. M. Dupuis had also brought with him from Yun-nan, upon his descent of the river, an escort from 150 to 300 Chinese soldiers, commanded by a military mandarin ; which escort had been granted to him by Ma-ta-jen, ti-tai or Commander-in-Chief of Yun-nan, in order to protect his commercial undertakings in a province which is described as being infested by rebels and brigands of all kinds and descriptions.

Such was M. Dupuis' position ; he was trading in the service of the Chinese authorities, in a country vassal to China, and where the Chinese had a right to trade ; and in order to protect his merchandise, as well also to provide for his escort, he hired several houses at Ke-cho. He was also desirous, whilst at that city, to establish a regular service of steam-boats between Hong-Kong and Sai-gon, and the river of Tong-King ; but he wished the traffic to remain solely in French hands, and he was hence induced to decline offers of capital which were made to him by several " Foreign " houses of commerce. Dupré, having received notice of this patriotic abstinence on the part of M. Dupuis, he obtained a loan of 30,000 piastres for him from the Hong-Kong and Shang-hai Banking Corporation, and the Colonial Administration of Cochin-China became security for the loan.

The mandarins of Ke-cho did not the less cease to look upon M. Dupuis's proceedings with jealous eyes, and they wrote to the authorities at Hué, to intervene with the governor of Cochin-China, to have him and his expedition recalled from the river.

M. Garnier was at Shang-hai in August 1873 ; he had just returned from exploring the Yang-tse-Kiang, above Han-Kow ; but he did not stay there long, returning to Sai-gon by the regular packet. On the 11th of October, he left Cochin-China in the *d'Estrées* commander Didot, having in tow the gun-boat *l'Arc*, and by the 23rd he arrived at Kua-Kam. Unfortunately, the gun-boat was lost in the passage, and M. Garnier had to hire a junk, to take him and his escort up the river. This escort was composed of about sixty men—marine light infantry, and seamen from the *Fleurus*. He was afterwards joined upon his arrival at the capital of Tong-King, by the gun-boat *l'Epingole*, with marines from the *Decrès*, under the command of M. Bain, and by the gun-boat *le Scorpion*, under the M. Pougin de Maisonneuve ; but, upon that officer's departure, by M. Esmez. M. Garnier had thus some 150 men at his disposal. The intervention of the gun-boats, marines, and seamen of the French navy were all calculated to confer a new character upon the negotiations and commercial proceedings of M. Dupuis.

After remaining a short time at Kua-Kam, Mr. Garnier commenced the ascent of the river, and soon found himself involved amid the rivers and canals of the delta; the canal of Don-ra, the the Shong-nui-voi, and the canal of Son-chi, which latter issues, from the Song-Koi, a short distance from Ke-cho. (The French orthography has been left intact). The junk was, with difficulty, towed along by a steam-launch. But in the canal of Son-chi, M. Garnier fell in with the "Mang-hao," a small steamer recently purchased by M. Millot, at Hong-Kong, and which taking the junk in tow, the small force disembarked at Ke-cho upon the 5th of November. M. Dupuis's soldiers presenting arms *en grand costume*, with the Yun-nan ensign aloft, and drums beating.

Such were the circumstances attendant upon M. Garnier's first introduction to M. Dupuis. He was afterwards received by the Annamite authorities, and a locality outside of the citadel was allotted to him, whereon to encamp. According to the narrative before us, M. Garnier's instructions empowered him to negotiate upon the differences which had arisen between the Annamites and M. Dupuis, and even to enforce, if such a step was absolutely necessary in order to conclude the treaty, which at that time was being negotiated at Sai-gon, the temporary withdrawal of M. Dupuis from the capital of Tong-King, "*always provided that such a step was not opposed to our interests, by virtue (or in reason of) the influence which M. Dupuis may have obtained over the indigenous population, or the Chinese Colony of Ke-cho.*"

The main object of M. Garnier, as a political agent, was however, avowedly to open Tong-King to commerce. In accordance with such object, he sent forth a proclamation, dated November 4th, 1873, in which he stated that the Annamite authorities having appealed to the authorities at Sai-gon, he had been sent to Ke-cho to see what could be done. That the coasts of Tong-King were desolated by pirates, and the interior by rebels and bandits, and that a primary object would be to get rid of them, and assure peace and security to the inhabitants, as well as to open the country to commerce. He had come, he declared, especially to conclude a treaty to the latter effect.

Passing by Tur-an, or Tourane, M. Garnier had brought with him two ambassadors from the court of Hué, who were to come to an understanding with old Marshal Nguyen-tri-phuong, military commandant of the province of Ke-cho, or Ha-noi, in order, with the French envoy, to lay the basis of such a commercial treaty, and, if possible, to bring such treaty to a satisfactory conclusion.

Now, this old Nguyen-tri-phuong had been opposed to the French at Tur-an and Khi-hoa (*Les premières années de la Cochinchine Française, par M. Vial, tom. 11. p. 119*), and according to

narrator, "he entertained a blind hatred to the French." He was aide de camps, the two sons of Phan-tan-Gian. "Those who have studied the history of our colony, are aware that these mandarins, forgetful of the teachings of their venerable father, were always shown themselves to be irreconcilable enemies of France."

Nguyễn-tri-phuong declined to recognise the powers of the ambassadors, or those of those of M. Garnier, and, in consequence, declared "that he was above the orders of the court of Hué, and that he should act as pleased himself." He at the same time sent forth proclamations in which he misrepresented the character of M. Garnier's mission, and he, at the same time, issued orders for the concentration of troops.

M. Garnier, nothing disconcerted, set about carrying out his instructions in face of the hostility of the mandarins, and a formal enquiry was instituted into the differences which had arisen between M. Dupuis and the mandarins. In order further to supply the wants of his expeditionary force, M. Garnier monopolised the use of the steamers Mang-hao and Son-Tay, an act which we are told, seriously affected M. Dupuis, by interrupting his commerce with China, but his patriotism led him to put up with the inconvenience without a murmur.

M. Garnier's position became, in the meantime, from day to day, more critical. The Annamite mandarins did not hesitate to take whatever steps they deemed best to get rid of him. Several times the water which he and his escort used was poisoned; till the letter-carriers had to be escorted by soldiers, and it was never more than two days consecutively from the same place. A similar mode of conduct was adopted towards M. Dupuis; not only did the mandarins endeavour to get rid of him by poison, but two separate attempts were made to blow him up with his own powder magazine.

When M. Garnier saw that no further hope remained of effecting an amicable arrangement with the mandarins, and only when he had exhausted all means that were compatible with honour, did he address them an *ultimatum*, with a proviso that it should be complied to within the space of three days. The mandarins not having vouchsafed an answer within the time specified, he decided upon assuming the offensive.

He accordingly commenced operations by an assault upon the Citadel. This was at six o'clock in the morning of the 20th of November. The two gates which fronted the river were beaten down by cannonades, whilst eighty soldiers and seamen attacked the two gates on the opposite side. At the same time, the most difficult position, a kind of demi-lune, where the Annamites had accu-



mulated most of their means of defence, was carried by M. Dupuis at the head of some eight Europeans and about sixty Chinese. The latter had one killed and another wounded, but not a man was put hors de combat on the side of the French. The citadel was captured in the space of thirty-five minutes, and fifteen hundred Annamite soldiers were made prisoners, as also most of the mandarins, including Nguyễn-tri-phuong, who died a few days after from wounds received in the defence of the place.

Immediately upon the capture of the citadel, M. Garnier issued a further proclamation, in which he declared that coming as he did to open commerce and enrich the people, he had no intention to take possession of the country. That the misconduct and disloyalty of the mandarins had alone compelled him to assault the citadel and drive them from the place. That the mandarins had no love for the people, and sought nothing but their own profit by their tyranny. That people capable of governing the country should be selected, with the concurrence of the liberators, order should be enforced, and all parties united by a common treaty.

Notwithstanding this proclamation, the mandarins of the neighbouring provinces, terrified by the capture of Ke-cho, assumed an attitude of defence. In the province of Ha-noi itself, the literate sought to raise the people against the French, whilst bands of malefactors, taking advantage of the general turmoil, overran the villages and plundered them without opposition.

On the other hand, several thousand volunteers, without distinction of religion,—Pagans and Christians,—came to offer their services to M. Garnier. He distributed the arms found in the citadel among them. With their aid he also re-established that tranquillity which had been momentarily compromised, and he repulsed the attacks of his enemies. The mandarins who made their submission were left in their commands, whilst those who refused to submit were turned out, and replaced “by prudent men who understood the interests of the people.”

In order to assure his communication with the sea, M. Garnier was further, we are told, obliged to take possession of such towns as lay upon the delta of the rivers, the governors thereof being opposed to the French. On the 25th of November, Hung-yen submitted; on the 5th of December, Ninh-binh capitulated to M. Hautefeuille, a cadet with an escort of six seamen. About the same time, M. Balny and M. de Trentinian took possession of Haid-zuong with the aid of only fifteen men. Finally, M. Garnier, himself, took Nam-dinh, an important town, defended by considerable fortifications, by assault, on the 9th of December.

The whole delta of Tong-King was in fact conquered and brought into submission in less than twenty days by some one hundred and

fifty Frenchmen, and a few thousand volunteers sufficed to preserve order in a territory peopled by several millions of inhabitants.

When M. Garnier left Ke-cho to attack Nam-dinh, only sixty Frenchmen and 300 volunteers were left in the citadel. This, at a time when Hoang Kevien, governor of Son-Tay, was organising a body of 7 to 8,000 men in order to recapture the city. He had especially sought for recruits amongst the old Chinese Taiping rebels, and amongst the Hé-ki or "Black Banners" who after having made war upon Annam, had entered the service of the Government. These Chinese were notorious for their ferocity, and they were especially charged with the duty of assassinating any Frenchman who should be found straying from the capital. The Annamites were at this time encamped at a distance of about two leagues from the citadel, in a westerly direction.

M. Garnier returned to Ké-cho on the evening of the 18th of December, and with his characteristic energy he at once resolved upon attacking the position held by the Annamites. He proposed to himself to assault the intrenchments in front, supported on the flank by the *Mang-hao*, whilst the other steamer, the *Espingole*, should cut off the retreat of the enemy.

But the same day that the assault was to have taken place, the 20th of December, two ambassadors arrived from Hué with powers to treat with M. Garnier. They were accompanied by Monseigneur Sohier, vicar Apostolic of Northern Cochin China, and Father Dangelzer, pro-vicar. It is stated that they had an interview with Hoang-Kevien, who commanded the troops at Son-Tay, before coming to Ke-cho, and that their object in coming to the latter place, ostensibly to treat, was in reality to lull M. Garnier into a false sense of security, by which the Hé-ki would get an opportunity for a surprise.

The desired effect was produced. M. Garnier suspended hostilities upon the arrival of the two Annamite ambassadors, and he issued a proclamation that he came neither for war nor conquest, but to obtain a treaty for peaceful commerce; that hostilities had been forced upon him by the criminal proceedings of the Mandarins, but that the King of Annam having recognised their misconduct, he had sent ambassadors, and that there should in consequence be a truce until the treaty of peace and commerce could be effected—France assuring to the Tong-King people help and protection for the future!

The next day, Sunday, December 21st, M. Garnier was busy deliberating with the ambassador the terms of the treaty, when news was brought to him that the Annamites of Son-Tay and the Hé-ki were approaching by the west gate to attack the citadel. Scarcely, indeed, had the approach of the enemy been announced

than their guns were heard booming in the distance, and the men were at the walls, placing their ladders for the attack. M. Garnier hurried to the spot, armed only with a revolver; and abetted by the garrison, the army was repulsed in a few moments, and put to flight.

Carried away by his impetuosity, M. Garnier rushed out, followed by some fifteen men, to complete the rout. He was personally attended by a serjeant and a corporal. He had got over a distance estimated at about two kilometres, and was about to ascend an embankment, in order to better determine the position of the enemy, when he fell into a little ditch close by, and which had escaped his notice. In a moment he was surrounded by the terrible Héc-ki, who lay hid under cover, and was pierced with spears. The serjeant was at the same moment killed dead by a gun-shot, and the corporal received two wounds. The latter fainted for a few seconds; but raising himself, he made ready to fire, when, for the first time, he perceived that M. Garnier had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Other men came up to the succour, and fired upon the Héc-ki; but the evil deed was done; their commander was slain, and the enemy ran away, carrying his head as a trophy.

Another young officer, M. Balmy, the same who with fifteen men captured Hai-dzuong, had made a sortie at another point, with only ten men, to cut off the retreat of the assailants. Carried away, like M. Garnier, by his ardour, he had reached the entrenchments of the enemy, when he was killed by a discharge of musketry, with two men of his escort, who were in advance of the others.

France lost in the person of M. Garnier, one of its most enterprising, daring, and adventurous spirits; and, according to the *Courier de Saï-gon*, the official journal of Cochin-China, he was as disinterested as he was brave. M. Garnier received the Patron's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, in 1870, for his exploration of the Mekong River, and his journey through Western China; and his merits and devotion in bringing home the remains of Captain La Grée, as well as the science and ability displayed in his fine work, "Narrative of the Cambodian Expedition," have been attested to by the late Sir R. I. Murchison, and still more recently by Sir H. Bartle Frere, in their respective annual addresses. He was only thirty-four years of age at the time of his death.

On the 25th of December M. Esmez arrived at Ke-cho, on board the *Scorpion* with a reinforcement of five hundred men, and three hundred rifles for the volunteers, and he resumed the negotiations with the Annamite ambassadors, which had been interrupted by the fatal events of the 21st. Whilst, however, the bases of the treaty were being discussed, M. Philastre, an envoy

On Admiral Dupré, arrived at Ke-cho, on the 3rd of January, prepared to disavow the steps taken by M. Garnier, who, he declared to have exceeded his powers, and, in fact, he treated his memory as that of an adventurer.\* It was in vain that it was presented to this new emissary that to abandon Tong-King in the present position of affairs was to expose the population of the places held by the French to the greatest disasters. M. Philastre had only one object in view, and that was to evacuate the whole territory with the greatest possible despatch. In accordance with this policy the evacuation of the towns began on the 6th of January, leaving the native volunteers, native Christians, and the priests and missionaries to be massacred with their families, and their homes to be sacked and burnt. As to M. Dupuis, he was spoken of as a *certain M. Dupuis*, and he was ordered to remain at the port of Haï-Phong, at the mouth of the river, which place M. Philastre had selected as the common station for the troops and men withdrawn from Tong-King, until a treaty of commerce had been concluded.

This was at last effected by Admiral Dupré on the 5th of March, 1874, at Saï-gon. The French were confirmed by the treaty in their possession of Lower Cochin-China Tong-King and its river were opened to commerce, and the Catholic religion assured of toleration and respect. This treaty was ratified by the National Assembly on the first of August; and it will be observed that it opens Yun-nan and Western China, to be aided and abetted by the French, at any time, in warlike operations against the King of Burmah, or in combination with the King of Burmah against the English.

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\* This change of attitude may possibly have been wrought about by representations made by other European or American powers. It is no new thing in politics for an agent to be disavowed when his zeal outruns his discretion, or when it becomes prudent to withdraw from a difficult position.

## VISIT TO THE ISLE OF AMSTERDAM.

WHEN Clarence Hervey saw that Eliza was alone, he went up to her and said, "Our voyage, Miss Wilson, will soon have an end. How is it that you did not go on shore in the handsome barge which came alongside—it would have been a very pleasant way of landing at Calcutta?"

"Yes, indeed," said Eliza, "I should think it would have been a very nice way and the barge seemed a very beautiful one."

"Then," said Hervey, "you did not notwithstanding, venture to go in it, Miss Wilson."

"No, Mr. Hervey; I am engaged to go and reside with Mrs. Markham; so I could not think of leaving her. Her husband has got an appointment as magistrate in the neighbourhood of Chinsurah."

"I have no doubt, that we shall soon see him in Calcutta," Hervey said, "Chinsurah is very near where I am going. I shall be stationed at Barrackpoor."

Eliza looked down, and was silent; but in woman there is an eloquent silence, as well as what might be called a petrifying silence. The first is when she refrains from speaking from a fulness of heart which makes her afraid of saying too much; the second is when she uses the means of that terrible reticence which Byron calls "silent thunder," to keep one who is hateful or indifferent to her at a distance. Eliza's full blue eyes spoke not such a language as the last to Hervey. Her mantling colour he saw and duly prized with unspeakable delight. It seemed to him now certain that she did not in the least hesitate in preferring him to his much more wealthy rival.

He said, "I am sure, I am interested in thinking that our homes shall be so near. I can even find a comfort in knowing that I am so near you, though I dare say that you have not a single care for it. I suppose that my image will be no more than a mere vision thrown across your fancy."

"Indeed, Mr. Hervey," said Eliza, "I am confident that I shall always remember with the deepest gratitude the way in which we were rescued from that Island. I hope that Captain Sparshott, also, is aware how grateful Mrs. Markham and I feel to him. I am sure that no words could convey our full feelings upon the subject."

"Oh," said Hervey, "I should think that ought scarcely to be worth mentioning, considering that it would have always been the cause of humanity the part of Christians to act as we acted on that occasion. But the feelings which I entertain on the subject are so very deeply involved in my happiness, that I look upon our visit to that Island as the event in the whole course of my life that is most fraught with interest to me."

This conversation was interrupted at intervals by several causes, and they got near to the place where the ship was to anchor; and as Hervey had met with no sort of check whilst he was declaring to her his interest and his feelings of regard, he began to feel almost sure that the hopes which he had so fondly cherished would be realised; but as he did not press her to speak, and as, in fact, their situation was not one that would have allowed of their saying much, all that passed had been *sotto voce*. They had not been observed, neither, indeed, was there any one on board whose notice would have been directed to them. However, he had just finished the last sentence when the sailors dropped the anchor, and from the shore another barge came alongside in which was Mr. Markham. It was not quite such a splendid fair as the barge in which Mr. Sharman had come to the ship; but it was well fitted out, and most cordial was the welcome which Mrs. Markham gave her husband, to whom, of course, she had a world of things to say.

She introduced Eliza to him; and he said to her that he hoped his wife had prevailed on her to take up her abode at his house. Eliza replied that, indeed, her kindness had suggested that to her long ago, and she felt as if she was going to live with a sister. Mr. Markham then expressed how rejoiced he felt at the circumstance of their having been so happy as to have her for a guest. Shortly afterwards, when Mrs. Markham had introduced him to Clarence Hervey, he said that he was in great hopes that he would come to his house, and take up his residence there for a short time; that he had been living at Chinsurah, the last few weeks, and the place for an Indian settlement was one that had much to recommend it. He said that he should stay in Calcutta only two days, and when he was going in his barge up the river, he hoped that Mr. Hervey would join their party.

Clarence thanked him very much for his kind and hospitable offer, and said that he was not at present his own master.

"Then," said Mr. Markham, "you should get leave, and by all means come as soon as possible. But, perhaps, (as we are going to Howrah now, although we leave you) you will, the next time we meet, tell us as to what you can decide upon. If you will come

and dine with us this evening, you may be able to settle everything regarding your movements."

This invitation was so cordial, and so devoid of the heartless ostentation and deceit which too often marks the manners of those in high life, that Clarence agreed at once to accept it. Hospitality has become general amongst the Anglo-Indians, and persons who never thought when they resided in England of opening their houses to acquaintances, have found, on their arrival in India, a genial hospitality so much practised that it obliges them to conform to the habits of the country.

Mrs. Markham took up her temporary stay at the house of a friend at Chowringhee. Hervey went to the brigade office, and, as every officer is bound to do, duly reported himself. He also met with a brother officer with whom he had been at Addiscombe. This officer invited him to stay in his quarters at Fort William. He accepted the offer, and adjourned to the Fort. One peculiarity, and not a very pleasant one of Calcutta life, is that, however active may be your habits, or however repulsive to one of the Lords of creation may be a stay-at-home existence, it is positively impossible to ride or to walk out of doors, or, in fact, to be in any way exposed to the out-of-doors sun. So Hervey went from the office to stay with his friends in his quarters until the evening. While he was there, Colonel Pulteney came in to visit his friend, being a relative of his, and they all entered into conversation. This Colonel was one of those benevolent gentlemen who, few and far between amongst the officers in that country, had really no thought for anything but doing good to his fellow-creatures. To the soldiers he was the most unremitting friend, and never ceased in seeking for every means of bettering their condition; to the officers when he met with any that were disposed to become good members of society, and to lead the life of Christians, he was sure to take them by the hand. He was (at a time when drinking and rioting was rife in the army) a man of almost complete abstinence, and his temperate habits had brought about the usual result of preserving him in excellent health, he did not, like too many of his class, keep wholly aloof from the society of the young officers; but when his presence was likely to encourage them, or to do good, he came amongst them. After he had sat down and talked with his cousin for some little time, the conversation turned upon the subject of men in India enjoying the greatest advantage from having been conversant with the native languages; and when he had become acquainted with Clarence Hervey's history, he said that it promised well for him, his having passed the examination in the native languages, and that he would be sure to get some good staff-appointment

entually. He said that there was a regiment of the King's just t to Chinsurah, and that as they had no interpreter with the ps (as none of the officers belonging to it had passed in : languages), the office would be filled up by some applicant ; d if Mr. Hervey, would forward his application in time he might, vided it suited him so to do, procure the appointment.

This was just what Clarence Hervey wished for, and he very dly answered that he would like to go there very much. When onel Pulteney heard this, as he was a man that did not do things halves, he wrote a letter of introduction for Hervey to the mmander-in-Chief; and as that was one of the levee days, Hervey ving dressed himself in his uniform, got into a palanquin, and esented himself at the Commander-in-Chief's; he gave the letter the *aide de camp*, and remained in the ante-room. When s turn for audience arrived, he went into the presence of the great eneral, who, being always particularly kind to every officer of the mpany's service that had passed his examination, received him ry cordially. He was interested in his history, merely from the cumstance of his having recommended himself to notice by this cess; but the letter from Colonel Pulteney was further exceed- gly useful in forwarding his interest. When Hervey made the plication to him, he did not at once give his consent, but he told n that he would give the subject his consideration, and that he ould hear about it as soon as it was possible for him, and, in the antime, if he wished for leave, as he always granted such lulence to officers who had passed their examination, he could sily procure it.

This reception, so unusually favourable, was duly appreciated by arance Hervey; and he knew, in fact, by the mention of leave ing made, that the appointment was certain, for although the ms required some communications, and imposed sundry delays, yet e matter was determined upon by the Commander-in-Chief, and it s well for him that he been thus early in the field with his plication. He made his due acknowledgments to the great man d took his leave, having gone home to his friend's house. He made t two official applications, for leave, and for the appointment, th which had to pass his own commanding officer; but as he at them with a letter to his Colonel, to tell him all that had curred since he left the regiment at Barrackpoor, he knew that ere would be no difficulty in having them both forwarded. rtainly, Hervey and his friend felt that they could congratulate emselves upon having done so much during that day; and in the ening, Hervey went to Chowringhee to the house of Mr. Markham, here the dinner was to take place at seven o'clock. Then, indeed, is heart beat high with interest, at the thought of meeting with



one who had so long been the undivided object of his affections. In metaphorical language the great lawyer and transcendently witty Curran has described the state of a barbarian or slave who finds himself on the shores of England, as being in a sort of elysium of freedom. Whether he be an Indian, or an African, or whatever slavery he may have been subject to, he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation. Without any metaphor or figure of speech, or without being in the least, of a sanguine temperament the female possessed of such attractions as Eliza Wilson on her arrival in India would find she had come upon a new World,—a slave at her feet is every man whom she meets; adulation and homage, such as the wildest dream of her fancy could never have conjured up—a sense of the intoxicating power which most of all things gratifies the heart of a girl—a flattering to her vanity, which it would be next to impossible to resist. It would not be at all an exaggeration to assert that the halo of enchantment that surrounds such a being when in a large assembly in India, would be much more calculated to administer to her vanity than any of the numerous loud welcomes, grand *fêtes*, assemblages, sensational addresses, opening speeches, fine harangues, display of troops, and festivities which await the noblest and most exalted in rank, in the countries in Christendom, would be calculated to dazzle and delight them. These grandees full well know that to position, and to wealth they are in a great measure indebted for the cordiality of their reception, while the lady cannot but be aware that she impersonates the idol to which mankind bow the knee. I must, in a great measure, leave it to the fancy to suppose the numerous ways in which the incense of flattery, so to speak, is offered to her. The Hindoos have a saying to this effect: “Who will not lay alms upon a golden platter!” and it is realised to her in the fullest way in the numbers who seek her hand as a partner in the dance,—in the reference made to her opinion at the dinner-table—in the still more eloquent adulation—the glistening eyes which she finds she is always saluted with,—she can have no doubt in her mind that her power is so great in the Empire wherein she finds herself placed, that she can select any person upon whom her fancy rests to be her captive. Such is the state, with regard to the consideration in which ladies are held there; and which every visitor to the capital of India must have observed. Clarence Hervey was conveyed in that truly Indian conveyance, a palanquin into the grounds surrounding Mr. Markham’s house, and was not sorry when the trajet was at an end, and he arrived at the verandah where a numerous host of attendants were either sitting or standing. Of the very sumptuous and lavish profuseness, which reign at an Indian dinner, we are all pretty well aware; also of the

t number of servants, each guest having his own servant or  
ants behind his chair; the stateliness of the style in which every-  
y is managed. But the different courses, the order of attendance,  
provisions, the cooling of the wine, the lustre of the lamps, the  
itness of the chunam, the continued waving of the pankah  
its deep frills, the appearance of the profuse service of  
e, and all the paraphernalia of the banquet, however interesting  
he hostess and to a passing stranger most noteworthy, were  
lly secondary in importance to three of the guests there  
mbled, Eliza Wilson, Clarence Hervey, and Mr. Sharman. How  
have we noticed in a scene which to a traveller or ordinary  
rver contains many of the elements of interest, a pair of lovers  
were as regardless of all around them as if they were in some  
uded spot.

In the midst of the confused din, the bustle, the glare, the  
y thousand objects of attraction, which one sees in a great  
bition, very often in a sort of bye recess one may light upon  
to whom the whole collection is as nothing; so also at a  
ert, or at a picture-gallery. As to a grand dinner-party, there  
scene where men and women do congregate that affords an  
rtunity for the secret converse of such persons more com-  
ly than it does. Had Mr. Sharman been a proud man, or  
if he had been a prudent man, he would not under the circum-  
es have gone there with the purpose of meeting Eliza Wilson;  
e might easily have known from her having refused his offer  
he had not for the present much chance of success in his suit.  
he had let all the newsmongers, and the whole of the community  
alcutta find out that his object in taking a house there had been  
eet a lady whose parents had agreed that she should come out  
married to him. So now, for very shame's sake, he could but  
following it up, and he scarcely dared to own to himself the  
iousness of being so completely frustrated in his hopes. There  
a large party present; Mr. Markham had invited them to share  
him in congratulations upon the happiness he experienced in  
ng back his wife again, after her dreadful series of adventures.  
ourse, these last formed a great topic of discourse during the  
le of the dinner. In one respect there is an advantage at an  
an dinner party which we have not at home. In England the  
of reason and the flow of soul is very much cramped and confined  
he presence of servants, who may, very probably, have amongst  
number a cheil who is taking notes; but in India a fair flow  
lk is not circumscribed, for none of the servants can understand  
t is being talked about, and no subject is tabooed. So in all  
details of their voyages, their shipwreck and their escape were  
ply dilated upon. Clarence Hervey had taken Eliza Wilson

down to dinner, but Sharman had gone down with one of the civilian's wives, and never perhaps, did he feel so keenly that he would gladly have exchanged places with his fortunate rival; he watched the two frequently during the progress of the long Indian dinner; he could see how attentively she listened to all that was said to her, how frequent were Clarence's remarks, and how uninterruptedly the conversation went on. When the speaker and the auditor in a conversational *à tête à tête* are both very much interested in any subject, the words of the former and the rejoinders of the latter are very fluent and easy. Hervey began by saying, "that he had succeeded in one project that he had entertained, which was to get a staff appointment at least." He said, "I think I shall hear to-morrow in full about it, for it is now merely a matter of form; I have been told to send in my application through the Colonel of my regiment, and that is equivalent to granting it."

"And where are you to be stationed?" asked Eliza.

"Well," replied Hervey, "for the present at Chinsurah with one of the King's European regiments. Not having amongst its officers any one who has passed in the languages, I am to go and do duty as interpreter to the corps."

"I suppose you will have a great deal to do, and that it is a wonderfully important office?" said Eliza.

"Well, it might be, as far as my happiness is concerned, a matter of vital importance my being stationed at Chinsurah," said Hervey; "and it is certainly of great interest to me."

"If it is such an interesting place I shall be glad to see it," exclaimed Eliza.

"These Indian localities," said Hervey, "are much more interesting in description than they are in reality. Whatever beauty there may be in their scenery, it is such that one can only enjoy it during about two or three hours of the day for at least eight months of the year. Indeed, it is most tantalising to know that you have around you woods of evergreens of all sorts that are seen in the East, and a spacious river also; but that you cannot leave the house, either to walk or ride in the country, or row on the river. Then those who have a home to cheer them are much to be envied. When the life is such as we lead in England, then home is not such an object; but a home for an Indian officer is almost indispensable."

"What sort of society is there at Chinsurah?" asked Eliza.

"Oh," answered Hervey, "it consists principally of the civilians and the officers, and you can very well fancy what it must be; dinner parties now and then, and a band in the evening, to which most of the residents drive. But there are also some Dutch residents there, and a Dutch Governor, who at the time that the

element was given up to the English, was, as it were, sovereign of the place; but when Lord Castlereagh exchanged the island of Malta for it, he found his occupation gone, and became a retired gentleman. He received a pension from his own government, which he will have to the end of his days. He is a very old man, and has his children and grandchildren living there, and he does not care to leave the country. He is very hospitable in his way; and some merchants of his own country, who reside there, form quite a Dutch clique. His daughters have been married to English officers, and their children as well as themselves all speak English; and when he has anything of a secret or family nature to tell them, or communicate in the way of information, he imparts to them in his original native tongue, the Dutch. Thus, when his grand-daughters, who are very young and rather pretty, are in need of any hint for the purpose of making them observe due discretion whilst they are in society, he is able to give it them without any one that is present being the least wiser."

"You must have found it very delightful to be in such a place," said Eliza.

"Well," said Clarence, "I am afraid that I did not duly appreciate its advantages when I was there last.

"Well," said Eliza, "you will, then, have another opportunity of enjoying them; and if the Dutch young ladies, who have been passing their lives in the country, talk Hindoostani, in addition to their other accomplishments, I should think you would find their society very improving."

"I shall take care to profit by all you tell me," said Clarence. "I almost flatter myself that you must know by this time what my sentiments are—I have told you them often; in fact, I am not even in the slightest doubt of your being quite aware that what I told you some time ago I still say now."

Next Clarence Hervey, on his left-hand side, was an old Italian who was deaf, and the lovely Eliza sat on his right—at the other part of one side of the dinner-table, next to her, at the other end of the table, sat Mrs. Markham; so, as they conversed in a low tone of voice there was no chance of what they said being heard. Much more passed between them, bearing upon home topics; and when at last he had finished repeating one of his most tender protestations, Mrs. Markham found she was obliged to make a signal to her wife of the civil servant holding the chief office. She was what the French call the lady highest in rank who was there present, and, when the gentlemen rose, and the ladies sailed out of the room, she, of course, and left the gentlemen to the enjoyment of their wine and air-broccas.

As soon as they had all gone, Mr. Markham asked Clarence

Hervey to come and sit next him ; and when he was beside him inquired from him what he had done during the day ; and when Hervey told him how matters were situated, he said that he hoped he would come and take up his abode at his house, which, he added, quite suited him now. Hervey replied that he felt exceedingly obliged, and would accept his kind invitation ; that he should be obliged to stay in Calcutta until he had answer from the colonel of his regiment.

“ Then I hope you will promise to come whenever you get answer, and that I may look upon it as a fixed arrangement.”

As soon as Hervey had given an assent, Mr. Markham began speaking to his other guests, and the conversation became general. It turned principally on topics relating to the country ; for seldom indeed, in any country can you have a conversation which does not involve local matters, unless it be some inveterate turfite, who would speak of the odds upon the Derby, when they were travelling in Switzerland, or politicians, perhaps, when they had been among their own clique. But sadder dewanry, salt monopoly, opium, tea and the policy of the Governor-General, Soonder bunds, Calcutta press, and Mofussul interests, were mostly the subjects discussed. After a good deal of wine had been drunk, several hooquas were finished, and an amount of Indian talk uttered, the hundredth of which would have cleared the benches of the House of Commons. The gentlemen adjourned to the drawing-room. When they were there Clarence determined not to go to speak to Eliza ; but he was now pretty sure of what her opinions and sentiments were, so he left it to herself to settle matters with his rival.

The latter, Mr. Sharman, soon found means of speaking to Eliza when she sat apart from the rest of the company on one of the sofas, which of an Indian evening in Chowringhee houses are always found adjacent to the windows ; and she was rather anxious that he should come at once, as she felt that it was necessary to let him know what she had decided upon. She felt that she could never be induced to accept him—she was more than ever averse to his pursuing her in the ardent way that he had invariably done since the first time that they had become acquainted.

If men would only make up their mind to accept their situation, it would be a wonderful step to restoring them to peace of mind ; but how very often is it the case that a man for very pride's sake refuses to consider himself rebuffed or slighted by a woman, and still pursues her after he has been unmistakably shown that she does not wish to listen to him ! Mr. Sharman's presence there that night was a convincing proof to Eliza that he had not taken her refusal to go into his barge as she intended it, and when he addressed her in the warmest terms, as being the person

whom he felt the greatest interest, she said "that she regretted that she was obliged to say that she could not feel that she could return it." She begged him to desist from asking her again to speak on the subject. She would, as in duty bound, write to her mother and tell her what her sentiments were; but if he had any of the proper feelings that should actuate a man, she hoped that she would not hear again from him any more about it. The fact is, she was perfectly aware that her mother's wish for her to be united to Mr. Sharman arose solely from prudential, and, indeed, mercenary motives; that Mrs. Dowling was not in the least aware of the fact that a girl like herself, situated as she was, could, were she only wishing to look for a prudential marriage, pick and choose from the wealthiest and most influential residents in the country; but the idea of her sacrificing herself to one she could not love would certainly, to any one who would view matters as they stood, be quite preposterous. As she spoke, though in a low tone of voice, distinctly and decisively to Mr. Sharman, it only remained for him to assent to what she said, and he was obliged to saunter away, still wishing "to cast a longing, lingering look behind."

Eliza was conscious that she had done enough for that evening. She had screwed her courage to the sticking-point, and had actually been able to finish what to her was the persecution which she felt that she would have been incessantly subject to, had she shown the slightest weakness in speaking out her mind. But now that the effort was over, she was certainly agitated; she found that she could scarcely be equal to remaining in the sitting-room, and went up to her own bed-chamber; and as the news had been told them of there being a vessel about to sail for England, she was determined to devote an hour in writing a decisive letter to her mother, and sending it by the vessel which was to leave the harbour the next day. She, accordingly, took up her pen, and after a little deliberation wrote—

"I take the very earliest opportunity of telling you of our arrival here. After a most dreadful shipwreck, and landing upon a desolate island, we stayed there till we were relieved by the arrival of a ship from Calcutta. We were first obliged to go in that ship to the Cape of Good Hope; and then as she was only to stay for a few days, we agreed to return in her to Calcutta, from which place I date this letter. I am sorry that so little time is left me for entering into further particulars; but I do not like to let this ship sail without letting you also know that we are now in excellent health; and though Mrs. Markham and I, of course, have passed through dreadful trials, and she has incurred a great loss of property, and the most wonderful series of privations and mishaps has befallen to both of us, yet they were all forgotten in the gratitude that we feel to the Almighty for the way in which our lives were preserved. Nothing can exceed the kindness with which Mrs. Markham and her husband also have acted to me. I now come to say, my dear mother, what at first may perhaps I fear seem unpleasant to you, but you will, I hope, on consideration,

see that all is for the best. Mr. Sharman came to meet me in his barge on the river, and certainly he offered me a most cordial welcome. His kindness has been very great, and I never lost sight of your wishes as expressed to me with regard to him. But I have been first obliged to refuse his offer of going to his house, where Mrs. Blackhall was ready to receive me; and further, this very evening, when I met him at a dinner party at this house, and he spoke to me of his wish to make an offer of his hand to me, I told him decisively that I could not accept it,—now you have the plain truth; and further, I have met with one whose presence in Calcutta was almost unknown to me; but it is Mr. Clarence Hervey, who went out as a cadet about two years ago. He has succeeded in passing an examination in the native languages, and has got a good appointment. Through his industry and talents he overcame all the difficulties of mastering the language. But having been advised by the doctors to make a sea voyage, owing to his health being delicate, he sailed in a ship bound for the Cape of Good Hope, and strange to say, this was the very ship that, having put into harbour in the desolate island of Amsterdam, found us there; and to her captain we are indebted for deliverance from the miserable place. Now, when I first met Mr. Sharman I never thought that he was the person that would be fitted to make the husband that I should wish for; but owing to your entreaties I at last consented to leave England; never, however, having promised that I could accept him. Now that I have met one who I must own is most dearly loved by me, and who has repeatedly made his wishes known, I think you will allow that I may be forgiven for saying that nothing earthly could ever induce me to refuse Mr. Hervey's offer; and if any thing further were necessary to enhance my attachment and esteem for him, when you hear that our preservation is in a great measure owing to the circumstance of the opportune arrival of him and the crew of the ship in which he sailed, I am sure you will not be surprised at my conduct on this occasion. I shall not, however, even to him, signify my assent to his oft-repeated solicitations, before I take the opportunity of telling you what I have done. I am sure you will see at least that I have acted in a candid spirit towards you. I have broken no promise, or in any way acted treacherously towards Mr. Sharman, a person whose unremitting goodness I cannot help feeling grateful for. With best love to Mr. Dowling and to my little brother,

Believe me, my dearest mother,

Your most affectionate daughter,

ELIZA WILSON."

She scarcely felt herself equal after the exertion of writing this letter, to go again to the sitting-room; so having finished it, she sat pensive, and began to ponder over the future that was likely to happen to her. She could not but reflect that she had thrown away the opportunity of at once settling down in great affluence and grandeur; she could not be ignorant of the estimation in which the rank of a person holding such an office as judge was held in India, and, further, of the certainty of its being the means of giving immense emolument probably, and a good competence of income infallibly, to any one in possession of it. But after a long reverie, in which these considerations had part, and in which, also, the certainty of Clarence Hervey's fidelity to her was never lost sight of, she came to the conclusion that she could not have acted otherwise than as she had acted. Her reflections of the past also

With them the satisfaction of her knowing that she would were, sail under false colours, or be obliged to wear, proving her lifetime, a mask of deceit,—for such is the career of a woman who pledges her faith at the altar to one whom she loves. A short time after she had finished the letter Mrs. Markham came to her, and before she sealed it she read to her; then they talked long together. The guests had all gone away after Eliza left the room, and, accordingly Mrs. Markham was anxious to hear the result of Eliza's interview with her lover. Her husband, who was not slow in joining her upstairs. But when he so decisively made known her sentiments both to her and to all those who were concerned to know them, it was to Sophia Markham that the union between her and Hervey was only a question of time. Indeed, when the long-pondered decision had been come to, and when the youth so unmistakeably shown himself faithful to her had convinced that he deserved the favour of her choice, there was at least no dread of any human agency acting against their wishes, and the time which Hervey had to pass in Calcutta to his receiving an answer from Government, was very short. When he did receive it, he was confirmed in his appointment to the interpretership at Chinsurah. He shortly after this came hither, and bidding his hospitable friends farewell, very soon after this, his long-loved and long-wished for object of affection, he married her, and named a day for their wedding.

H. COPINGER, LT.-COL.

THE END.



## A GOSSIP ABOUT CRABS.

FEW members of the animal world are more familiar to all than the various kinds of crabs, which the seaside visitor meets with in plenty in his stroll along the beach. Their queer, irregular gait, their pseudo-ferocious aspect, as with claws lifted on high, they menace the intruder, and their curious habits and appearance,—cause them to be regarded with interest by the ordinary observer, whilst to the naturalist the crabs present very many interesting points for cogitation, not only as adult forms, but even from their youngest infancy and from the earliest periods of their growth.

As members of the great *Crustacean* class, the crabs are provided, like their familiar neighbours the lobsters, shrimps, and prawns, with a hard outside skeleton or “shell.” This “shell”—very different in kind, it must be noted, from the shell of the oyster or mussel, etc.—is merely the outer skin of the crab, rendered hard by the deposition of limy particles; and so completely is this process of investment carried out, that we find the crab and his neighbours enclosed, even to the tips of their toes, in a hard shelly armour. Curious details have been put on record by observant naturalists regarding the periodical change of this shelly covering. For like some veteran warrior tired of bearing his armour continually, we find the crabs and their allies retiring annually to some sequestered spot, and there lying in a semi-dormant state, until the shell has become loosened from its attachments beneath. The body-armour is readily slipped off; but the operation of freeing the legs from their investing shells, appears to be attended with greater, and, in some cases insurmountable, difficulty. And, occasionally, and notwithstanding the efforts of the crab, portions of the old armour will sometimes remain firmly attached to the new suit, and thus cause not only inconvenience and pain, but absolute hindrance to the crab's progression. The old armour being safely cast aside, however, the formation of the new suit quickly takes place. Dame Nature loses no time in refitting the temporarily defenceless crustacean; and soon the new soft skin begins to secrete lime, and in a comparatively short period the crab comes forth, literally refreshed, and like a giant newly equipped in a coat of mail. Another curious feature which has been observed in crab-existence is the spontaneous casting-off of the limbs, which process these forms,

together with lobsters, etc., have been carefully ascertained to present. The sound of cannon or of thunder has, with every appearance of truth, been alleged to cause the sudden separation of one or more claws. The lost members of crustaceans, are, however, capable of complete reproduction; and although, occasionally, a crab may be detected literally "stumping" about with a deformed claw, yet, as a rule, the severed limb is quickly replaced by a new and perfect member.

The body of the crab corresponds, anatomically, to the head and chest firmly united together. If we compare the crab with the lobster, the chief difference observable between them consists in the possession by the latter of a long-jointed abdomen or tail. Hence, the lobster is one of the *Macrura*, or "long-tailed" crustaceans. But in the crab the tail or abdomen is also represented, though it must be confessed in a rudimentary condition; and if we lay the crab on his back, we shall recognise the tail in the little conical appendage tucked under the body, and to which children give the familiar name of the "purse." This "purse," bearing a few "feet" on its under-surface, is the abbreviated tail, and on this account the familiar crabs are known as *Brachyura*, or "short-tailed" crustaceans, in contradistinction to their longer-tailed neighbours the lobsters, shrimps, and prawns.

Amongst the more notable structural features which the crabs present are the stalked eyes, each of which, although apparently single, is, in reality, a compound organ, being composed of little facets, each of which contains the essential parts of an organ of sight. Then we find the "feelers" or "antennæ" also situated in the neighbourhood of the mouth and eyes. These, in all crustaceans, number two pairs, and are composed of a series of joints supplied with nervous filaments, and perfectly adapted to subserve the sense of touch, and, as some observers maintain, probably the sense of taste also. The mouth is admirably suited for the purpose of mastication, and is provided with a series of jaws, by means of which the food is broken down and triturated. And, supplementary to the jaws, we find even the walls of the stomach to be provided with little limy teeth, adapted for the further division of the food during its subjection to the digestive process. These teeth, also seen in the stomach of the lobster, give to that organ the appearance familiar to children, and which they name the "lady in the lobster."

The early life, or infancy of the crab, is marked by a very distinct series of changes or metamorphosis. So marked, indeed, are these changes of form which the crab undergoes in the course of development, that naturalists gave to the different stages distinct names, under the idea that they represented distinct and separate animals.

The young crab, on leaving the egg, thus presents itself as a curious little form, provided with a grotesque head, somewhat of a helm shape, which terminates behind in a long peaked process, somewhat like the end of a night-cap long drawn out. In front, this large head bears a pair of great eyes, which, unlike those of the perfect crab, are destitute of stalks. And, finally, the body itself appears in the form of an attenuated jointed tail, by the aid of which the little crab moves in acrobatic fashion, "head over heels." Four pairs of appendages, representing the rudimentary limbs, are all undeveloped, in the *Zoea*, as this first stage is called; but these are useless as locomotive organs, and are used to draw food particles towards the mouth. The second stage of development known by the name *Megalopa*, soon succeeds the first or *Zoea* stage; and the crab now makes some approach to the likeness of the perfect form. The elongated lobster-like tail is still retained by the *Megalopa*, and constitutes, as before, the chief agent in its locomotion; but the eyes become like those of the perfect form, and appear mounted on stalks. The antennæ or "feelers," the great claws, and ordinary legs, are now developed; whilst the body-piece itself becomes broadened, and bears a close resemblance to that of the adult crab. The third stage chiefly consists in the casting-away of the tail, as in the assumption of the perfect form. The tail appendage then shrivels up and becomes of a permanently short and rudimentary nature; the body grows still broader than before; and the entire form—measuring only about an eighth of an inch or so—requires to grow in size simply to become recognisable as the ordinary or familiar crab. We thus observe that in its young state the crab possesses a tail resembling that of the lobster, and presents other points of affinities to its familiar neighbour; which points, however, in the adult state and in the process of development become obliterated and lost.

The group of "crabs," popularly so-called, includes very many interesting forms, which are distributed by the naturalist in different divisions of the great Crustacean class. The *Hermit*, or *Soldier crabs*, are also familiar objects of our sea-coast—these creatures each ensconced in the cast-off shell of a whelk or other mollusc, being literal hermits, whilst from their pugnacious disposition and combative instincts, they as truly merit the title, "soldier-crabs." In marine aquaria, or in those natural aquaria, the rock-pools on the sea-beach, the hermits may afford much amusement. A small crab in a large shell, may frequently be seen to be engaged in combat by a larger neighbour in a small domicile; the latter frequently succeeding in ousting his lesser companion from the more roomy abode, and coolly ensconcing himself in the shell from which he has thus expelled the rightful tenant and owner. These crabs

possess a soft abdomen, this structure leading them to seek protection in the shell; and the hinder extremity of the tail is provided with curious sucker-like feet, by means of which the animal retains a firm hold of the whorls of his habitation.

The crabs of foreign, and especially of tropical regions, exemplify several very remarkable forms. The land crabs of Jamaica and other West Indian islands are so-named from their terrestrial habits, for the pursuit of which the structure of the gills and breathing apparatus is somewhat modified from that of the ordinary sea crabs. They inhabit burrows, which they excavate in damp or marshy situations, and appear to subsist either on animal or vegetable matter. The burrows of these crabs are exceedingly common in West Indian cemeteries, and they are said to have the disgusting habit of preying upon the bodies therein interred. A remarkable instinct leads the land crabs to make an annual journey to the sea, chiefly for the purpose of depositing their eggs. This migration is said to take place during the wet season, and immense hordes of these crabs may be thus met with, marching in a straight line towards the sea. Their march is effected chiefly by night, and they are said to be exceedingly destructive to the vegetation of the districts through which they pass. The negroes trap these crabs for the sake of the flesh, which is said, when well-cooked, to be tender and nutritious. The Cocoa-nut crabs are so-named from their habit of feeding upon these nuts. These latter are also terrestrial in habits, but appear to visit the sea more frequently than the land-crabs. The cocoa-nut crabs were supposed to climb the trees in search of their favourite fruit; but this supposition appears to be erroneous, and the more correct view is, that they feed upon the fallen nuts, which they open by first peeling off the fibrous investment, and then smashing in one end of the nut by blows from the great claws. The racing crabs of Syria present examples of forms which are able to run very quickly—these crabs being alleged to keep pace with a trotting horse! The Molucca or king-crabs, inhabiting the West Indies, North America, and the Eastern Archipelago, differ materially from the ordinary crabs, in the possession of a long, spinous, sword-like tail. They are thus known to the naturalist as *Xiphosura*, or “sword-tailed” crustaceans, and, by the natives of the Eastern Archipelago, the elongated spines are used to form spear-heads. The body is horseshoe-shaped, convex above and concave beneath. On the under surface we find twelve feet surrounding the mouth; the upper or basal joints of these legs being armed with spines, so as to serve the purpose of jaws, and to divide the food, which consists chiefly of animal matter. The flesh and eggs of the king-crabs, are highly esteemed by the Javanese as articles of diet. And hogs are said to be driven to the shore to feed upon

them; the swine becoming adepts at securing their prey by turning them on their backs, when, like turtles, they are unable to regain their proper position.

Extinct and fossil crabs of strange form, and sometimes of immense size, are familiar to the geologist. Several of these were closely allied to the existing king-crabs, and such were the *Pterygoti*, one species of which, the *Pterygotus Angelicus*, may have attained a length of nearly six feet. The remains of these giant crabs are found in the rocks extending from the Upper Silurian to the Upper Devonian formations.

ANDREW WILSON.

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## AUGUST.

A LL Nature now is radiant, and gives forth  
 U nsparing treasures in a bounteous mood,—  
 G reat blessings to the land in fruits and grain.  
 U ngrateful he who lightly passes by  
 S uch gifts, unmindful of their Heav'nly source :  
 T each us, O God, to love Thee thro' Thy works !

M. A. BAINES.

## DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

*Died. May 1st, 1873.*

WEARY and footsore—bruised in many a fight,  
 With that gaunt Fever-King, who reigns supreme  
 Through the broad realms of Central Africa—  
 The dauntless pilgrim still went tramping on.  
 His great heart burned with one intense desire,  
 To lift the blood-besprinkled veil that hid  
 The poisoned fountains, whence come welling forth  
 The soul-polluting streams of slavery—  
 The deadly curse, in this world's history.  
 One other great thought fired his ardent soul —  
 He longed to solve an ancient mystery ;  
 One that has baffled men in every age,  
 And formed the theme of many a hoary myth.  
 He would disclose the birthplace of that stream,  
 Whose mighty floods pour down their yearly dower  
 Of richest wealth, o'er Egypt's thirsty soil ;  
 Filling the desert with the golden grain.  
 Seven weary years he wandered, all alone  
 Amidst barbarian crowds of heathen men ;  
 And bearing in his hand the Word of God,  
 He let its light shine forth in daily acts  
 Of Christian love, till even the wildest sons  
 Of Afric's deserts loved and cherished him.  
 Once only burst upon him one bright ray  
 Of sunshine, from the outer world and home—  
 Sent by unknown, but sympathising friends,  
 From far-off western shores—Columbus' land—  
 Substantial aid and loving greetings came,  
 When Stanley found him on the eastern edge  
 Of Tanganyika's Lake\*—sick and forlorn :  
 A weary "traveller fallen among thieves."†  
 The white man left him ; but he would not turn  
 His steps towards home, "*until his work was done.*"

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great Lake discovered by Livingstone, and where he died is called  
 Tanganyika and Bembé. See his map.

is own words See diary, Oct. 28th, 1871, the day that Stanley  
 found him at Ujiji, vol. ii. 155.

And so he plunged, once more into the swamps  
 Of Bangweolo, and laid down his life—  
 A pilgrim, dying with his staff in hand;  
 A warrior, falling in the hope forlorn,  
 Cleaving a way where other men may tread.  
 His task on earth was done, yet still he works,  
 In that high quarter of his Master's realm,  
 Where angels are but ministers sent forth,  
 To minister to those who need their aid.\*  
 Unseen, may he not still befriend the weary slave?  
 Thus has his name become a *Living Stone*,  
 Whereon are writ the deeds of his great life  
 In lines that shall endure throughout all time.  
 Let us so live—seeking to do God's will,  
 And to deny ourselves—like him who died  
 Mid Bemba's swamps, in prayer at eventide.†

CHAS. H. ALLEN, F.R.G.S

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\* Hebrews, i., 14.

† Dr. Livingstone was found dead upon his knees by the bedside, having evidently risen up to pray.



## NOTES ON CARLYLE.

he unhappy inhabitant of Uz gave vent to that peculiarly ve saying, "O that mine enemy would write a book!" certainly had a thought for the future. How would he piced had he owned the felicity of having the most pitiless naker of the present time for his enemy! How would he iled and congratulated himself, had he seen what we saw e ago, and listened to a tale we heard! For, as we d along one of the streets in "the gray me'tropolis of the we came to a bookstall, where our gaze fell upon the first of the "French Revolution," standing alone half cut up, lently only read so far. This sight recalled an incident of , having read all the "Siege of Norwich," yet began this rk six times, and so many times stopped, tripped up and e by the verbal and mental ecentricities of that powerful

(A Carlyle-worshipper advised him, like the spider and bert Bruce, to try a seventh time, when, it is to be hoped, le will be repaid.) And how much more would the Uzzite lited to have had the following whispered in his ear. A d occasion to enter a shop for the first volume (cheap of "Cromwell," the bookseller made earnest inquiries of r whether or not he had read the first work in the edition Resartus"); and, on our friend notifying that he had done ssed the profoundest astonishment, both in countenance and the same time intimating that *he* had given it up in bewilderment and despair. Our friend smiled, part in part in pity, and part encouragingly; for he, again, is a ative of a considerable, but reliable class who are fervent of Carlyle, and who, though not blind to his faults, are aware of his excellencies. This class has no sympathies ther and far larger set of men who speak loudly and ally to cover the very hazy idea of him floating about ns. Far otherwise the former class, which is formed *only* und earnest young men, entering on life in its realities; en who would prefer one page of their literary godfather be- he merely animal athletics of this curious age. If they are about him they affectionately call "our Tom," they reply ly feeling tones, and with a certain earnestness which at ks them as Carlyleans. And it may safely be predicted : of such materials only are to come the future embodi-



ments of Carlyle's teaching--or the nearest approaches to such ; the middle-aged men (who alone are young enough to change) have no time to comprehend this new Samson ; or their minds, clouded by their early training, and confounded by the advance of the times, assume a Tory platform, and refuse to understand him as his fathers, again, are unable. Thus Carlyle's "garner-field" is in the soul of every young man gifted with a slight knowledge of philosophy, moderately well acquainted with the course of things in the past and around him, and who has, above all, that "noble he" wherein, as Richter says, "there burns a perpetual thirst for nobler." With these—it might almost be said, the last alone will attain, if he ever can attain, to some portion of the intense self-sacrifice and noble practice of his teacher.

Yet the effects of Carlyle's teaching are visible already and stupendously, ponderously visible in Froude (who has long acquired the honourable distinction of being named without formal "Mr."), a close Carlylean—"steeped in Carlyle," as we have remarked. In his early essays he again and again refers to Carlyle, but it is in his history that the master appears. Like a true pupil, Froude has not slavishly followed every turn and twist of his teacher, but has, with a thoroughly English force, grasped firmly at his principles. But, in the process of drawing them to himself and making them his own, he has unavoidably plucked away some touches of style that quite clearly indicate their source. And as a consequence, these touches appear most in the work when he was bringing his teacher's principles into practice ; and so, in his "History of England," we find many such phrases as the "Ireland . . . that perennially miserable country," and "a fused refusal to believe in lies."

That his principles are Carlyle's needs only a very slight knowledge of both to see. Again and again he refers to Cromwell as the model of just and vigorous action ; again and again he asserts that no soldier is justified in disobeying his commander's orders, and again and again does he assert that force guided by justice and truth is the only solution of many another difficulty before the Irish : how closer than this could he be ? Froude is essentially the first-fruits of Carlylism, and with such a brilliant and powerful beginning, what may we not expect in the future, when, it is hoped, much of the fanciful and prejudicial teaching of the J. S. Mill will have lost its attraction and found its level ?

Yet amid all this success it remains a remarkable and deplorable fact, that so many are or seem unable to understand the "silly Chelsea ;" but the causes are not far to seek. The chief one is the amount of Germanism in his literary composition. Carlyle's climax (or, at least, one of the climaxes) of that Germanic infl

which first appeared in general literature about the time of Scott, and which, indeed, Scott himself helped on, just about a year after Carlyle was born, by his translations of "Burger's Ballads," and Göthe's "Götz von Berlichingen." This foreign inspiration had first shown itself in philosophy, however, and thence had been spread to general literature by the fame of Göthe. The effects of this Germanism are palpable. It gives an involved, wry style of thinking, (for it must, with a little consideration, be evident that Carlyle thinks in German) which is made no clearer by the addition of a loose, disjointed, ungainly diction loaded with "word cramming." This feature is recognised by all; but other two have not been noticed so much, if at all. There is a part of his style which is owing to his Scots descent and education, and also a wide reading in French. From these sources spring severally, a Titanic intensity of thought, and an epigrammatic wording; these produce ever and anon those sentences, now dreadful in their ruggedness, and again short and sharp as a lightning-stroke—and as withering. To foreign sources must be attributed his repeated use of "Heavens!" an expression unpardonable to many. The Germanism, the strong Scots nature, and the French reading—any one would be enough; but all combined make a series of weapons that (unless you are too finical and get out of the way) beetle you, turn you over, beetle you again, cut and hew at you, then pause for a few sadly reflective moments only again to fly at you like a torrent from Dante's "Hell."

Still he has a wonderful, weird kind of beauty, too, when he chooses to exercise it. In his earlier style—as in his essays—it is wrought by careful elaboration and attention to received usage; while in his later it is accomplished by a few masterly touches—the minimum of words and maximum of suggestiveness. Indeed, Professor Masson, lecturing on "Style," and referring to Carlyle's translation of the conclusion of Richter's "Quintus Fixlein,\*" said that it had "a beauty of expression which one would hardly think equalled, even the original." Here one point strikes us as not a little remarkable, as either a curious coincidence, or as showing a predetermination on Carlyle's part to adopt Richter's style the moment he could do so without restraint; for, in truth, his style is not, after all, so much pure Germanism as Richterism. Near the beginning of the essay on Richter, he has an ardent and vehement defence of Richter's style, in which, as matters have turned out, he defends himself as much as Richter. It would be interesting to verify this.

It was our lot to be present at a sale of books where Carlyle's

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\* *Miscellaneous Essays*, vol. i.

works complete were in the catalogue. Standing beside them overheard a characteristic conversation between two young men. *Sot premier* (with a sneering and inane laugh). "What's this Carlyle? I wonder what he'll sell for!" *Sot second* (with same) "I wouldn't buy him. Unintelligible rubbish!" Not there is not the least doubt that slovenly reading, induced by the volume-novel plethora, is an excessively common cause of distaste for Carlyle: anything that is to cause a moment's thoughtful earnest consideration is thrown aside as obscure and "unintelligible rubbish."

Yet, objections notwithstanding, if one reads anything at all in his later style, one experiences a great feeling of nausea and utter weariness on going back to plod through his earlier and more custom-following writings. What more awful can be imagined than after reading "Cromwell," or the "French Revolution," to turn back to his "Life of Schiller." We, O reader! have done this, and found it frightful work—as frightful, we can imagine, the rewriting of "Schiller" would have been to its author. Carlyle, of all writers, to be read agreeably and with comfort, is to be read chronologically. In his early essays one notices small glimmerings of his later and natural form of diction—momentary wanderings from the broad road of orthodoxy. One may not like his natural writing at first; but as one begins to feel the spirit, one begins to associate the style with it and to love it as part of the matter.

While upon this point of our subject, and though it has perhaps, been enough dwelt on, we cannot help remarking the wonderful similarity between the style of Carlyle and the two Brownings, more especially of Robert Browning. The diction of all three is extremely alike, and so, comparatively, is the mode of thought. The similarity arises from the German source of the thought and philosophy. In Browning's late curiously-titled poem "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country," is to be found the following (and there are many like it throughout his works), which might well have been Carlyle's:—

"Voltaire

Died mad and raving, not without a burst  
Of squibs and crackers, too significant."

Rainbowed over with the delicate web of poetic imagination and refinement, the philosophy taught by Browning is, practically, the same as that of Carlyle—"Let us work while it is called to-day for the night cometh when no man can work." Assuredly they differ widely in one way. Carlyle has no hope for us. He bids us work because it is the eternal purpose that we should—work with all the quivering energy of muscle and brain; but when

ask, "Whither away?" he has no answer, except it be in the words of Göthe, "Work and despair not"—by no means comforting to poor humanity after its day's toil is over. But the Brownings tell us in words attributed by some to Chaucer, "If thou work, thou art above all things save God alone;" there is a hope, and they point and guide us to it by words dark and sad, perhaps—the outcome of a subjective nineteenth century, but also of an eternal yearning in the human heart.

As a consequence of his style, his writing has a certain dramatic turn in it, to which his sarcasm and epithets add. This gives him the power of writing concisely and yet piquantly. What more beautiful gems of historiettes can be shown than his "Cagliostro" and "The Diamond Necklace," which are anything but dry, and yet they are nothing but fact. True, the subjects are interesting, yet it is the style that carries one on in a manner only Carlyle can do. Let us take an example in the "French Revolution," said by many to be his greatest. In opening it is documentary, smelling of Hansard in a French form. Then a few pictures are introduced—a few men; remarks follow till one is roused, feels an interest gather. Then a thrilling incident crashes in, and from that moment onward the fierce, frightful, bloody scenes are kept up, following hot on each other's heels, interrupted every now and then only for a moment by a running fire of epithets, sarcasms encouraging cries quite as fiery as the matter itself, and giving not an instant's rest. On, on, one is whirled in that frightful "desert-waltz," attention at its closest, the nerves strung to their utmost tension, till, with a crash—"the whiff of grape-shot"—one is drawn up sharp, and all is over. Mons. Taine—that purring cat with the ever-unsheathed claws, that frank and candid Frenchmen, who, having come to view us in a quiet, unprejudiced manner, yet does little else than abuse our literature—in speaking of this work chooses to call it, in a depreciating tone, "a delirium." Does Monsieur Henri Taine forget that that hideous drama was *itself* "a delirium?" But not much reliance is to be placed on such criticism as Mons. Taine's when he reviews anything English; more especially if it happens to tell against France even in the slightest way possible.

Next, we should feel inclined to set down part of the public distaste to his inveterate disregard of all formulas, and his persistent, pertinacious attacks upon all that is dear to the hearts of custom-loving, custom-worshipping Britons. Then he ruthlessly seizes by the throat, and crying out—"Custom doth make dotards of us all," shrivels and then holds up to derision. Their fine-drawn imaginations of British institutions, vested interests, and, above all, that British liberty that glories in "Britons never will

be slaves; all this he flouts and daffs aside to show them that, in reality, no greater slaves exist. In mute horror our free and constitutional Britons stand wondering "What next?" while he suddenly appears at their backs knocking the breath out of them on the subject of clothes or red-tapism. Indeed, his hatred of formulas is intense and evidently in the blood. His heroes are formula-haters and his love of them is in the inverse ratio of their love for custom. The more a character ill-treats established traditions the more Carlyle smiles on him—the less our Britons.

A third point at issue between Carlyle and many, is what he has baptised "*Anti-rose-waterism*," most vigorously taught in "*Cromwell*." It is rather, on the whole, amusing to observe the horror of it expressed by that "*mountainous I*" Margaret Fuller. It is amusing to consider the fright depicted on her severe countenance, as she sits down to write a few cold, stiff, pedantic sentences as a protest against "*inhumanity*." She is not to be convinced for a moment, this "*mountainous I*," that the severe and apparently harsh measures gone through at Tredah were not only expedient but right, because merciful. She says she is aware Carlyle is a fine epithet-giver, but, in spite of that, she feels bound to protest against the brutal butchery he defends. No, no; our "*mountainous I*"-ship must be left alone—she is not to be convinced because she *will* not. Her poor dead father is to blame for this quite as much as her woman's heart, of which time showed she had not a little. And yet she is the type of a not inconsiderable class which, like her, must be left alone—there is no convincing them.

This creed dictated his support of Governor Eyre (who forcibly reminds us of an older like-named and like-doing Colonel Stratford Eyre, who played tricks strange and altogether unpleasant to the Irish and smugglers about Galway, in the year 1747\*), the manly defence of a manly man. The opposition cry of "*Jesuitical that doing evil that good may come*," is swept away in the truth of Thomas à Kempis—"Of two evils the less is always to be chosen. The opposition mainly consists of sentimentalists with no stamina about them at all. If the world attended to them it would soon turn into a mere hospital of lacrimose Rousseaus and maudlin Diderots—"a sight not beautiful to behold."

Has it been noticed how deeply Carlyle also ponders over those two mysterious and weirdly suggestive lines of Shakespeare's, which seem to be the key-note of modern German literature—

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,  
And our little life is rounded with a sleep."

These lines haunt German thought with a ceaseless iteration, as

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\* Froude's "*English in Ireland*," b. iv., ch. ii. sec. iv.—4.

their spirit is communicated to all its students. Yet what a poor hopeless thing it is, enervating rather than giving strength! these words, with all their sublimity, only remaining as a proof of how far the finite is from knowing the infinite.

One more and concluding note we would make, and that is, the peculiarities of our author's death-scenes. Mark how, when he loves his character, he can, by a few words, make it pathetic; and, when the subject is antagonistic, by an equally few sarcastic words, make it semi-ludicrous. Compare for instance the two following. Let us again read together the departure of Cromwell; so beautiful in its simplicity, so real in its manly deeps.

"When the morrow's sun rose, Oliver was speechless; between three and four in the afternoon he lay dead. Friday, 3rd September, 1658.—'The consternation and astonishment of all people,' writes Fauconberg, 'are inexpressible; their hearts seem as if sunk within them. My poor wife,—I know not what on earth to do with her. When seemingly quieted, she bursts out again into a passion that tears her very heart in pieces.' Husht, poor weeping Mary! Here is a life-battle right nobly done. Seest thou not,

" 'The storm is changed into a calm  
At His command and Will,  
So that the waves which raged before,  
Now quiet are and still!

Then are *they* glad, because at rest,  
And quiet now they be:  
So to the Haven He them brings  
Which they desired to see!

" 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord;' blessed are the valiant that have lived in the Lord. 'Amen, saith the Spirit,' Amen. 'They do rest from their labours and their works follow them.' "

How sweet and yet grand is this! notice the funeral bell-like effect of the two psalm verses—that is a Carlyle touch; simple, effective, and affecting, with no rhetoric, no finely-pointed peroration, but plain and true, like the character of the dead. Note, too, how Mary's grief is brought in; what a delicate touch of refutation!

Now place by this, the death of the Kaiser, from "Frederick the Great," b. xi. ch. 8:—

" 'Wednesday, 19th, all day, anxiety, mournful suspense' poor weeping Kaiserin and all the world waiting; the inevitable visibly struggling on. 'And in the night of that day' (night of 19th-20th October, 1740), 'between one and two in the morning, death snatched away this most invaluable monarch (den preis würdigsten monarchen) in the 56th year of his life;' and Kaiser Karl VI., and

the House of Hapsburg and its five tough centuries of good and evil in this world have ended."

Mark how comically, almost, the extract from the reminiscences of the gentlemen "of great punctuality and great dullness" comes in. It makes one involuntarily smile, for one feels as if a stiff formula, or starched and bedizened body only had passed out of sight. One is reminded of him more as the "Pragmatic Sanction hunter" so drolly pictured by Carlyle, than as an emperor trying sorely to give his life to assure the future welfare of a great and noble daughter.

The grand question with many is—Will Carlyle live, or will he be said of him not long hence, in the words of Marlow, in "*Faustus*:"

"He was a scholar once admired  
For wondrous knowledge in the German schools"

—which? A few hints must suffice here.

If, as has been said, Style is the sure basis of literary life, Carlyle *must* live; and while there is work to be done honestly and men required to do it he shall live. His force philosophy will never be carried out in the letter, but will be by thousands, in the spirit. That spirit will grow and prosper, for it is the active spirit of duty, right, and true goodness. Frederick the Great may be taken as incarnation of the letter; that is, force pure and simple, with no heart and pure soul ruling, but only simple expediency fulfilling what Carlyle himself says in effect, "That he could do it proves he is in the right;" an unworthy hero, the story of whose life never will be popular anywhere but in Prussia. Cromwell, again, may be said to be the embodiment of the spirit; that is, force directed and tempered by a heavenly hand—a worthy hero! "The letter killeth" is true of every well-intentioned system under Heaven; and it becomes more grimly and tragically true when applied to this Carlyle philosophy. But equally true is it, that "the spirit gives life," has given and shall yet give. It gave life to Britain in the past, and, with God's help, shall continue to do so.

Along with this letter of force shall die, though not, alas, for a longer time, that dark scepticism obscuring every page of "*John Sterling*:" and there shall also perish that dismal despair of human improvement; that despair which makes him cry out in the same spirit as the Psalmist who said, "They go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies." Man is wicked; "we are all as God made us, and a great many of us much worse," quoth Cervantes, but surely we are not utterly lost. Something, let us hope, will turn us, and what if it should be this despairing philosopher himself! Yet, how nearly we lost him and perhaps his works in *printed* form. Things were once black enough to him, so black

re him think of betaking himself to that "Alabama,"  
a. Yet now, by authentic facts, we know how much he  
it; but we can never know how much that resolve, forced on  
y circumstances, has to do with that detestation. Sarcasm  
urcasm he launches at "Colonia" (as Irving would have us  
): "The dollar cannot rule in Heaven for ever. No; I  
not," and the like. But he conquered, and that resolve fell  
to the painful past, leaving its mark upon him without doubt,  
aving us, too, for which we can never be sufficiently thank-  
at round, large grey head with the mournful eyes to think for  
l, in good time, to die in our service. Yet still, at nigh four-  
he has come forth with a historical sketch trenchant and  
ous as of old. Let us consider, as we read, that it may be  
t, and think of him reverently. For in many a heart, now  
g and yet to beat, shall shine his firm and thoroughly con-  
; light. To many, that rough and grandly-sad old face shall  
olemn and sacred memory; and of him it shall surely be truly  
"None but himself can be his parallel."

T. W. CAMERON.





## LOVE AND HOPE.

I SAW Love seated on a rock with Hope  
Dead at his feet. A uniform grey screen  
Of cloud concealed the young day's azure cope.

No wind-sown flower, no leaf, no blade of green  
Grew near; the naked rocks, the leaden sky,  
And those two shapes alone composed the scene.

Tears on his cheek, but none within his eye,  
Whose lightness, now all spent or shrouded were,  
He had been weeping till their source was dry,—

With drooping pinion, drooping head, an air  
Of utter desolation in his mein,  
Grief for a space had yielded to despair;

And hands loose-clasped that hung his knees between,  
Listless he sat. His form appeared to exhal  
A wan and waning splendour, which was seen

To clothe his smooth, round limbs with lustre pale,  
And flicker through his shining locks of hair,  
Changing their gold to flame. But which did fail

To pierce the shadow that enshrouded there,  
Where outstretched at his feet it lay, ay, me!—  
That other figure feminine and fair,

Whose cruel death caused all his misery.  
Alas! for Love when Hope has ceased to be!

ELISE COOPER.

## TO INDIA AND BACK.

heir to the British throne contemplates a tour to India  
time for loyal subjects to exert themselves and offer him  
ice," or anything else they may wish to get rid of. No  
attention has already been directed to charcoal filters sold  
and Drain," 2074, Oxford Street; "Pocket Punkahs,"  
e and Rice," 224, New Cut; the Patent Convertible

Howda, forming, also, Palanquin, Dooly, and Buggy,  
ler and Co," Houndsditch; and a thousand other useful  
culated to astonish His Royal Highness and the natives

I wish I had something to sell, or, at any rate, that  
would buy what I have to sell; but that not being the  
down, loyal though poor, honest although corpulent,  
own on paper a few remarks which may not be uninterest-

Royal Highness, although he may not be able to see the  
of the same when he has made a note of them. People  
rally enough, say, "What claim have you to give  
Are you an Indian official? Can you speak Hindoos-

Hindustani, or Inthastanee, or whatever is the last  
spelling that uncomfortable word?" Alas! I have no  
,—indeed, one piece of advice I mean to give to His  
ghness is, *not to speak the language of the East on any con-*

Doubtless I may be requested to state whether I am  
n of renown, capable of finding antidotes for unexpected  
d remedies for mysterious diseases. I answer, I am not  
t one of the things I want to tell His Royal Highness is  
*o himself to be bullied into taking pills*. Am I an eminent  
able of guiding the royal footsteps through the masses of  
mptations? No; I have no claim to preach to anybody  
any person in ecclesiastical matters; but still I intend  
ny future sovereign *not to fire at the church clock*. Does  
ant to know whether I am learned in Eastern cookery?  
ake curry like Holford, for instance? I answer that I  
g; but I don't care about Indian domestics, and I want  
ly to tell His Royal Highness *not to interest himself in his*  
e confidential advisers of the Prince may like to know  
am a great hunter. I believe it is called a shikarry, or  
or perhaps a shikaree by real Eastern scholars;—well, it  
nfession to make, I am not even a sportsman. The finest  
I ever saw was in the Zoological Gardens, and the

meanest, dirtiest, and most wretched was in a den at some poor village on the banks of the Indus. I did, once, come across the footsteps of a tiger in the East, but I hurried home, and never said a word about that wild beast for fear some one would propose going out to shoot it; still, although not a keen sportsman, I want to warn the Prince *against shooting tame ducks with a rifle.*

My claim to advise His Royal Highness rests upon the fact that I have been to India and back under, probably, the most opposite conditions to those which can ever present themselves to him; also that my experience can never be of the slightest use to him, excepting as demonstrating that it is possible for a human being to go to India and back without being much the better or the wiser for it. Not but I have seen some things in my time, and if the Prince of Wales were ever to see exactly the same things under the same circumstances, no doubt my experience would be of value to him—but then, will he? Will he ever be in a bath room, say, at Gonda or Gondah (if that's the way to spell it), in Oude, or Oudh (if you like), and, having raised an enormous water-pot above his august head, be just about to empty the contents over his fevered brow, when, lo and behold! five gigantic frogs of green colour, and standing at least sixteen inches on their hind legs, shall commence to jump round him? My idea, I recollect, was to bolt out of the bath-room; and that is the advice I should humbly offer to His Royal Highness. Again, will the Prince ever take it into his head to shift an article of furniture,—say, a chest of drawers, from one side of a room to another? If he did, would he find, standing up against a wall, a cobra of more than four feet in length, with his ugly head hissing about eight inches from the royal nose? If it should be so, would my advice be followed? I, under those circumstances, dropped my end of the chest, leaving an idiotic native holding on by the other end; and when I came to realise my sad position, I found that I had involuntarily jumped on a table and was standing with a drawn sword in my hand, calling on my native servant to kill that snake! I don't think I ought to ask my Prince to follow my example in this case, because *I had the sword*, and, perhaps, it was my duty to have attacked that cobra myself. No; I will confine myself to cases which must happen to all alike, to the common incidents of daily life, to the hum-drum routine of existence, and to put His Royal Highness up to a thing or two not generally known.

I have headed this paper *To India and Back*, and of course I came back, or I should not be scribbling now in Devonshire,—in this respect I trust His Royal Highness will follow my good example; but when I wrote "*To India and Back*" I meant that I went back to India a second time. In this, at least, I may act as a warning

royalty. And yet if I had not gone back I should have had no excuse for writing at all, for it is my intention to notice a few things that struck me as queer on my first visit to India *before the mutiny*, and some other things equally queer some years *after the mutiny*. The advice to my future sovereign I throw in "gratis," I don't expect to get anything for it. I think I said just now that I should recommend the Prince *not to take pills if he did not need them*. I trust this piece of advice may convince everybody of my sincerity and disinterestedness; for I am a medical man myself, though not a physician, and my practice would be ruined if I gave this advice generally. My reason for mentioning pills at all is, that a medical officer, was actually ordered by *my commanding officer* to take two pills on a voyage to India in 1847, and *I did it*. Now, there is a moral in this. Medical officers are accused of insubordination—of wishing to regulate their own hospitals, and manage their own internal economy. I am a living contradiction to the scandal. Yes; on a rainy day, in the Bay of Biscay, the major-in-command addressed three ensigns and an assistant-surgeon as follows: Gentlemen,—it is a well-known fact in medicine that a sea-voyage could be commenced with an appropriate dose; so, Doctor, you will be good enough to prepare two pills for each of us, and produce them at eight o'clock, when the grog is placed on the swinging-decks." I shall say no more than at eight bells I had to set the example of taking the pills, and the others, beginning with the junior ensign, followed their leader. *No objection was exhibited to the doctor lead in the hour of danger*, far from it; but this is a progression. The moral is, where is that army now? where is the major? where are the ensigns? where are the assistant-surgeons? where is discipline? There are no longer any ensigns, and assistant-surgeons have perished from the land. Would competitive examinations produce a major like that? Would conscription inculcate such unquestioning obedience as this? Peace be to the major!—he is gone. I last heard of him at Chillianwallah, charging battery, yards ahead of his own men, who loved him well, and followed him like heroes. His sword was smashed, and his swallow-tailed coat riddled by balls; but he escaped unhurt, and, as I read of his gallantry, I could not help wondering whether my pills could have had anything to do with his desperation? But I must close with my first visit to India. Now about *the church clock*, which I trust H.R.H. will not fire at.

At a place called Chinsurah in 184—, there was a dépôt where batches of recruits, just arrived from England, were collected until the barracks were full; and then the British raw material was marched up the country unarmed, but protected, guided, and watched over, by a guard of armed Sepoys. While the collection

was being formed the youngsters naturally endeavoured to acquire a knowledge of Indian life. There were a few pensioners at Chinsurah, who kindly initiated the recruits into the manufacture of bayonet-points,—a mixture, I believe, of various compounds, which rum was the most innocent and the weakest. The consumption of “bayonet-points” produced a thirst which could only be quenched by indulgence in the unripe fruits of the soil, mangoes, guavas, pommelos, and other delicacies, for instance; and when the damaged appetite finally reasserted itself, bacon and sausage, manufactured from the native pig, could be purchased at the Bazaar. More refined pleasures were, of course, sought by the officers. They studied the language under the instruction of a moonshee for an hour daily, sometimes, and they played billiards, ate enormous tiffins, and more enormous dinners, devoured more unripe fruit than the very privates did, and finished off with the performance of native dances by Nautch girls, that a native ploughboy would not have condescended to look at. But this was not the worst of it. Some of the officers found time hang very heavy on their hands, between morning parade and tiffin, and they took to *firing at the clock* from the verandah of the barrack rooms! At last the heavy hand was shot away, and the minute hand stopped short. *Cholera broke out that very day*, and a very bad outbreak it was. My chief idea always was that reverence should be exhibited to “externals;” and that is why I say to H.R.H., *Don't fire at the clock*.

I suppose I ought to tell the Prince what to do if he ever gets an attack of cholera. At Chinsurah there was a learned man in charge of the hospital; he was not only a medical man; he was something like “Faust's” father, “a scholar devoted to the liberal arts;” he had an assistant-surgeon's commission; but he was gone to the East for other purposes than to investigate the disease,—it was not his fault that he was an assistant-surgeon still, *he had a cure for cholera*. “I shall have noticed (he spoke in broken English) that there will be a great absence of bile in cholera,” remarked this physician. “Now, suppose I shall make some bile; it shall be a good thing, eh? Here is some ox-gall, I dissolve him in some gastric juice which I will make. But there must be hydrochloric acid, and acetic acid in gastric juice. Alas! in the surgery there is no hydrochloric acid; but suppose I shall put in a *double dose of acetic acid*, it shall be the same thing, eh?”

It may be that artificial bile is the right thing in cholera; but my advice to the Prince is, *Don't you try it*. Choose a doctor with pleasant theories, your Royal Highness. Let me turn to light matters.

I think I mentioned a word of warning *against shooting* to

*ducks.* My experience of tame-duck shooting leads me to form an unfavourable opinion of the sport. "We were seven," six ensigns and an assistant-surgeon, and we wandered from camp in search of game; we reached a large pond, and among the reeds and rushes, some one hundred and fifty yards off, there was life and motion—Eastern birds! birds of Paradise, perhaps! at any rate, up went the rifles, and seven deadly bullets went on their path of destruction. In a minute or less we were surrounded by infuriated natives, armed with long bamboos. They stormed and raged, and one, bolder than the rest, knocked my hat off. We managed to keep off the mob by pointing our rifles at the savages, and at last we regained the camp. The Sepoy guard was ordered to proceed to the spot and seek redress! The villagers were informed that they would be exterminated unless they gave up the ruffians who had raised their hands in defence of their ducks against the white men. At last they handed over four venerable old black fellows, who were good for nothing but to serve as offerings to the offended white deities, and they were marched as prisoners to the camp. It turned out we had only shot three tame ducks, and we were rewarded by the presentation of four old black men! They were marched for three days as prisoners away from their native homes, and then a deputation from the village arrived and besought our pardon; offering rupees for the release of the patriarchs. We consented to let them go, and, of course, we took no gifts; but I rather think the *Sepoy guard did*.

The moral of the anecdote is to be found in the reflection, that even the poorest wretches alive have their feelings, and their sentimental ducks, and the members of the ruling race should respect the prejudices of a heathen population, unless they are *quite certain* that their Sepoy guards will stand by them under all possible circumstances.

There are many other little bits of advice which my experience of *India before the mutiny* would enable me to offer to my Prince; but he can never visit India before the *last* mutiny, and it is just as well. I might, under other circumstances, say, *Don't be too popular*. I was too popular once, and I got three glasses of rum by it. I hate the recollection of that event, for I was *not* a teetotalter, and I was forced to drink the rum against my will. I could not, therefore, lay any claims to martyrdom, for nobody believed but that I rather liked the torture inflicted upon me. No one for a moment would think of doubting what a teetotalter's feelings would be under such circumstances. And yet the Prince is a general favourite, and I got my rum through being too popular; so I will go so far as to say, by way of advice, *If you are requested to visit a lady in difficulties*, be very cautious, and if

you can help it, *don't go*. That is what happened to me, only I did go under peculiar circumstances,—the gallant 705th Foot, was called upon to furnish volunteers to regiments whose time for service in India had expired. Every volunteer received a bounty, and was permitted to drink out the amount and treat his comrades. Some twenty men or so volunteered at once, and proceeded to the canteen surrounded by one hundred and fifty of intimate and thirsty friends. As they drank each others' health, they got so fond of one another that the one hundred and fifty friends volunteered, and returned to the canteen accompanied by two hundred fresh sympathisers. The good effects of drink were again shown by the devoted attachment that sprung up between the men who had swallowed a pint and a half of rum, and those who had only got as far as half a pint, and, in a very short time, the last two hundred volunteered in their turn. The joy of the gallant fellows now rose almost to extasy. They would not turn out to any parade at all, but determined to strengthen their systems by drinking over and over again to each others' excessively good health; officers and men exhibited great self-respect, the officers kept themselves to themselves, and the men minded their own business; but one woman did not mind her own business, she sent for the doctor. The surgeon had a cold, and ordered me to go. I remember going across the barrack square, and if I had not been a popular man, I might be able to recollect a little more; but I don't—only, now and then, I can recall sitting in a barrack-room, surrounded by flushed and fiery faces, and being perpetually called upon to drink some private soldier's good health. I have a notion that I swallowed three full glasses of rum, and sometimes I wonder to myself whether I was not forced to sing a comic song before I was permitted to escape—I hope not, but I cannot say. What became of the good lady who had called me to her assistance, I really do not know. I only know I wish I had not gone, and so my advice to H.R.H. is, *Steer clear of ladies in difficulties*.

I might mention a hundred other trifling matters, and inflict advice of no earthly use on the Prince; but the good old times have passed away. He will never hear of a native thief caught red-handed, and tied by his judges to a bamboo, and then pitched over the embarkment into the Ganges, then running about seven knots in the hour. He will never join toddy-stealing gangs fifty strong, and come back to barracks at daylight with a broken head, inflicted by an iron-bound Indian bamboo. He will never follow to the grave a brother officer, killed by a fall from his horse, and also *on the sly* by a pistol bullet at four o'clock of the morning of the day on which he got the very bad fall. He will never meet the commanding officer who told a soldier who complained of a comrade's interference

with his wife, that he should imitate the foreigner, who instead of being angry, would take off his hat and thank the stranger for his politeness; he will never dine with the shaky veteran officer who could not, although he had a heavy bet on it, stick his fork into one duck out of a whole dish; he, alas, will never see Indian camps, as it was before the mutiny; so why should I bother him about it?

After the mutiny is quite a different thing: my observations on my second trip to India enable me to give very valuable advice, indeed,—out of the ashes of the fires of the mutiny sprung up a phoenix, a much bolder bird than its predecessor, who had lurked out in dark corners, and sang its songs in a whisper. The new bird was called Public Opinion, and it is growing stronger every day of its life. What is the use of my advising my Prince *not to eat at the church clock*? Why the *Chinsurah Daily News* would make such a noise about it, that really the bishop would feel it his duty to remonstrate. Why should I hint that it is not desirable to not tame ducks? If the Prince did such a thing now, Sergeant Mufuz would be sent for from England, and the four old black men would receive substantial damages (of course, it is understood that the owners of the ducks should be able to remunerate Sergeant Mufuz). India cannot be rectified by public opinion all in one day; and hitherto it has confined itself principally to great cities. In the country, among the millions of the agricultural population, it is scarcely known yet; and that puts me in mind to advise His Royal Highness *not to call himself the Queen's son* when he gets a certain distance away from Calcutta. Of course, the elderly fathers in the villages would treat the Queen's son with respect; but let him consider the effect of proclaiming himself the eldest son of *Coompany Sahib*! It is not so very long since a white-headed keeper of a bungalow, (or posting house) treated me as though I was the funniest joker and the greatest liar in the universe, because I tried to explain to him that Coompany Sahib was dead, and that the Queen reigned in his stead. It is since the mutiny that a regiment on the march through our undisputed territory found a village near the camp ground with its gates closed, and watchmen on the walls and on the house-tops, *because the priests had informed them the British soldiers were cannibals and ate little children*. It seems to me that the House of Lords would not have much hold on the affections of the villagers of England if the parish priest could persuade them that the lord of the manor had a baby beefsteak for breakfast; and if the lord of the manor could only attempt to explain matters in an unknown tongue, it would only make matters worse. But I must get on with my advice on this particular subject, which is, that the Prince *should not speak the language of the East*,



*on any consideration.* It is sure to lead to mistakes,—if he spoke it quite like a native, he would get so proud of his performance that he would gradually become quite one of the native population, sympathise with all their little failings, take off most of his clothes when he sat down to curry and rice, admire ladies with nose rings, always think every white man wrong excepting himself; and perhaps become a fanatic, take to idol worship and believe in nothing but a teapot. If he spoke the language “European soldiers camp fashion,” things would be worse; there is a well-known experiment recorded by a British soldier who wanted his boots: “First I said, “Ou,” and the nigger didn’t bring them! then I said, “Jou,” and he didn’t bring them!! and then I kicked him, and he brought them!!! (I won’t be responsible for the spelling of “ou,” and “jou.”) My own experience is pretty much to the same effect; I was to leave Lahore for Umritsur, by an early train; so I said to my servant the night before, that he must pack up everything in my tin boxes before I went to bed, and in the morning, whatever was left out, could be wrapped up in a bundle at the last moment. Before reaching Lahore I had been travelling *dâk* fashion, and my goods included tea-pot, coffee-pot, frying-pan, Harvey sauce, and a thousand and one etcetras, calculated to soothe the system in lonely places where shops did not exist. I noticed the following morning that my instructions had been attended to; the things were all locked up in my tin boxes—nothing was left out but my night-clothes, razors, hair-brushes, and slippers. It was time to start, and as I went to pay my bill, I observed to my native attendant (Indian scholars are requested to pay attention :) “Sub chees bundel me ruckho.” That is the way I spell it, and I flatter myself it means, “All these things in a bundle put,” when I returned from paying my bill, what did I see? In a moment the villain *had unlocked the tin boxes*, spread out an enormous sheet, emptied everything higgledy-piggledy into a tremendous heap of clean clothes, frying-pan, Harvey sauce, cigars, blacking-brushes, soap, sugar, two pots of marmalade, one bottle of claret, corkscrew and tea-pot! Well, I confess, for the first and last time in my life, I kicked that man and yet I know now that neither he nor I was to blame, and that the only thing wrong was the man’s inability to understand his own language when slightly modified by European pronunciation. In short, it does not do for Europeans to *talk* in India—we did not talk ourselves into the possession of India; but it is not at all unlikely that we may talk ourselves out of it; and that brings me most appropriately to a remarkable piece of good advice to the Prince, *not to take the slightest interest in his cook.*

I had a cook, and he also waited on me at table when I dined out. I was going to dine out one day, and just before starting I

quired if my cook had preceded me to the house of entertainment? To my horror, I was informed that two native policemen armed with drawn cutlasses had entered the sacred precincts of my encampment, and without saying, "by your leave," had marched my poor cook off to jail. Now if I had received one word of explanation, I should have been satisfied; but it was unbearable that I should be treated with disrespect; so I took the trouble to write to the Cantonment magistrate, to ask what the man had done? Upon my word, the answer took my breath away, it was like going back to ante-mutiny times! The man *had done nothing*, only a former soldier of his had recognised him in the bazaar and wanted him back, because the man made a good curry. Now, if the former soldier had been a general or a civilian, I might not have minded much; but he was only a wretched white uncovenanted adventurer, making railways and that sort of thing, and quite ignorant of his want of standing in Indian life; so I wrote to the Cantonment magistrate, threatening to report the matter unless the man was brought back within a very few hours. He was brought back by the same two policeman, with the same drawn swords, and very much etched, indeed, the fellow looked,—the next day this cook demanded an advance of wages under the threat of leaving me penniless. He could not understand why I had got him out of jail, and he concluded it could only be because he was of unknown value. And so he determined to make me pay. If I had been in the habit of preaching in India that we were all fellow-subjects and all equal under the sight of the law and that sort of trash, I should have deserved it; but I have never done anything of the kind. I had committed a great error, though. I had insisted upon the rights of man, as applicable to a native, and he naturally suspected that the star of India was in the ascendant, and the British Lion getting weak upon its legs. I should like to say a word or two to my future sovereign about *tooth brushes*, and few other Indian trifles, but space fails, and with the deepest respect,—I remain, &c., &c.

J. T. W. B.

## CALAIS FAIR.

Now that the time has almost passed for fairs to be held in England, a short description of one of these annual gatherings in France may not be devoid of interest.

The singular tribe of nomads who obtain their living by frequenting fairs have a fine field for the display of their very ingenious methods of extracting a never-failing supply of sous and francs from the pockets of their countrymen; for in this land of despotism the fair is a recognised institution, and they are so timed that they fall due one after the other, all the year round. From Dunkerque to Calais, and from Calais to St. Omer, is the prescribed route; and so they go on all through the country, until the whole tour has been made, and January or July next—for this is a biennial fair—will find the same men and the same shows once more taking their accustomed stand on the Place d'Armes of Calais.

The fair here is considered one of the grand ones, and is largely attended, and if report say true, the harvest gathered is very abundant. This it may well be, for Calais boasts her Curgain where dwell the "*Schöne Fischer-mädchen*," with their pockets full of silver, and their ears weighted heavily with gold, and close by is the dirty straggling town of St. Pierre, whose factory-girls are certainly not short of money. The municipality has an eye to business, and lets out the "place" by the square foot, or probably mètre to the different owners of the "baragues," or booths, and as the whole space is filled, with the exception of a road all round, it must produce a good sum. The booths, in which are displayed the various trumpery wares that are sold here, are placed side by side, and these form a square, intersected by the different footways that run between them. Gates are fixed at each corner of the square so that at night the whole is shut in, and securely locked up. Whether the owners sleep amongst their goods or not, I do not know.

Large placards state that it is "*défense de fumer dans la foire*." Probably, this is a precaution against fire, or it may be merely that nothing is ever done in France without a "*défense*," attached to it. In these streets of stalls a most miscellaneous display of wares is laid out—conspicuous amongst them being an immense number of showy packets of "*pain d'épice*," which may be taken to symbolise the "gingerbread" nature of the whole affair. In an

r row, extending round the stalls, and, in a measure, defending  
1 from predatory Arabs, are ranged the different "shows."  
se are of all sorts and sizes, and as the English showman  
rved, "are suitable for young and for old, for rich and for poor,  
ugly and for handsome." Therefore let us step up and see the

There is a broad spacious "baraque," on which is written over-  
l "Stereoscoporama mouvant." Bull's-eyes of thick glass are  
ed all around, and you look into all of them for the small sum  
ree sous—whilst on the tables in the centre, are numbers of  
oscopes full of photographs, such as can be seen at every  
don *soirée*; but, to see these, you must pay seven sous  
tional. We prefer the bulls-eyes, as more novel. In the first  
representation of the Crucifixion. This is also, "mouvant,"  
a soldier with a long spear, is incessantly stabbing the figure on  
cross, whilst another, with a sponge on a reed, keeps passing it  
as the breast. In another of the peep-shows, we see the birth  
our Saviour represented. Mary lies languidly on a faggot of  
w, and keeps slowly moving her head up and down, and so does  
little baby reposing at her side; whilst Joseph never ceases to  
e his hand in token of satisfaction, or for some other reason not  
ad. An ox and a goat accompanied by a very great donkey,  
one or two fowls, shake their sagacious heads in perpetual  
art, whilst the air is full of naked cherubim who flourish aloft  
n olive-branches in token of peace. Fortunately, these are  
only scriptural pieces, and it is a relief to the Protestant eye to  
from such hideous travesties, to views of Rome and Constanti-  
e, to people being shaved, or to cooks and bakers hard at work,  
not a little amusing to be told by a man in attendance,  
tendez, Monsieur! je vais faire passer le chemin de fer," imme-  
ely after which a little toy train ran across a viaduct, which  
ned the valley of "je ne sais quoi." Next door to this was a  
who appeared to be busily employed in pulling out and  
ling up again skins of white silk, or spun glass, or some other  
ate substance. On a nearer inspection, it proved to be a white  
meat very tenacious, and capable of being drawn out to any  
ee of fineness. After being passed through his hands about  
hundred times, until it had obtained the necessary "goût," he  
it off in thin pieces the size of a stick of sealing-wax, and  
led it out to the scores of expectant gazers, who in return gave  
a certain number of sous or centimes. Listen to the hideous  
they are making at the next booth. Here on a platform are  
ing about, or dancing, or playing drums and fifes—two ugly  
inos, one clown, and a most repulsive woman in dirty white  
lin and tights. Inside there is a theatrical representation of the

"temptation of St. Anthony," performed by a troop of marionette dolls, about three feet in height. The conversation is carried on from the top of the theatre by an Albino and the lady, in loud, coarse tones—the representation itself need not be described.

Now we pass into a mean little hole, where sits in a state of half stupor, a very ugly female dwarf, just one *mètre* in height, and about two in circumference, so that this little wretch very nearly resembled a ball in shape. Close to her in the same den lived a young cow with six legs! A very pretty little "Princess," about the height of "Tom Pouce," as they call him, resided in an adjacent booth, and her tiny carriage, with two very small ponies, stood before the door. Next to this was a much more interesting show than any of the foregoing,—a French Wombwell's, in which the animals were very fine, and looked extremely healthy, in spite of their small dens. Ten magnificent lions, a royal Bengal tiger, two leopards, a brown, a black, and a Polar bear; llamas, hyenas, wolves, baboons,—an old friend of ours—the black-nosed kangaroo, and many other creatures composed the show. At eight o'clock a "séance" was given and all the beasts were fed,—the carnivora on meat, and the bears and others on about a *mètre* of bread each. After that a portly man in his shirt sleeves and carrying a huge whip, enters the den in the centre, the only one in which you could swing a cat, to say nothing of a lion, and there he performs a series of coquetting manœuvres with the different animals as they are let in to him. First of all, four lions come through the opening with a bound, and they go through a modest show of leaping and growling, which seems as though it were half in fun and half in earnest. Then they are driven back to the small cage whence they came and are shut securely in, whilst on the other side a door is opened in the great den and four more splendid lions rush into the arena. These are more tractable than the others, and eat small pieces of meat and jump through hoops covered with pink tissue paper, just as a circus girl would do, and otherwise acquit themselves very creditably. Then out go these royal brutes, and they are followed by two magnificent leopards, who are as tame as cats, and purr and rub themselves against the swarthy keeper's arm with evident delight. They also sit up and look at the spectators and turn their heads, "a droit," "à gauche," and "en face," to the word of command. Two large hyenas come in and play with the leopards, and thus complete the happy family, and also the *séance* which appropriately terminates here, no doubt to the delight of the human performer, who fortunately retires with a whole skin. Outside this booth a fearful din of trumpets is kept up, and as a kind of walking advertisement a man struts about very composedly with a

huge "boa" (a real live one, some twelve feet long) wound round his neck, and its head tucked into his waistcoat.

Close to this large show stands one equally grand. This is the *Théâtre de Gaités*, and is one of the most attractive places in all the fair, and in it there is room for a considerable audience, who can enjoy a pantomime and a play, and the sight of a man who can tie himself into endless knots, all for the sum of half a franc, or even less for the back seats.

This kind of performance is essentially poor, so we adjourned to see a colossal lady who lives close by, and is called "*la belle Tyrolienne*." She is said to weigh 175 kilo., or about 350 lbs. "*Son bras a 60 centimètres de circonference (24 inches) et sa jambe 70" (28 inches)!* She is described as a "*ravissante jeune fille*;" but although she might be considered so in Dahomey, or other countries where fat women are admired,—she did not make that impression on us.

We will pass quickly by stalls where men shoot with "small bores" to break tobacco-pipes—a French Aunt Sally—and will elbow our way through the dense crowd that surrounds the man who, in white shirt sleeves, seems to think February is July. He is receiving sous as fast as he can, and giving out little tickets in return, on which numbers are printed. Then he turns a large wheel, and, when it stops of its own accord, he calls out with the blandest possible look "*Soixante douze à gagné, monsieur*;" but *what* "*soixante douze*" had gained we could not quite make out.

And now we come to a most stupendous show! This is a great theatre, that stretches almost the whole length of one side of Calais Place, and can contain many hundreds of spectators, who can sit on benches ranged one above another in gradual slope. Underneath, standing on the ground, a large pan, filled with burning coke, gives a pleasant warmth to the whole. We must not describe all the performances; but they were very good of their kind, and the gymnasts must be well paid, for they are first-rate. One man who came upon the stage upon a wooden ball, was apparently, as much at home upon that rolling and unstable foundation as if he had been upon the level boards. He ran up and down and then athwart the small stage with the greatest ease; and then he proceeded to stand still upon his ball and to spin plates and balance them on the points of swords, to throw and keep up in rapid flight half-a-dozen balls at once; also knives with bare blades, and to perform other antics of a similar kind, just as easily as if he were standing on a steady platform. He also rolled his ball up to something he had dropped, and stooping down picked it up with his

sword. Altogether he struck us as being extremely clever. The artiste retires to a neighbouring booth and takes photographic likenesses between the performances, and it is to be hoped he makes these as well as he does his rotatory ball.

A troupe of Arabs came on afterwards, and made themselves into pyramids of men in the usual fashion. In these exhibitions it is difficult to say whether you would rather be the small man at the top, who would break his neck if he fell, or the strong man with Atlantean shoulders and legs like the pillars of Hercules, who stands below and supports as many as eight men at once during some of his performances.

All this, and much more, may also be seen for half a franc, and it certainly cannot be called too dear.

There are various little cooking and baking stalls distributed about the fair. One of these, with a placard "*A la Reine Fritures,*" is kept by a woman who is reported to be able to give each of her two daughters a dowry of 25,000 francs. In some places you can obtain excellent potatoe fritters and other delicacies,—in others you see for yourself cakes and "*gaufres*" being made and baked, and if you like to stay long enough, you may witness the whole process, and eat them piping hot. Perhaps you had better not, an eye-witness informed us that the frying pans are washed in gutter.

These fairs were formerly of a much more solid and useful character, and you could purchase almost anything you require at moderate prices. Now they are becoming more and more frivolous in their nature, and have descended pretty much to the level of sweetmeats, toys, and shows. Gradually they will, no doubt, decline more and more, and eventually die out altogether as the English prototypes are fast disappearing.

What a strange life these itinerant pedlars and mountebanks must lead—no settled home—their whole maintenance being incessant building up of a frail rubbishy house or store, to be soon pulled down and carted off to another camping-place, where they must again "*move on*" to another and another, and so on for ever! It may be very well when the weather is tolerably mild and fine; but how they can support the intense cold of some of the French winters is perfectly marvellous! A hardy, light-hearted people are these nomads, and they deserve to make money, they grudge neither fatigue nor exposure; but toil on their ceaseless round with exemplary patience, and an ingenuity often worthy of a better cause.

CHAS. H. ALLEN, F.R.G.S.

## REFLECTIONS.

WHERE is Beauty, tell me, where  
'Tis on the earth, and in the air ;  
It lurks within the ocean deep,  
It decks the sky when faint stars peep  
    When trees are bending,  
    And flowers are sending  
Perfumes that new charms are lending—  
    Yes, tis there !

Where does Truth fast spell-bound lie ?  
In the blue depths of Sylvia's eye ;  
It sits serenely on her brow,  
Where Love has sealed his first young vow.  
    I kiss her snowy hand,  
    That ne'er a trick has planned,  
As trembling and abashed I stand—  
    Then Truth is nigh !

Where can Grace discovered be ?  
In the mad dance's witchery ;  
When girls on lawns their revels keep,  
When, all-amazed, the fleet does leap,  
    When courser speeding,  
    His comrades leading,  
Spurns the ground, fatigue unheeding,  
    That's Grace for me !

Where can Hope take root and grow ?  
It rises at morn with Phœbus' glow,  
To watch the streams that seaward flow,  
Bearing their load of joy and woe.  
    The ivy climbing  
    The spring's green time in,  
The favourite theme for poet's rhyming—  
    Its emblem so.



Sweet Charity, where doth she haunt ?  
 She leaves the scenes where proud ones flaunt ;  
 She hies her to the lowlier cot,  
 Truly to help, yet vaunting not,  
     Unseen her blushes  
     'Mid Fashion's crushes,  
 Till Malice, shamed, her murmur hushes,  
     Afraid to taunt !

Say, where can Faith securely cling ?  
 Only in Heav'n, where angels sing,  
 Heedless of Earth's loud strife and din,  
 Loathing the weight of pain and sin.  
     She twines, forsooth,  
     Love, Grace, and Truth,  
 To form a wreath of Peace and Ruth  
     In holy ring.

Where can Love find lasting rest ?  
 In the dear mother's yearning breast,  
 In the true friend's warm, fond embrace,  
 In the wife's heart, his dwelling-place.  
     Lord of the world,  
     Thy flag unfurl'd  
 Tells us of Hate, to darkness hurl'd—  
     Blessing and blest !

B. C. L.

## THE TRITON RIVER

OST are familiar, from works of art, with the sea deity, who half man and half a dolphin, blows a conch or shell to calm the sea or abate the storm. The name of this fabled son of Neptune is given to several rivers. It was attached as an epithet to the Nile, and it was also given to an insignificant stream in Bœotia, which flows by Alalcomenæ into Lake Copais. It has been proposed that it was from this small stream, and not from the river of Libya, also called Triton, that Athenæ derived the surname Tritogeneia. But we have the authority of Herodotus, Pausanias, Virgil, and Mela Pomponius, to the effect that Minerva was surnamed Tritonis or Tritonia from the river and lake in Libya, near which she had a temple. Ovid (*Meta.* v.) tells us that Athens was called Tritonis because dedicated to Minerva. One of the lakes on the ancient Triton river of Libya was also called Pallas, with which the epithet Tritogeneia was associated as early as the days of Homer and Hesiod. There was also a river of Egypt, called Triton by Diodorus Siculus, at the source of which Minerva was said to have been born, just as there was an Athenæ destroyed, according to Strabo and Pausanias, by an inundation at the sources of the Bœotian Triton. The application of the same legend under different forms to various streams can only be looked upon as that kind of reproduction of an original type (which in this case attached itself in the first place to the Libyan Triton, whence, indeed, according to an ancient tradition, Minerva sprang Aphrodite-like from the foam of the waters) which is so well known to be of common occurrence in mythological geography.

The Triton River, par-eminence, was unquestionably the great river of Libya, which flowed through the Libyan lake, Lake Pallas, into the Triton lake, into the lesser Syrtis. It is not worth discussing whether within historical times these three lakes were united into one common estuary, a prolongation of the Syrtis into the interior of Africa, or whether this great Triton lake or estuary dated back to pre-historic times, as we are most inclined to believe. Be it as it may, that although now dried up, as is the whole course of the ancient river, there is little doubt as to the existence at one time of a river and inland sea, that this dried up into a river and a lake in old historical times, and that it has now dried up into a hollow, below the level of the sea, only watered at times by

streams and winter torrents, and having at such seasons its tracts of marshes and lakes, and which depression it is proposed to once more convert into an inland sea, by cutting through the isthmus which separates it from the Mediterranean.

French geographers have not only devoted much attention to the geography of the lower region once occupied by this famous river, with its lakes or estuary and islands, all of mythological renown, but a recent and most unfortunate traveller—M. Dupère—has also explored the upper portions of the bed of the river, now known as the Igharghar (not a very captivating name), and it is to give some idea of what this ancient bed of a once celebrated stream is, that has induced us to return to the subject.

M. Dupère disembarked at Philippeville in November, 1873, with the express object of exploring the Sahara. He arrived at Biskra on the 22nd of November. Thence he proceeded to Tugurt and Wargla, returning once to Tugurt; and it was not until the 1st of February, 1874, that, accompanied by a M. Joubert, he started for Tamellhat, immediately beyond which place the bed of Igharghar or Triton river is met with. At this point, a few palms in the state of shrubs, and a somewhat denser vegetation are alone described as distinguishing the bed of the river from the surrounding country. On the left bank were the ruins of the house of Sidi Bū Hāniya where was once a grove of dates, said to have been carried away by an inundation, which would seem to show that the bed of the Triton is at times liable to floods. Close by was a spring of good water called Ain Ben Mezid with a group of date trees. Water was also to be obtained in the bed of the river at the depth of from five to six yards. *Anvillia radiata*, *Helianthemum sessiflorum*, *Stipa tenacissima*, *Arthratherum brachyatherum* and *pungens* provided camels with plenty of food in this part of the Triton. The latter is transported to other parts of the Sahara by camel loads.

The travellers followed the bed of the river and soon came to a region of gypsum, beyond which was a spring known as that of Bu Semāha. Vegetation continued to be abundant, and species of Tamarisk, Cyperus, Stipa, and others, (the species of which are enumerated by M. Dupère, who appears to have been a competent botanist) attested to the presence of a certain amount of humidity. Next came the plain of Lokdor with fine gravel, with the springs of Matmât and Ameyik (the latter alone affording water), frequented by the Cha'amba tribes, who find pasturage there for their camels and sheep. The first downs or sand hills were met with at Ketef el Kelb, so-called because the gazelle hunters post themselves there with their dogs. These downs were clad with *Stipa tenacissima* and a spiny plant called *tessekra*. Proceeding south-

ard the downs, which, with the sands, owe their origin to the composition of friable supra-cretaceous sandstones, became more dry, and were designated as Ghurds at Seyyal and Bey Kalah. The first apparently derives its name from the presence of the *Senista Saharæ*, which bears yellow flowers like the Mimosa. The true Seyyal *Calligonum comosum* also attained in the downs to the size of a shrub. Only wells surrounded by tamarisk, and with water at a depth of from eight to nine yards, are met with in this region of sands, which appear to have encumbered other wadys, once bearing tributaries to the Triton river.

After the caravan had pursued a sinuous way among the downs for some distance, it regained the bed of the river, and vegetation, as a consequence, became more varied and abundant. The bed of the river so embanked by downs formed, at this point, a depression which the eye could follow to a distance. The dense vegetation so gave to it a darker aspect than the surrounding country. Lof-fer Ghurds or sand hills, among which were Ghurd Bu Guffa, Ghurd Metekki, and Ghurd Umm Rûs, gave a pleasant aspect to the landscape. Good water was obtained from wells in gypseous soil at the latter of these ghurds. The sandhill itself was some yards high, and was distinguished by having two conical summits.

Beyond these downs was a plain called Archan Khaïra, covered with an abundant vegetation, and with a well of good water, but beyond this the bed of the river was again invaded by downs, amongst which Ghurd Chegga stood prominent, with its two summits separated by considerable interval from one another. Another plain followed, in which the river, which appears to have had several arms, had one of its beds well marked out by banks of sandstone of from six to twelve yards in height. The sands cover the rock in places, and rise up into a solitary monticule at Bel Hadj. Close by Ghurd Bel Hadj, is an old well fashioned with masonry, but now dry, where the false Sherif Muhammad Ben Abd' Allah was captured by Sîdi Bû Bekr Ben Hamza, in 1862.

Southward of this point, the bed of the Triton opens considerably, and obtains a width of over two thousand yards. The Cha'amba pasture their camels upon this wide river bed, where there is abundant vegetation, and occasional wells. The chief of these is known as El Ashiya, with a great sandhill of same name, which divides the river into two arms. This well is much frequented by the Tuariks.

At this point, the travellers left the bed of the river, which they are supposed to have explored for a fifth part of its whole course and which had previously only been crossed, at different points, by the well-known explorers Duveyrier and Rohlfs), to travel in a south-easterly direction by Bir Tozeri to Ghâdamès. The chief

points in this portion of the journey, most worthy of note that the Sahara is by no means so destitute of vegetation events in this portion, as is generally supposed—on the coast *Retama retam* grew to over six yards in height. So low also temperature at times, that it froze on the 6th of February, to form a film of ice over a bucket of water. M. Dupérè spent his brief stay at the well of Tizeri, by planting three eucalyptus blue-gum trees at the spot. Were they ever to form a forest might bring back the waters once more to the river of Triton, the improvident and disturbed predatory habits of the natives utterly opposed to such a happy result.

Arrived at Ghadâmès, M. Dupérè, and his companions, after considerable delay, brought about by the disturbed state of the country, started attended by four Tuariks of the Ifôghâ to the Rhât, whence they proposed to proceed to Idélès, and directly to Timbuktu. Providence disposed otherwise of the unfortunate travellers, for it would appear from the details collected and put together by M. Duveyrier, that they were all put to death on the fifth day of their journey from Ghadâmès, by the Châ'ambas, under the Sherif Bû Shûska or Chûocha, with the Tuariks, Tajali Mellen, and some Imanghasaten, well known enemies to the French, and hostile to Ikhenukhen, chief of the Orâghen, who is well disposed towards the French, and who at that moment encamped on the way to Rhât, in the district of Amsâk. Among the same tribes inimical to French progress in the Sahara are those under El Hadj Jabbûr or Djebbo, the assassin of the unfortunate Mademoiselle Tinné. This sad result of the exploratory expedition is much to be deplored, as, had it been attended with success, it would have done much to open the way between the Niger and the Mediterranean by way of the ancient bed of the Triton river, and which, by its wells and abundant vegetation, appears to offer the most available route by which to penetrate into the interior of the Sahara.

## THE PALM-TREE

## IN THE HOLY LAND.

alm or date-tree constitutes to Europeans, unquestionably, the most characteristic vegetation of the Holy Land; this not more from the amount of its beauty, than from the great difference which it presents in appearance to any European tree. The Israelites of old seem to have been by no means insensible to that slim elegance of form, and exceeding gracefulness of the verdant fronds which constituted palm-trees "princesses of the vegetable world," "the manners of the climate." The prophet, when picturing forth the young man's graces by the usual emblem of feminine beauty, compares her stature as "like to a palm-tree" (Cant. vii. 7). Isaiah, also, in his well-known portraiture of idols said, "they are straight as the palm-tree; but speak not" (x. 5). Palm-trees when growing near a spring of water or at a favourable site, throw forth great numbers of suckers, which rise upwards and unite to form a little grove, always a favourite resting-place in the desert; at the "well of Moses;" and it was probably under a little grove of this kind that the prophetess, Deborah, dwelt between Ramoth and Beth-el (Judg. iv. 5.). It was also, probably, to this peculiar location of the palm-tree that the prophet makes allusion when he says, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree" (Ps. ciii. 12); or it is made an emblem of a just man's person and condition, because it is constantly green, flourishing and

the latter quality rendered the tree especially estimable among the Israelites of old; as it is among the Arabs of the present day. The children of Israel are described as pitching their camp at Elim, where there were not only twelve fountains of water, but also forty and ten palm-trees (Numb. xxxiii. 9). There are palm-trees and shrubs still growing in Wady Ghurundel which has been identified with the place of palms (Elim), and the seventh station of the Israelites after leaving Egypt; and there is an eternal fountain and stream of water at the same place, which excels in these respects all others in the neighbourhood. It was mainly, however, in connection with the order given in Lev. xiii. 40, to take branches of palm-leaves to the Feast of Tabernacles, that the tree was especially regarded by the Jews. According to Rabbi Schwarz, the branches which have grown out

from the body of the tree, the very year that they are cut, alone constitute lawful palm-branches; for when they grow older the leaves spread apart, and are therefore useless for the ceremonial purposes. Still more interesting associations are connected with the palm in the minds of Christians, from the circumstance of people having gone forth to meet the Saviour on the occasion of his most eventful entry into Jerusalem, bearing its branches in honour of "the King of Israel." (S. John xii. 13).

The palm-tree was considered emblematic of Judea by the Greeks and Romans; the coins of the latter represented the Holy Land by a weeping female, seated in captivity under the shade of this stately tree,—not so much, probably, because it was more abundant there than in other countries, but because it was peculiarly so in those maritime countries, Phœnicia and Philistia, to which they first came on their way to Judæa. It was, doubtless, from the palm-groves, which still strike the eye of the traveller in the neighbourhood of Jaffa and Beyrut, and which there, probably, first met the eye of the Western World, whether Greek, Roman, or Medieval, that the name of Phœnicia or "Land of Palms" had its origin. How much the tree favours the maritime plains is shown by the fact of the stumps of old trees, somewhat resembling those met with in the Desert or Wilderness of the South, are to be seen as far north as the Gates of Syria, close by Alexandretta. From Phœnicia, too, at least in recent times, came the branches, which distinguished the pilgrims of Palestine, from those of Rome, Compostella, and Canterbury, by the name of "Palmer."

Jericho was always known in the Scriptures as "the City of Palms," and one of the most striking features of the lower valley of the Jordan used to be its immense palm-grove, seven miles long, of which large remains were still visible in the seventh century and the twelfth, some even in the seventeenth, and of which relics are still to be seen in the trunks of palms washed upon the shores of the Dead Sea. En-ge-di, "the spring of the kids," on the western side of the same strange waters, was known in early times as Hazazon Tamar (Gen. xiv. 7; 2 Chron. xx. 2) "the felling of the palm-trees." Now not one is to be seen in the deep thicket which surmounts the spring, or on the plain watered by the fountains of Elisha and Dūk; on Olivet, too, where now nothing is to be seen but the olive and the fig-tree; there must have been at least some palms in ancient days. In the time of Ezra they went forth unto the Mount, to fetch for the Feast of Tabernacles, "olive-branches, and pine-branches, and myrtle-branches, and palm-branches, and branches of thick trees" (Neh. viii. 15). "Bethany," in all probability, derived its name, "the house of dates," from the same cause; and the fact that the crowd

he followed our Lord to Jerusalem from Bethany, took with him branches of palm-trees, has also been justly regarded as a narrative of the same thing. Tadmor in the Desert was the "City of Palms" of the Hebrews, and it continued to be "Palmyra," or "City of Palms," with the Greeks and Romans.

The mention of the "Cities of Palms," of the felling of palms, of the palm-tree of Deborah, as a well-known and solitary mark—probably the same spot as that called Bael-tamar, in xx. 33, "the sanctuary of the palm," all indicate, however, that the palm-tree was then, as now, the exception, and not the rule, at least in Judeæa. Two or three in the gardens of Jerusalem, at Nablus, a few on the plain of Esdraelon, and upon the shores of Galilee, comprise nearly all the instances of the palm in actual Palestine.

Palm forests are also rare on the Lower Nile, where the face of the river bank is usually brown; but most of the villages, distinguished by the minaret of a well-built mosque, or the white oven-lome of a sheikh's tomb, are screened by a grove of palms, sometimes intermixed with feathery tamarisks, and the thick shade of the carob-tree or the sycamore. On the wide green plain of Memphis, moreover, a continuous succession of palm-trees are to be seen running along the river side, and springing in clumps from green turf.

The date-tree on the Lower Nile is registered, and a tax equivalent to two-pence of our money and sometimes more, according to exigencies of the State, is laid upon every fruit-bearing tree. The sign of the Döm-palm or Thebaid palm-tree, and that of crocodiles, commences in present times at nearly the same point of the

the Land of Goshen—that province or district of Egypt where Joseph placed his father and brethren, and which was the residence of the children of Israel from that time until the Exodus—ends in Palm-groves. Watered by Necho's canal in those early epochs, when Ha-hiroth or Heroopolis, was at the head of the Gulf of the same name, now the bitter lakes, the same line has been selected for the conveyance of fresh water from the Tanaitic mouth of the Nile to the canal of the Isthmus of Suez, and the old Land of Goshen, the *Wadi Tumilat* of the Arabs, is now the *Domaine du Caire* of the French.

The "Wells of Moses," again, which the Israelites reached after being pursued by Pharaoh's hosts they possibly crossed the bay of Heroth or Heroopolis, where is now dry land at Suez has a new appearance imparted to it, by the presence of a few palm-trees. Although the tall and graceful palms of Egypt would hardly



acknowledge one of these rugged and stunted specimens of the same beautiful family, as it presents itself here, with knotted trunk, untended branches, and dingy hue; deriving sustenance from a polluted salt spring, instead of drinking the waters of the glorious Nile, and like others in the wilderness, twisted and disturbed by its struggles with the sandy desert blast.

At Elim, again, we have quite a reedy marsh, interspersed with thickets of bushes and dwarf palm-trees. At the Wadi Feiran, the Rephidim according to some, we have a perfect grove of palms, extending for miles up the narrow valley at the foot of Serbal—the supposed “Mount of God.” The tree here, however, has few straight and trimmed stems, its boughs spring direct from the earth, and form tufts and avenues, and dense overarching thickets of the most luxuriant growth, through which the sunlight falls tremblingly upon the shaded turf. Among them some few, shooting upright, lift high above the rest their lovely coronal of rustling fans and glowing bunches of dates; but the greater part assume that fantastic variety of form which only untended nature can originate; some, wildly throwing forth their branches, droop to the ground like heavy plumes, laden with a graceful burden of fan-like boughs, which almost kiss the turf; others, crossing and intertwined, form many alleys of exquisite verdure; a clear stream, the source of all this vegetative luxuriance, bubbling freshly on the edge of these pleasant arcades.

There is little to guide us in tracking the path of the Israelites beyond Serbal and Sinai; but their course would be mainly guided by the few springs and fountains scattered about the wilderness, each of which would naturally prove a halting-place; and thus, whether they departed from Feiran and Serbal, or from the present Sinai, most probably they would come to El Ain, a noted spring in the heart of the desert, and where is also a little patch of wild palm-trees. At Akaba, another station, palm groves intermingled with gardens, are picturesquely scattered along the margin of the sea beach.

“The palms, not the graceful trees of Egypt,” says Dean Stanley; “but the hardy, less picturesque wild palms of uncultivated regions, with their dwarf trunks and shaggy branches, indicate by their very appearance the title of being emphatically the ‘trees’ of the desert; and, therefore, whether in the cluster of the seventy palm-trees of the second station of the wanderings (Exod. xv. 27, xvi. 1. Numb. xxxiii. 9) or in the grove which still exists at the head of the Gulf of Akaba (Deut. ii. 8; 1 Kings ix. 26; 2 Kings xiv. 22; xvi. 6; 2 Chron. viii. 17; xxvi. 2) were known by the generic name of Elim, Elath, or Eloth, ‘the trees.’ The palms in

the palm-grove at Tur—the modern Sinai, and the one oasis in the Sinaiic desert—are, it is to be observed, all registered. Property in them is capital, and marriage portions are given in dates.”

Beyond Petra, and after crossing the Arabah the traveller comes to Ain el Webah—three springs with palms which are supposed to mark the site of the Kadesh or “sanctuary” where the Israelites encamped before the close of their first year’s wandering in the Desert of Zin. These palms at such a site are dwarf, with savage, hairy trunks, or trunkless with branches all dishevelled. The last palms of the Wilderness are, indeed, left at this spot—those beautiful creations of the Nile and the desert springs cease at this point only to re-appear in the gardens of Hebron or Gaza, of Jerusalem or Nablus, or in the grooves of Esdraelon, on the Sea of Galilee, and on the plains of Philistia and Phœnicia. In the plain of Esdraelon almost alone in Judeæa proper in the present day does the palm still appear, waving its stately tresses over the village enclosures.

There is, however, a grove of palms at Tiberias or the southern beach of the Sea of Galilee, and two isolated palms stand on the brink of the shore where the Jordan enters the lake at its northern extremity, as if to welcome its rushing waters. But still it cannot be said that the palm-tree is common in the Holy Land, or in any part of Syria: it is its stately aspect and rare and beautiful appearance, and not its frequency that lends to it its importance.

But it is quite otherwise on the rivers Euphrates and Tigris, at all events in their lower part, and on the Shat el Arab, as the river formed by the junction of the two streams is designated in the present day. Here palm groves are met with to an extent utterly unknown on the Nile, and so continuous as to deserve the name of forests. Such groves are first met with on the river Tigris in the vicinity of Baghdad; but after that there is a long break, nor do they re-appear except in accidental groups of a few trees around a village or a tomb, as on the Nile, till near the junction of the river with the Euphrates.

On the latter river—the “Great River” *par excellence*—the palm-groves commencing in the neighbourhood of the site of ancient Babylon, extend almost continuously along both banks of the river for a distance of over thirty miles, thus assuming at the onset all the magnitude and importance of a forest. The Chaldæan marshes effect a break in the growth of the palm—their exceeding moisture does not appear to be favourable to their development, nor do they appear for some distance beyond. It is not, indeed, until we reach the very lower portion of the Chaldæan territory that they constitute another beautifully-wooded district, which stretches some twelve miles along the river bank. Marsh and lake

once more supersede the palm-groves beyond this, except where they are grouped round an occasional village, until we arrive nigh the junction of the "Great River" with the Tigris, when they extend, with a break or two along the right bank for a distance of some sixteen miles.

It is, however, on the Shat el Arab, or united rivers Euphrates and Tigris, that the palm-groves show themselves in their greatest luxuriance. They are, indeed, almost continuous, most breaks occurring on the left bank owing to the intervention of marshy spots, from the point of junction of the two rivers to within a brief distance of the head of the Persian Gulf, thus constituting forests of nigh sixty miles in extent.

There may be some monotony in these long forests of palm-trees, but there is most assuredly nothing wearisome. It has been the fashion of late to decry the palm-tree. Its claims to beauty have not only been repudiated; but it has been attempted to write it down as ugly. Labouring to say something smart, rather than to enjoy the beautiful, it has been asserted that the eye is so much pained by the sight of so many sharp-pointed leaves that it amounts to "ocular impalement!" But the beauty of the palm has now stood the test of the taste of ages, and it is not in the power of a fickle fancy to deprive it of its well-earned reputation.

In these long continuous groves of the Euphrates, the naked upright stems of the palm-trees seem to rise out of the plain like well-proportioned columns, while their gracefully pendant fronds blend into a dense, verdant canopy above, nature's own incomparable temple:—

"The date-tree bowers  
That erst, mysterious rites concealing,  
O'ersadow'd silent Pharaoh's kneeling."

These groves not only thus present a scene of exceeding beauty within themselves, but as this is susceptible of much variety at different times of the day, and under different phases of the weather, it is really of an untiring character. Under an almost tropical sun, however dark and gloomy the vista beneath may appear, still is it most welcome, and Arabs and strangers alike are only too glad to seek refuge in these dense shades cast over the sand by the "banner of the climate," where it waves so freely. Again, the sun setting over these green seas of waving leaflets is one of the most glorious visions of the east. There is a peculiar bright green tint communicated to the horizon, which once seen can never be forgotten, and the great orb of day seems to be sinking into some distant prairie, or quitting the desert for the bright and verdant realms of fairy-land. The last brilliant scene over—and night after night has the

iter watched such sunsets in wrapt admiration—and the palm-

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“ Bending  
Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,  
Like youthful maids when sleep descending,  
Warns them to their silken beds,”

near all slumbrous, like the scenery of a dream.

Lord Houghton, as well as the amiable Lord Lindsay, whom we have quoted above, seems to have been struck with the beauty of the palm forest at this intermediate hour. “Princes of the Arabian race,” he says—

“She reigns ! and most, when in the evening sheen,  
The stable column and the evening plume  
Shed the delicious lights that all around illumine.”

But beautiful as is this period of the day, it is merely transitory—the gorgeous splendour of cloudless moonlight. At such an hour when stem, frond, and leaflet, are asleep and still as captured things, and the bold relief of the pale white light renders the shadow still more dark, by its closely-severed contrast, there is the appearance as of an endless succession of natural temples with obscure vistas of columns, and a dim perception of strange, mysterious enchantment, which by adding the instinctive feeling of awe to the sense of the beautiful, begets an impression of positive dimity.

The palm, or rather the date-tree, was called by the Greeks *phenix*, as the land whence the best dates were brought was called *phenicia*. With botanists the date-tree has the specific name of *Phoenix dactylifera*, which has the same signification as palm, both signifying the hand, to the fingers of which the ancients likened the fingers of dates.

The fabled phoenix, rising renewed from the flames that consumed it, appears to have had its origin in the fact that when the phoenix has decayed the Arabs cut it down to the roots, and burn it on a spot. The ashes being covered with a layer of earth, a new phoenix springs up, which in the course of a few years become a strong tree. The bird and the tree, it will be observed, bear the same name. Sir Thomas Browne describes the Phoenix as a bird of paradise, “and alike the emblem of the resurrection and the sun ;” and in, “that it was a palm-tree, and that it was only a mistake in the nomonymy of the Greek word “*phenix*,” which signifies palm-tree.”

We also see the phoenix, with a glory of rays around its head, placed upon the palm-tree, the tree of life, as a symbol of the exalted and glorified body, in the mosaics of various Roman

apsides, as in those of the churches of the Saints Cosma and Damiano. We see a similar bird perched upon the tree of life in the paradise represented in the apsis of San Giovanni Laterano.

Cypresses—"invisas cupressos," as Horace calls them—in such parts of the East as are not adapted for the growth of the palm as also in other countries—its gloomy and funeral aspect, combined with a tapering flame-like or aspiring shape, as in the spires of Christian churches; and the yew in England, from its longevity, its durability, and the perpetual verdure it presents,—have as indigenous trees, long superseded in those countries the palm as emblems of the immortality of the soul, and as trees of life forever; just as the willow, from its early flowering, has been made to supersede the palm branches of the first followers of the Saviour.

The correspondence of religious symbols used by some of the ancient nations with those met with on Christian monuments, and still more or less employed, would induce to the belief as much in the original unity of religious doctrine as in the unity of the human species. The sacred tree, the tree of life met with in Hindhu, Egyptian, Assyrian, and Hebrew monuments, is one of the most striking examples of the point in question. That the Egyptians at a comparatively early period of their monumental history, represented the date-palm in this sense, we have a most interesting illustration on a stele in the Berlin Museum, which Dr Lepsius found in the village of Abu-sir, near the great pyramid. From the stem of the tree proceed two arms—one administering, a figure kneeling below, dates—the fruit or bread of life, while the recipient guides to his mouth. This stele is at least anterior to the fifteenth century before Christ. On a more recent stele the tree of life is figured by the *Ficus sycomorus*, of the fruit of which Amos was a gatherer (vii. 14), and which is alluded to in our version under the name of sycamore-tree and sycamore, which latter applying to *Acer pseudo-platanus*, is an error. At other times the tree of life appears to be represented by a species of *Persicaria*, *Polygonum*, among the boughs of which the goddess Nut appears with her hieroglyphic name, "Abyss of Heaven," administering to immortal souls the food and drink of the celestial region.

There exists much difference of opinion as to the Assyrian sacred tree, so common on the Ninevite monuments. Some say with much show of reason, that it is a conventional form of the palm tree, and observe that it is surrounded by an enclosure of palmettes or abbreviated forms of this tree, as in a garden of Paradise. If so, what have been supposed to be pine cones held by the officiating priest towards the tree, and having a significant connection with it, may be rude representations of bunches of dates. By others it

nystic tree has been looked upon as having some astronomical signification. The number of rosettes or leaves, it is said, vary considerably, but never exceed thirty; and the winged circle, or the new moon and some stars, are generally seen above it. Hence it seems probable that these trees were orreries, showing the month, day, or season which is being celebrated by the winged figures or priests who are represented in connection with them.

The date-palm was largely introduced by the Jews in the decoration of Solomon's Temple, being represented on the walls, furniture, and vessels. In the last chapter of the Apocalypse there is a distinct reference to the palm-tree, as the tree of life in the Heavenly Jerusalem. For the tree here described (Rev. xxii. 1, 2), "which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations," is evidently intended for the palm-tree popularly believed to put forth a shoot every month, and the leaves of which were used for writing upon.

Hence it is no doubt that the palm-tree continued to figure in Christian mosaics as the tree of life in Paradise. The palm-tree was also represented as synonymous with the cross and with Christ. This may be seen in the illuminated frontispiece of an Evangelium, probably of the ninth century, in the library of the British Museum. Here the symbols of the four Evangelists, placed over corresponding columns of lessons from their gospels, are shown looking up to a palm-tree that rises from the centre, and on the top of which is placed a cross, having suspended from its arms the symbolical letters, Alpha and Omega. In Christian ichnography the cross is considered as identical with Christ.

So we have here the new Dispensation and the Redemption, if not the Redeemer himself, symbolised by the palm-tree, just as the same tree symbolised the source of divine life among the ancient Egyptians, and the Assyrians and Jews of old, probably before their systems had degenerated into idolatry.

## A D P Y R R H A M.

(Horace L. i. Ode 5).

[That Milton's version of this celebrated Ode is less harmonised than are Lyrics is assignable, not so much to the absence of their rhyme, as to own verbal closeness and crowded abbreviations ; from the *ease* which Collins' "Ode to Evening," though alike non-rhymal, is entirely free. We must not, however, forget that Collins possessed the vantage-ground of the original—

—"thought that voluntary moves  
Harmonious numbers—"

but which Milton had necessarily relinquished in his *Ad Pyrrham* translation.]

WHAT dainty youth, with dewy odours spent,  
'Neath many a rose within some pleasant bower,\*  
Lady, solicits thee !—For whom  
Braided is thy bright hair ?

Nice in its negligence !—how oft, alas !  
Shall he of mutable faith and fate complain ;  
And wonder at the darkness strange  
Of the storm-fretted deep ;—

He, who now revels in thy wealth of love,  
Deeming thee all his own, and ever kind ;  
Unconscious of the fitful gales —  
Ill-fortuned they, on whom

Untried they smile !—For *me*, the chapel wall  
Suspended on a votive tablet shows  
My sea-drenched garments, dedicate  
To Him who rules the main.

EDMUND LENTHALL SWIFTE.

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\* Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro.

"Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers."—*Shakespeare*.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MARY BURROUGHES.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### AT THE INQUEST.

THE billiard-room at the "Chester Arms," was appropriated for the inquest, and in it the coroner held his court. It was well attended the great joy of the proprietor of the hotel, for the way to the billiard-room was through the bar, and this was a solemn occasion, for the men were thirsty in consequence. It was easy to distinguish the jurors from the mere spectators or witnesses, — there was an importance about them which was natural enough. In daily life women were not of importance, playing only secondary parts in their domestic circles, and rather liked than respected by their male acquaintances. But now things were altered, each juror had put on his black suit of Sunday clothes, and dress elevated everybody. It was not only that the jurors looked important—they were in every respect changed men; they had a duty to do, and they wanted to do it; they had to show the Coroner who was a stranger, and the visitors generally, what Leigh men really were when they were put upon their mettle. They possibly might have to send somebody to jail before the day was over, and they were, perhaps, a little eager to do something of that kind. They would have liked best to punish the poor little child, if they could have brought it to life again; for no doubt he had taken a most unwarrantable liberty in coming over to Leigh to drown himself.

"A nice business," said Mr. Pallby, the linen-draper, "the chalkton people will make of this! I know 'em well. 'Don't you go to Leigh,' one will say; 'quite a dangerous coast! lots of accidents 'em!' and all that sort of stuff. I don't bear the poor little chap any malice, but I'd have given five shillings if the child had gone to Chalkton, instead of coming here. Now that's the place for drowning, if you like."

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"Silence, gentlemen!" said the coroner, who was a legal gentleman with spectacles, and rather deaf in addition.—"Pol man, are the witnesses here?"

The policeman touched his hat, and said they were. Not he believed it—on the contrary, he had a strong suspicion half of them at least had feloniously made their escape from little room in which he had confined them.

"Then, gentlemen, we will proceed to business;" and the usual formalities having been complied with, General de Calverly called upon. He narrated the circumstances. He had been sitting on the beach near the mouth of the river with his daughter, when they noticed the child fall into the water at a very dangerous spot. He also described how the first young man had gone to the rescue and how he himself had directed another man to proceed to the assistance of the first. He also described the means taken to resuscitate the child.

"Has any gentleman of the jury any question to ask General de Calverly?" said the coroner.

"Well," said the foreman, who was a sour old fellow, of the name of Grange, who had made his money by smuggling, and never been in a good frame of mind since smuggling had been put down, "I should like to ask the General a question: was it at the river mouth with his daughter he was at the river mouth with? I heard only it was a young woman, and I daresay I was misinformed."

The policeman looked at Mr. Grange with positive respect. "He knows the world," thought the policeman.

The General said haughtily, "I have already said I was with Miss de Calverly."

"Oh, I only asked for information," replied Mr. Grange.

"Has any other gentleman any question to put?" interrupted the coroner.

"I have a most important question to ask, gentlemen," said Mr. Pallby; "and I mean no disrespect to the General, who, if I may be allowed to make the remark, has given his evidence quite like a military gent; but, the General said, says he, 'It was a dangerous place.' Now, I venture to submit that it was not a dangerous place, and, I don't want that part of the evidence taken down. I want to ask the General, as a British officer, if he would have been afraid to stand where that child stood?"

"No, sir," replied the General, "I should not."

"Exactly," said Mr. Pallby; "and if I may be allowed to propose another question, does the General consider that if the child had fallen into the water at Chalkton, and had been unable to get out, he would have been in equal danger?"

"Certainly," replied the General.

Then, Mr. Coroner, I submit that it ought to be struck out **that** it was a dangerous place *at LEIGH*. It might have happened **anywhere**, you observe, along the coast; and it ain't right that visitors should be driven away."

The rest of the jurymen looked admiringly at Mr. Pallby, and a hum of applause went round the room.

"Perhaps the General would kindly inform us whether there was any suspicion of drink," said Mr. Gripes. Poor man, it was quite a monomania with him, this habit of tracing every evil under the sun to intoxicating liquids.

"I hardly like to put that question," said the coroner; "but of course, if the juror insists upon it, I must do so.—Did you observe any signs of drink about the child, General de Calverly?"

"Certainly not."

"Perhaps his parents were drunkards," said Mr. Gripes.

"Seems to me," broke in Mr. Spile, the landlord of the "Chester Arms," "that this accident arose from too much water, anyhow!"

A titter ran round the room, and Mr. Gripes hoped the next glass of liquor would choke Mr. Spile.

"Silence, gentlemen!" continued the coroner. "Call Walter Neville."

Mr. Neville deposed to having attempted to rescue the child.

"Any gentleman got a question?" said the coroner.

"I should like to ask Mr. Snivel," struck in Mr. Grange, the ex-smuggler, who was a furious dissenter from all denominations, but particularly from the Church of England, "if he knows anything about rescuing a drowning person?"

"My name is Neville, sir," replied the curate.

"Oh, it's Neville, is it?" persisted Mr. Grange. "Did you say Neville, sir?" he asked again.

"Yes," replied the curate, who was now as red as a rose.

"Oh, then, Mr. Neville, will you answer my question?"

"I never did try to rescue anyone before," replied the curate, shortly.

"My reason for asking," said Mr. Grange, "is merely this, gentlemen, that I have known a man drowned by persons hauling them under water through sheer ignorance."

"Excuse me, Mr. Coroner," asked Mr. Sizer, the shoemaker, who was a gloomy man, and with a real delight in horrors,—“would it be murder or manslaughter, if this here child was drowned by Mr. Neville?"

"Certainly not!" replied the coroner. "Call Mr. George Burroughes."

The Colonist, as he described himself, told his share of the

performance, and a murmur of admiration went round the room. Mr. Bowyer, the mate in charge of the coast-guard at Leigh, could not stand this.

"I have a witness here, Mr. Coroner, I should like to be examined. I don't want it to go to the world that there was a look-out kept by the coast-guard; and I hope you will call George Bowling."

"If the jury wish it," said the coroner.

George Bowling stood up, a fine picture of an old sailor, with his still powerful and active frame, shown to advantage in his naval rig. His telescope was under his arm, his hat in his hand, and his eyes firmly fixed on his commanding officer, Mr. Bowyer.

"What is your name, my man?"

"George Bowling," replied the sailor, who looked appealingly at his officer.

Mr. Bowyer came to his assistance: "Height five feet seven inches, married man, five children, served last aboard of the 'A thusa,' three good conduct stripes."

"Stop!" interrupted the coroner. "I really think part of that is immaterial."

"The Admiralty requires the information," replied the mate.

"Then the Admiralty must go without it on this occasion," said the coroner.

"Then there will be a pretty row," said Mr. Bowyer, who never had hitherto dreamed that any human being could offer opposition to the Admiralty.

George Bowling, left to himself, deposed that, in accordance with his instructions, he went to the nearest station to obtain a line and a copy of the instructions in case of drowning.

"Where are they kept?" asked Mr. Pallby.

"At Chalkton," said Bowling.

"Bless me!" said the coroner; "Chalkton is two miles away along the coast."

A murmur of disgust at the conduct of the inhabitants of Chalkton could not be restrained.

"I'll tell you why it is," said Mr. Grange. "I am a man who is not afraid to speak out. The First Lord of the Admiralty has an aunt at Chalkton, and she owns a goodish bit of house property, so we need not go far to see why the belts and lines are kept at Chalkton!"

"Silence!" broke in the coroner. "This is sadly out of order. Is there any other evidence? is there not any mother or father of the poor child, or any other relation?"

"There is a woman here, sir," answered the policeman, "who is a witness,—Mrs. Mary Andrews, of Talminster."

"She ought to have been called before," said the coroner; "but it does not much signify. Let Mrs. Mary Andrews be called."

"May I retire?" asked General de Calverly. "I have letters of importance requiring my immediate attention."

"Certainly," replied the coroner.—"I believe, gentlemen of the jury, there is no need to detain the General?"

"Certainly not," was the general reply. Mr. Grange, indeed, muttered that he hoped the General would not trouble himself to return on his account; but he made no objection, and the gallant soldier took his departure.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MRS. MARY ANDREWS.

MRS. MARY ANDREWS was somewhere about sixty years of age, but by no means an old woman. She was stout, but not fat, and looked muscular. She held herself very upright, and a keen look of determination gleamed from her small grey eyes, her teeth were firmly set, and her hands clenched as she entered the inquest-room. A faint odour of stale tobacco came into the room with her, and was perceptible enough above the delicate aroma of the cigars which already perfumed that apartment. The woman was in grief, although by no means broken down by her sorrow. She looked, perhaps, rather savage than sorrowful; and the policeman stepped back a pace or two as she passed him.

"The worst scratch I ever got in my life—on duty, mind—I got from just such another," he whispered to Mr. Burroughes.

"I like the look of her," the Colonist replied, rather too loudly, for the woman heard him. She turned sharply on him; but before she could speak, she stumbled and half fell over a chair.

"Hold up, mother!" said George Burroughes, as he lifted her to her feet. She was very white when he seated her on the chair, and George took a glass of water from the coroner's table and gave it to her.

"What is the matter, my good woman?" said the coroner; "are you not well?"

She only looked at George Burroughes, and gave no answer.

"I think, Mr. Coroner," said George, "that I can explain this. I was in a railway train from Plymouth the day before yesterday, and this woman and I were in the same carriage." The policeman pricked up his ears. "Her husband was also there," continued the Colonist. The policeman looked awfully disgusted now; "there was a smash on the line, and her husband got very much hurt. I suppose the sight of me puts her in mind of it all."

"It puts me in mind that I owe my old man's life to you," said Mrs. Andrews. "I never thought of saying, 'Thank you,' I was so taken up with that old bad bargain of mine; but bless you, anyhow, Mr. —"

"Burroughes," suggested the policeman.

"I might have known!" said Mrs. Andrews; "of course I ~~was~~ Burroughes!" and then she went off into a fit of hysterics.

When a woman does this, men are reduced to a state of utter helplessness. The wisdom of the law, force of authority, the consolations of the minister of religion, are powerless for once. Should women ever succeed in their struggle for woman's rights, and be admitted to an equality in the competitive struggle for place, power, and rule, men will be placed at a great disadvantage by their inability to go into hysterics. Who could persist in opposition to a female Prime Minister, when the whipper-in whispered, 'Look-out, she going off!' Anything sooner than that. Men will do anything, even as things now are, to avoid the distressing sight. They will consent to pay a milliner's bill of the most atrocious character; they will agree to go the Continent when they wish to remain at home; they will consent to a three months' visit from their mothers-in-law; they will even perjure themselves, and promise to abstain from choice tobaccos and wines. But when woman is man's equal things will be horrible indeed. The patient will consent to lose his leg or arm when he sees the mouth and eyes of his female surgeon twitching preparatory to the first shriek of the hysterical attack; the staunchest old puritan will go down at once to confession, when he sees the Reverend Mrs. Twitter is over-excited, and the pleader will throw down his brief as he sees the eminent and feminine Chief Justice throw up her heels in a paroxysm of despair at not having all the talk to herself. No wonder dismay seized upon the jury at the "Chester Arms," when Mrs. Andrews "went off;" they could but look at each other while the policeman held her head down, as he would have done to an overthrown horse while the harness was being removed. Luckily, help was at hand, and such help as women alone can give, having no particular value for the afflicted, but affording infinite consolation to the helpless, and relieving the male sex from the distressing consciousness of their own imbecility.

The landlady's wife, the young lady at the bar, and two or three others who had gathered themselves at the sound of the first cry, made their appearance on the scene, their remedies consisted of slapping the back of the patient's hands, and crying at intervals "Poor dear!" the administration of smelling bottles, and some intricate process with the "stays," and the despatch of the policeman for the doctor.

er a short delay Dr. Jerningham made his appearance and the case in hand. He was a young man, but remarkably and thoroughly acquainted with female diseases. Perhaps knowledge of the English dictionary exceeded his professional and he talked so well that even the most talkative woman would have acknowledged him as her master, not that he talked but he used words that no feminine tongue dared tamper

rejoice," he observed, "that a curious concatenation of circumstances has directed my steps hitherwards." The concatenationally depended on a desire to get a brandy and soda water, perhaps a game of billiards when the inquest was over, for Dr. Jerningham was still a young man. "Ah," he continued, "I involuntarily action of the muscles, and spasmodic movement of the trachea indicated by irregular and discordant which must be trying to the vocal chords. A small quantity of brandy, I think, should be administered—thanks, very much," as the landlord rushed in with half-a-pint of the best brandy in a large soda-water glass. "Would you, kindly, hold up the patient's head, Mrs. Jones? Thanks, very nicely done, indeed! I really want a medical adviser where Mrs. Jones is the patient."

Another minute or two Mrs. Andrews was quiet, and almost unconscious again, and was allowed a further rest, in an adjoining room before she appeared again before the coroner. Five minutes of quiet made a different woman of Mrs. Andrews; and she was as cool and collected when she entered the inquest-room as though there had never been such a thing as hysteria in the world.

"What can you tell us, Mrs. Andrews?" asked the coroner in a deep voice, with an awful fear upon him of touching upon a dangerous string, which might produce another attack—"what can you tell us of this poor little child?—he is not your own?"—

"Not less the man," said the landlord's wife to Mrs. Jones, "the child is sixty!"

"He's a bachelor, my dear," whispered Mrs. Jones.

"It's an awful shame, then," replied the landlord's wife, "that all these delicate inquiries, too!"

"What is the name of the child is Henry Andrews?" inquired the coroner.

"No."

"What is the other name, if you, please?"

"No other name, I tell you, only Henry."

"But, my good woman!"

"Hush," interrupted Mr. Pallby, in a whisper, "don't call her

that, she will be off again as sure as eggs is eggs; they can't b— being called good women."

"Why not?" asked the coroner in his lowest tone.

"They always think you are poking fun at them," said Pallby.

The coroner nodded and continued. "As I was saying, dear lady, the child must have had a father or mother."

"He was a love child," replied Mrs. Andrews.

A solemn look of intense virtue mixed with scorn illuminated the faces of all present, with the exception of the countenances of Mr. Grange and the policeman. As an ex-smuggler, Mr. Grange approved of anything contraband, and the policeman was naturally gratified in finding out there had been some offence against the law, even if it should only prove to be a moral law.

"A love child, my dear madam?" continued the coroner; "but even so, it must have had a father and a mother."

"A love child," said Mrs. Andrews, "has got no father and mother."

"Bless me!" ejaculated the coroner; "but it has got a name. Don't you know it takes the mother's name?"

"The mother lost her name, I tell you; that is, she lost her good name, and I ain't going to tell you her bad one. There are plenty of you men to do that," continued Mrs. Andrews defiantly. The women present gave a groan, as much as to say, there was a deal of truth in that remark.

"I really must insist," went on the perplexed official, "on your giving me the mother's name."

"Then I won't," replied Mrs. Andrews. "She gave me the child to take care of, and I didn't take care of it; and you may punish me if you can. I confess my own faults without confessing other people's. That's gospel, isn't it, sir?" she appealed to the Rev. Mr. Moodle, who was a spectator.

"I believe, sir, the witness has correctly stated the teaching of the Church," said Mr. Moodle.

"This is not a church," cried the exasperated coroner; "and I insist upon the name."

"Then you shan't get it," replied Mrs. Andrews.

"She will be off again," whispered Mr. Pallby.

"Oh, dear me!" said the coroner. "Ah, well, madam, will you tell us how the child came to Leigh with no one to take care of him?"

"Yes, I told you that my husband was hurt the day before yesterday, and I had to nurse him; so when Jane Simmonds asked if she might take the child to Leigh, I was fool enough to say, Yes; and while Jane was having a bathe from the machine she told the

child to keep close to the door until she came out, poor little chap !  
I got tired I suppose and wandered away and was drowned."

"Where is Jane Simmonds ?" said the coroner.

"She has been in hysterics ever since," said the policeman.  
I could bring her on a stretcher if you wish, your honour."

"Oh, quite unnecessary !" chorused the jury.

"Well, then, gentlemen, we will say, I think, that a child, name unknown, came to his death by drowning."

"Being drowned is better," said Mr. Grange, "it might have been Mr. Neville who pulled him under water."

"Drowning," continued the coroner, disregarding Mr. Grange, having wandered away from the nurse in charge of him—in fact, verdict of accidental death."

"Quite so," replied Mr. Pallby, who was a severe man ; "and must say, Mr. Gripes, the proper sort of death for an accidental child, only it ought to have been at Chalkton."

## CHAPTER IX.

### UP TO LONDON.

GEORGE BURROUGHES, soon after the inquest was over, walked down to the Railway station to take a ticket for the Junction, whence he could continue his journey on the main-line. He was half-an-hour too soon, and no one was visible ; so he sat himself down, lighted a pipe, and ruminated over the events of the last few hours.

"This is a pleasant introduction to the old country !" he said to himself : "first a railway accident, then an inquest. I wonder what the next little amusement will be ?"

"May I speak to you a moment?" inquired a woman, who had approached him unperceived.

George turned round and stared hard at the new-comer. It was Mrs. Andrews.

"What is it?" he said, kindly.

"I want to ask you a favour," she replied. "I want you to stop for the child's funeral,—it will be this afternoon, and it won't keep you long."

"Look here, Mrs. Andrews," said George ; "I don't want to be unkind, but this is rather hard upon me. I will tell you something, for you are a woman who can keep a secret belonging to somebody else, and I never thought to meet a woman of that kind. I am on my way to my daughter, whom I have not seen for twenty years,—not since she was a little child."

"Does she know you are coming?" asked Mrs. Andrews,



"She knows that I am on my way, but not that I have arrived. I intend to surprise her."

"Then it will not be a disappointment to her if you put it off for a day."

"Perhaps not; but it might be to me. It's a long way from here to Rotherhithe, and I intend to get there before I sleep."

"Do stop, Mr. Burroughes!" she pleaded.

"Why? What right have you to ask me? what claim have you upon me?"

"I have none,—oh, Mr. Burroughes, stop for that reason, just because I have no claim whatever upon you, only that I am a woman in trouble and sorrow, and old and wretched, and you are a man young enough to be my son."

George looked perplexed; but, after a moment's thought, he gave a sigh and held out his hand to her—

"There, mother, don't fret; come what will, I will stop."

She took his hand, almost reluctantly, and then, turning away, walked with a quick step towards Leigh. George followed her, and just caught sight of her again coming out of the telegraph office; but he did not speak to her nor see her again until the funeral procession started.

George and Mrs. Andrews walked as chief mourners, and a few followed. The Rev. Mr. Neville read the funeral service, and the poor little child was left in peace.

"Good-bye!" said George to Mrs. Andrews; "I suppose we shall never meet again in this world."

"I can't thank you," she said; "don't shake hands, go; for God's sake go, man!"

George stared, and beckoned to Mr. Neville.

"It's my belief," he whispered, "that the old lady is as mad as a hatter. Will you keep an eye on her, and see her safe home to Talminster?"

"Yes? willingly," answered the curate.

"Then good-bye; and if ever I come back to Leigh may I be——"

"Hush!" said the curate.

"—Bless'd," continued George.

"Amen to that," said the Rev. Mr. Neville.

"Yes," broke in Mrs. Andrews, "amen to that, amen and amen!"

The two men exchanged looks, and then they separated; and in a few minutes Mr. Burroughes really succeeded in getting a railway ticket to take him away from Leigh.

At the junction he got into a second-class carriage, on its way from Plymouth to London. There was but one seat vacant, which had been turned into a receptacle for all the odds and ends with

ch travellers embarrass themselves and their neighbours. As he had now to be removed, George, on his entrance, was received with a general scowl. As it was, he had to sit down on a little black handbag, apparently stuffed with scissors and knitting needles, owing to an elderly female, who quite forgot to remove it.

"Oh!" said George, as he inadvertantly plumped down on unseen weapons of destruction.

"I am afraid the iron entered into your soul, sir," said a youngleman opposite; "it did into mine! I sat down there when I came in—hullo! it's George Burroughes. How are you again, fellow? I never thought to catch you up; I supposed you were in London by this time." So saying, Harry Travers, a fellow-passenger of George's in the same ship from New Zealand, warmly took him by the hand. Isn't it jolly getting ashore from that old tub—one hundred and ten days from Wellington, New Zealand, to Plymouth is rather too much of a good thing? 'Water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink!' as the poet said when he could not get his beer. He might have said it aboard the 'Highland,' might he not, George? Did you ever see such tumblers? In my word, five of them go to a pint, and the stuff sour besides. It's a dirty lot, too! I wonder what they wiped their tumblers with. I suspect the steward used his own spare shirt, for he never changed his clothes."

"Nonsense!" said George.

"He didn't, upon my word," replied Mr. Travers. "Why, off Horn, the old fellow one day was shivering in a white jacket and trousers, or a whitey-brown, perhaps, I should say. 'I wonder, Harry Travers,' said he, 'what can have given me rheumatics? I've taken off my clothes since I left Wellington.' I watched him do that, and I saw him in Plymouth in the very identical clothes he lay before yesterday. Change of habits very necessary in his case, eh, George? Train stops here five minutes; come and have a bit of bitter?"

"You've had a pint already," said Burroughes.

"Well, perhaps I have; but I must have one more, and then get into a smoking carriage, and won't touch another drop till we get to London." And so saying Mr. Henry Travers took his departure.

The other passengers by degrees thawed, and ventured into conversation with the last new-comer.

"Been to New Zealand, sir?" asked a quiet little old gentleman in black, who sat opposite to George.

"Yes, sir."

"Fine country, I believe?"

"Very."

"Do you consider it a good place for English people to go to?" asked a sour-faced old lady.

"That depends, ma'am. A good place for a man who takes £100,000 with him, or for a man who takes nothing but his four bones; but a bad place for a gentleman, who wants to remain genteel on a little income of two or three hundred a-year."

"Why?" asked the little old gentleman.

"Because gentility is the most expensive article in the world. Gentility means a chimney-pot hat, a pair of kid gloves on Sundays, a glass of wine to give a genteel friend, and a little, genteel official situation of about £300 a-year, with a claim to an invitation to the Government Ball on the Queen's birthday. Now, chimney-pot hats, thin boots, kid gloves, and good wine are terribly expensive and difficult to get, and snug little sinecures are not to be had at all. A gentleman, of course, may do as well as a poor man; but he must sink his gentility, he must give up his wine, and put his gloves in his pocket, buy a pair of highlows when his thin boots wear out, learn to plough and fence, be handy with an axe, cut up a pig and salt it too, go without butter if he can sell it in the market, stand nobblers all round on festive occasions, and never allude to my uncle, Sir Henry, or my first cousin, Lord William, should he happen to be blessed with such relations."

"In fact, cease to be a gentleman," said a haughty-looking bank clerk, sitting in the opposite corner. "No gentleman could do it."

"I should say about one in twenty can," replied George.

The clerk shrugged his shoulders, and twisted the ends of his waxed moustache; he, evidently, was not one of the twenty who could sink his gentility and remain a gentleman.

"And for the ladies, sir;" inquired a buxom-looking woman of about forty, with a cheerful face, shining from out her black habiliments. "Can ladies do well out there?"

"They all get married as soon as they arrive; they get snapped up as soon as they land."

"Oh, how horrid!" said the widow. "Dreadful, ma'am, isn't it?" she continued, addressing the sour-faced old lady, with the bag of prickles.

"I am given to understand they are tatooed out there, sir!" the latter lady inquired.

"That is going out of fashion, ma'am, very much. Some of the old chiefs are wonderfully done, though,—the patterns are most intricate. You may know a great chief by his pattern, just like a European coat of arms on a visiting card."

"Is it only on the face or all over?" inquired the sour-faced lady.

"I don't like to be too particular, ma'am," said George; but if a great Maori chief, ma'am, was to sit down upon your sack-bag (if you will excuse my alluding to it) he would spoil his goods!"

The sour-faced old lady looked very grim indeed.

"I am sorry, sir, my bag should inconvenience you," she died; "this is my station—I will relieve you of it," and in another minute she took a stately departure.

A few miles further on the buxom lady gave a smiling adieu, but at the next station the stately clerk disappeared. So George Burroughes and the gentleman in black were alone.

"I wanted to ask you a question or two, sir," the old gentleman said; "but I did not like when there were others in the carriage. Have you been long in New Zealand?"

"I went there twenty years ago. I was a young man then, and had met with sorrow and trouble in the old country, and I made my mind to try and make a new home and begin a new life in New Zealand."

"I suppose, sir, you have been pretty well all over the country?"

"Yes; I have visited most of the settlements—all of them, I think."

"Did you ever meet with a man of the name of Burroughes?—Burroughes is not an uncommon name anywhere, I suppose?"

"I have heard of it more than once in New Zealand; my own name is Burroughes."

"Bless me! that is odd. My name is Trounce, firm of Trounce and Trim, South Square, Gray's Inn, London."

George bowed, and tried to look as if that must be a very nice name indeed.

"Did you ever hear of a place called Puddlehurst, in Sussex?" asked the old gentleman.

"I was there as a boy," replied George, "and my father or my mother was born there: I really forget which."

"That is queer!" mused the old gentleman.

"It did not make much impression on me," said George. "You know it was before my time."

"Will you give me your address, Mr. Burroughes?"

"I have none yet," he replied. "I am going down to Rotherham to see my daughter, who is a milliner there, No. 2, Stamford Street, and then I shall put up somewhere in London; but I have no notion where."

"Will a letter find you at 2, Stamford Street?"

"Certainly."

"Then, Mr. Burroughes, I will say good-bye for the present, for this is Waterloo; and if you *should* want any legal advice while you are in England, you might do worse than give me a call at Trounce and Trim's, Gray's Inn. Good-bye!"

## CHAPTER X.

### A LITTLE DINNER-PARTY.

WHO do you think the new curate here is?" asked Mrs. de Calverly, one fine morning at breakfast, of her husband the General.

"I have really not thought on the subject, my love. The whole affair of that inquest was most annoying, and I cannot say I wish to hear anything about any one who was engaged in it."

"But, my dear, the young man is Walter Neville," replied the lady; "surely you remember the name? He was at Cambridge with Frank, and I know, at one time, they were great friends. Don't you recollect, Florence, he used to write about his friend Frank, and turn him into all sorts of ridicule?"

"How could he do it?" said Florence, half to herself.

"I'm sure I don't know, my love; he has great talents for satire and all that sort of thing. He used to laugh at everything and everybody, you know——"

"A little too much my dear," interrupted the General; "it was Frank's great fault. It's all very well to hold peculiar opinions; but it is sheer madness to express them publicly. Now, Frank was always sneering at religion and virtue, and public spirit, and all that sort of thing;—very clever, of course, and quite right in its proper place; but in public anything of that sort is in the very worst taste. I think he used to laugh at this young man, Mr. Neville, as a nineteenth-century monk, or something of that kind."

"Yes," said Mrs. de Calverly; "I think they were not such great friends afterwards. I don't remember that Frank spoke of him at all when he was last with us, before he went to India; still, I never heard of any quarrel, and I think, General, we might ask Mr. Neville to dinner."

"It will be a terrible bore," replied the General.

"Perhaps so; but we shall be here for a few months, General, unless you get your appointment sooner than you expect; and we shall have to meet some of those Leigh people at my sisters, and really it is better to know one or two of the tolerably decent people, just to keep the others off. We are bound to be hospitable, you know; it's a Christian duty, and all that sort of thing."

"I'll be hanged, though, if I give any of those people my port, or that batch of claret De La Rue sent me," exclaimed the General.

"Of course not, my love—nobody expects it. We need not go any expense, for none of those people can ask us back again; but I think we ought to do it. My idea is to ask my sister and the earl, Mr. Moodle, and this Mr. Neville, and the doctor, Jerningham, I think they call him, and his wife."

"I hate doctors," said the General. "They always take away my appetite. They look at you as if they saw a screw loose about you somewhere, and if they have to carve anything, they try and dissect it. Upon my soul, it's awful to sit near one; trying to help bare anatomically."

"Well, my love, this Jerningham ought to come. He married Miss Copplestone of Bowlands, and, no doubt, she has civilised him a-bit."

"Ah, well, let the man come if he must."

"That will be enough for dinner, my dear; and then, in the evening, we can ask the other people to a little music. It will be over by eleven, and we need never do it again."

"Have your own way, my love," sighed the General. "Make Thursday next."

A dinner-party in a small watering-place like Leigh is not quite the same sort of thing as in larger towns. There is not so much difference in the table appointments, nor in the eatables and drinkables provided as one might expect. A few local peculiarities may exist, such as the unaccountable presence of cream in every dish, still to be found in the benighted parts of Devonshire. It is astonishing how difficult it is to eradicate these relics of barbarism.

The first Irishman who went to India taught the Hindoos European cookery; and all through India, at every traveller's bungalow, and at each mess-table, is yet to be found the everlasting 'Irony Estew.' Noah, probably, delighted in onions, and there is not a ship's steward, even now, who does not hold fast to the ancient prejudice. Travellers say that they have eaten chopped onions in a Christmas plum-pudding aboard of an "Aberdeen lipper." In some parts of Devonshire the cow must have been an object of worship in earlier times, and traces of the superstition are to be found in the devotion paid to the cream. It is everywhere; it is in the soup, in the fish-sauce, and in the meat-pies. Perhaps, to the sated London epicure a Devonshire pigeon-pie may be a new delight. It is made of pigeons, of course, and there is beef-steak in it; but that is all of no consequence. The secret of the pie consists in raising the crust when it is half baked, and pouring

in chopped parsley and thick Devonshire cream. Then you ( down the lid and put it into the oven again. When the pi opened the birds don't begin to sing, they are not green enough that; but they are, as the Scotchman said, who tried the snail the Spartan broth, "dommed green," and, no doubt, he would l added in the case of the pigeons as in that of the snails, "Tak awa, mon—tak 'em awa!"

With the exception of the pigeon-pies there was not remarkable about the General's dinner table. Two neat r servants did all the waiting, and three unhappy-looking men r in the background, and tried to look like waiters. They m perhaps, have been of some assistance, had it not have beer their white Berlin gloves, which were a size or two too big for t It was impossible for the wearers to keep the prolonged fingers thumb-ends from dripping into the soup as they tried to han plates round. Accepting their fate, they did nothing after much, but contemplate the company and listen to the conversa A smile lighted the face of one solemn-looking waiter when a f made some remark upon the magnificent size of the potatoes. waiter had grown those potatoes, and tended them in his cap of gardener at Miss Penruddocke's, from the moment they appeared above ground until then. The company were b more at their ease, at first, than the waiters—they all kne little of each other. But, as the wine passed round, ma improved. People began to air their hobbies and display little peculiarities: the English reserve gave way a trifle, nature was allowed to peep forth now and then. Miss Penrudd was gracious—when she was not in that mood she was n pleasant person to sit next to at dinner-table or anywhere. She was "a grand lady" on a small scale, and a grand lady a worst is a very trying personage; indeed, the secret consist manners, and can only be acquired by the upper ten of the va but well-defined circles of English society. Utter sham insolence is the principal ingredient of the sauce of the grand l The insolence that a wife will give to a henpecked husband, w a bad daughter will shower on a doting parent, is the same thi essence as the unpleasant manner of the "grand lady." You be very rude and yet perfectly safe yourself. You must e your sport of torturing the inferior creation from behind a bul which you know will never be assailed. Then you may hope t a grand lady,—not in your own eyes, perhaps, nor in those of maid or footmen, but in the eyes of all the lower ten, who wa be in the upper ten, who will not resent your scorn, becau their hearts they know that they deserve it for toadying a viri rank, who could not really hold her own in impertinence wi

smart chambermaid if they had a clear stage and no favour. But on this occasion Miss Penruddocke was in very good temper and very well behaved. She was, when nothing "put her out," a very good specimen of an English unmarried lady, she was charitable and kind-hearted, very friendly with her inferiors and equals, and pretty civil generally to the middle classes. She was not badly informed,—could quote poetry tolerably incorrectly, had a pretty notion of painting, minus perspective and drawing, and decided theological views, which, if carried out, would make the company in heaven very select indeed. The Rev. Mr. Moodle took her in to dinner and sat beside her. Dr. Jerningham was seated next to Mrs. de Calverly. The Rev. Mr. Neville had Mrs. Jerningham under his charge, and Florence sat next him, nearest to her father, the General.

As the champagne went round the conversation became actually fluent. Mr. Moodle dilated upon a new sisterhood, which he had established in a neighbouring village.

"A touching and beautiful sign of progress in things spiritual, my dear lady. Blue dresses of serge, with a border of scalloped shells, with a Greek cross embroidered between each shell. Quite primitive, you know. A large bonnet, with nun's headdresses, copied from an old painting in a Franciscan nunnery, green gloves with embroidered cross, shoes with latches—such an improvement on common shoes, takes us quite back to the early days,—and my stockings with an artificial patch of worsted, to idealise poverty and self denial."

"I suppose they are pretty well off?" asked Miss Penruddocke.

"Oh, very rich indeed!" replied Mr. Moodle. "In fact, it cannot be done under two hundred a year, and some have more. The dress, you see, is expensive. Why the stockings alone, with imitation patches, are more expensive than silk!"

"How nice!" said Mrs. de Calverly.

"Why don't you get up a monastery, Mr. Moodle?" asked the General.

"There is less piety, I am afraid, General, among our ruder clergy," replied the vicar; "and yet I could wish to see it. A band of brothers devoted to celibacy would be an edifying spectacle."

"It would interfere with the labour market," said the General.

"Very good indeed, General!" chimed in Dr. Jerningham; "that's my own idea—live and let live. The rev. gentleman would not like me to interfere with his burial fees by proposing celibacy."



"I hardly follow you," said the General; "but I maintain the monasteries would be an excuse for laziness and neglect of a work."

"Not, I think," replied the vicar, "if the order was limited to men of independent property—men, in short, who had no work to do."

"Perhaps not," said the General; "but you could not expect to get men of that kind; what would they gain by it?"

"Ah, General," replied the vicar, "you do not regard the spiritual privileges. Think of the sandalled shoes, the tonsure, the midnight chaunt, a large cross down your back, and a hundred other things."

"Well, it's not in my line," said the General.

"Did you not know my brother?" asked Florence of Mr. Neville, "at Cambridge?"

The curate coloured, and said, "He had the honour."

"Do you correspond with him?" she asked.

"No, Miss de Calverly. We lost sight of each other, as we so often do."

"But you were friends?" she persisted.

"Great friends at one time."

"I thought men's friendship lasted all their lives," she continued.

"Until they quarrel," said Neville. "I think we are not good as women are; as Mr. Moodie observed, we are terribly unforgiving."

"But, Mr. Neville, the falling out of faithful friend's remembrance is of love."

"Yes, that may be so; but hardly of friendship."

Florence coloured up; she hardly liked to ask where the reference lay. But she said—

"Men, surely, forgive one another when they fall out? or how else can they ask for forgiveness?"

"They do not forget as easily as they forgive, Miss Calverly."

"Then they do not forgive at all? We ask for our offence to be blotted out; you would keep a brother's offence perpetually before your eyes, and pride yourself in not revenging it. That is better of it, Mr. Neville; I should like to see you and my brother friends again."

Mrs. de Calverly made the mystic signal, and the ladies flitted gracefully from the dining-room.

## CHAPTER XI.

## MUSIC IN THE EVENING.

WHEN the gentlemen left the dining-room they found a large addition to the company, in the shape of ladies, who had been asked to a little music. The number of gentlemen had not been increased in proportion. The disproportion of the sexes in the agricultural counties forbids a judicious mixture. Just as a small military station in India is the paradise of women, so is a small seaside place in Devonshire the Garden of Eden for the male sex. It is a pity that they do not appreciate these privileges as the ladies do when in similar circumstances.

Look at the three or four ladies at the ball at Ramungewallah, surrounded by thirty or forty gallant captains and subalterns, supported and led on by majors and lieutenant-colonels! Do they faint or grow tired at their unexpected honours? On the contrary, look at the quarter-master's wife! forty-five years of age, if she is a day; watch her eyes drop timidly at the two plainly whispered compliments of Lieutenant Cheeps, who will be twenty on his next birthday. Poor woman! for the credit of her sex she will even blush if she thinks the occasion deserves it. Watch the major's wife, the acknowledged belle of the station, but devoted to her husband and her five little pale-faced children; she can behave herself as a lady ought to do at a place of public entertainment. Colonel Stutts has her fan, and Adjutant Lorimer holds her bouquet, Captain de Farville has picked up one of her gloves, and will never restore it, Lieutenant Trotter is rushing to get her some acid lemonade, she keeps Major Spindle spellbound by the magic of her eye, when that gentleman would, if released from enchantment, be off to the billiard-room and take more brandies and soda than would be good for him. But men, when they are called upon to bear the overwhelming attentions of the fairer sex, disgrace themselves most dreadfully. There may be forty matrons and virgins assembled at an English evening party, all ready and willing to pay every attention to the five or six gentleman present; but what is their reward, and where is their encouragement? The men huddle themselves away in corners, they seem never to have met with such agreeable fellows before, and to be quite unable to tear themselves away from them. No wonder that a little music after a dinner-party down in the wilds of Devonshire is rather a dreary affair.

At the General's little entertainment, amidst the crowd of ladies, only two fresh gentlemen made their appearance. Mr. Jolliffe, a half-pay retired army doctor, and Mr. Tardrew, an attorney. They were both married men, and but of doubtful value to the bevy of elderly maidens. Still, they would have done for a little flirtation pending the arrival of the gentlemen from the dining-room; but they were both unaccountably dumb. The fact was, that Miss Florence was the unintentional cause of their gloom and silence. She had placed herself at the piano to break the distressing silence, which grew intolerable after a time. She sang her best songs, she rattled through a nocturne, and a waltz, and a polka mazurka; she besought the Misses Jenkinson to favour her, she entreated the Miss Taffitoes for a duet, and she pressed the Miss Parkers to lift up their voices in a cheerful chorus. At last she asked Mr. Jolliffe if he would sing. If she had known that gentleman better she would have known that she could not have pleased him more. He could sing, and he never got a chance. Three years he had been at Leigh and nobody had ever asked him to display his abilities. He sang, sometimes, at home. When his wife wanted a new bonnet she, curiously enough, often asked him to try over that pretty little song he had first sung to her twenty or thirty years before. But Mr. Jolliffe had got somehow to connect the ideas of bonnets and songs together, and he rarely was musical in his own home.

"Really, Miss de Calverly, I should be most happy," he said; "but I so rarely sing."

"Oh, then you do sing, Mr. Jolliffe: does he not Mrs. Jolliffe?"

"I am afraid you would hardly call it singing," said Mrs. Jolliffe, who was timid, and was really afraid that her husband, of whom she was fond, would not be appreciated.

"D—m your impudence!" thought Mr. Jolliffe.

"Oh, you will sing, I am sure, to oblige me!" said Miss de Calverly.

"If you will sing me one more song I will try," replied the gallant doctor.

And while the young lady hunted for a song among the music books, Mr. Jolliffe turned to address Mr. Tardrew, who had not heard Mr. Jolliffe promise—

"Have you been asked to sing?" he inquired.

"Not I! and I would not if I could; my opinion is, that an amateur who sings in public after he is forty is an ass."

This was very unpleasant for Mr. Jolliffe, who was fifty-three, and could not get out of his engagement; and it was not agreeable either to Mr. Tardrew, who had no notion of offending Mr. Jolliffe,

and who, besides, had a professional dislike to giving an opinion uncalled for. Now, he certainly had called Mr. Jolliffe an ass, and Mr. Jolliffe had not requested his opinion in the matter. No wonder that his song was less brilliant than usual, and that, when it was over, the gentlemen were unusually silent. Mr. Tardrew could not possibly thank Mr. Jolliffe for making an ass of himself.

It was a relief when the dining party entered the room. Perhaps to none was it so great a relief as to Miss Flora Jenkinson. She wanted to see the Rev. M. Neville, and she wanted the young gentleman to see her. She felt that there was a certain light and sweetness about her appearance, which would attract admiration; and, when attracted, she was prepared to reward it. She looked really very well—quite youthful indeed,—and her simple white dress, finished off with rose-coloured ribbons, formed a pretty contrast to the heavy dresses of the married ladies, and the severe lack of her own sister, Jemima. “And really, you know,” she said to the latter, as she was dressing for the very party, “it only cost sixpence! It is astonishing what a saucer of Stubbs’ dye will do! Mauve, rose, crimson, or blue; and, if there is any left, it makes excellent ink, mixed with boiling water.”

“Ah, well!” sighed Miss Jemima, “I hope you will be successful. I can guess what the rose-coloured ribbon is for!”

Suppose that Miss Jemima could guess, where was the harm? It is woman’s destiny to love, and surely it is better to waste affection even upon a curate than a lap-dog, a cat, or a canary.

Miss Flora knew that she was older than this Mr. Neville; but that was not her fault—love is immortal and superior to time. Besides, she had heard of ladies, even of years, attracting and keeping the admiration of mere youths;—there was Ninon D’Enclos—to be sure, she was an improper sort of person, she had been told; but it would not be necessary for her to be improper in the case of a curate—she had other means of gaining the affections of that young gentleman besides the vulgar way of personal allurements. She would be his benefactress, and, perhaps, his only refuge in distress.

It was disappointing to her to see Mr. Neville make his way to the piano.

“Can you sing?” Miss de Calverly asked, as he stood by her side. Do you know any of my brother’s songs? he used to sing duets with me. You have not quarrelled with his songs, I hope?”

“Please, Miss de Calverly,” he said, “do not imagine that your brother and I are enemies. I have no quarrel with him, and I hope he has none with me; and, you know, if he has, it takes two to make a quarrel. I wish him nothing but well, and I have no doubt his feelings to me are equally praiseworthy.”

"I beg your pardon," Florence said; "I was rude and thoughtless in what I said at dinner; but I do so love my brother, he was always so kind to me, and I want everyone in the world to love him too."

"And," replied the curate, "supposing Frank——"

"Ah," she broke in, clapping her hands, "then you are friends, after all! you called him *Frank*!"

"Did I?" said Mr. Neville; "well, supposing he insists upon everyone loving his sister, do you not think it would be a little unreasonable?"

"Of course it would; and do you think, Mr. Neville, that I am unreasonable on his account? that is what you mean to imply."

"I am sure I don't know what I did mean," said the curate. "But I will sing that duet with you if you wish it—'Broken Vows' I think it is."

"Will you turn over? Now, please."

It was very good of Miss Flora Jenkinson to applaud that song. She considered Miss de Calverly a forward young thing, who ought to be sent off to bed, and she had no patience with Mr. Neville. But her love of art induced her to condone their offences.

"Beautiful!" she said. I had no idea it was so pretty. Thank you, dearest Miss de Calverly, and thank you, too, Mr. Neville. I know I ought not to speak until I have been introduced, but I cannot help it. I am so fond of music, and we are next door neighbours, Mr. Neville!"

"Indeed!" replied that gentleman; "the Terrace has acquired a fresh attraction in my eyes."

"Oh, Mr. Neville! that is a compliment. I fear that you college gentlemen are all alike, whether you are in the Church or not."

"I never pay compliments in the pulpit," said Mr. Neville.

"I wish the clergy would," she replied. "I am so tired of being scolded. Don't you think it would be a nice change if one of the congregation could get into the pulpit and tell the clergyman what he was?"

"I don't think I should mind if Miss Flora Jenkinson was the preacher," replied the polite curate.

"Because you know that women cannot be too harsh or stern,—they feel, sometimes, so much for the sinner that they forget the sin."

"What a long conversation you good people are having," exclaimed Mrs. de Calverly. "Do you play chess, Mr. Neville? You must come and have a game with the General; and, Miss

ra, I want you to play Besique with Mr. Jolliffe; and, I think, my love, will you get that book of photographs for Mr. Jerningham?" And so the small gathering at the piano was dispersed.

It was quite late for Leigh, almost half past eleven, when the party broke up. The Rev. Mr. Moodle, Mrs. Moodle, the Rev. Mr. Neville, and the Misses Jenkinson walked home together. It was rather dark, and the streets and lanes were not lighted, so that Mr. Moodle offered his arm to his wife and the eldest Miss Jenkinson. Mr. Neville could not do less than proffer assistance to Miss Flora, and she timidly accepted it.

"I think I must trouble you," she said. "I see so badly at night, and I am so tired. I think everything is a snake, or a pond, or a puddle, and all the trees look like highway robbers in the dark. But you gentlemen are so bold, one loses all fear when with you."

"It is your timidity that makes us bold, Miss Jenkinson."

"Is it? Then men's virtues are due to women's follies?"

"If so, Miss Jenkinson, you must accept, as compensation, the fact that women's virtues are born from men's weaknesses."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Neville, I understand that perfectly: woman is the comforter, the preserver of the unfortunate, the distressed, the orphan, even of the criminal; and that puts me in mind of something. I wanted to ask your advice on a matter which I hardly dared to talk of before my sister. Do you think you could be on the beach about eleven to-morrow morning, near the bathing-machines?"

"Certainly; I will come if you wish it."

"Oh, thanks! It is so good of you! But here, I think, we must take our leave of Mr. Moodle."

It was rather difficult to get Mr. Moodle into his house. He got on the subject of the early fathers of the Church, and was entirely disinclined to leave it.

"There is much for our edification and instruction to be gained by meditation upon their lives. Let us take St. Blasius, for instance——"

"My love," said Mrs. Moodle, "it is getting so late."

"St. Blasius," persisted the vicar, "is a noble example of constancy. Do we falter as we hesitate? Let us go to——"

"I wish you would go to blazes!" said a sharp voice from an open window, in a neighbouring cottage, in which Mr. Gripes resided. It's disgusting! If the police did their duty intoxicated ministers would be taken up. A minister of religion, too! and accompanied by excited females: shame!"

"Oh!" said Miss Jemima, "I think we had better go."

"I beg you will not be discomposed by this most unseen interruption, ladies," said the vicar, loftily. "Persecution is t

... of the Holy Spirit. I say—"

"Do come in, dear!" appealed poor Mrs. Moodle. "He will catch cold, will he not, Mr. Neville?"

"I hope not," he replied; "but he will not be one of the early fathers to-night, for it is twelve o'clock!"

"Mr. Moodle subsided; he gave a gloomy good-night, and opened his gate.

"A most improper observation, that of Mr. Neville's," he said to his wife,—*"An ill-timed jocosity about a sacred subject. Mr. Neville has not heard the last of the early fathers—I can assure him of that!"*



MY SAINT.

IN a quaint old Cornish church\*  
Is a storied window rare,  
Called the "Young Woman's Window,"  
Shrining a maiden fair.

Maidens many an one  
In tinted glass shine bright,  
One with a lily-branch—  
Herself as the lily white.

Their father a grim old king,  
Had shafts in his quiver, plenty ;  
His offspring, saintly all,  
Amounted to four-and-twenty.

And all in those glistening frames,  
The artist tried to paint ;  
One only charms my gaze,  
The pale and lilyed saint,

And the painter loved her too  
In that dim ancient day ;  
For she, alone was scrolled  
"For us, sweet saintship, pray."

Yet in these far-down times,  
I know a saint as fair,  
As fit for the aureole,  
As fit the lily to bear.

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At St. Neot's, near Liskeard, is a window called "The Young Woman's low," representing Brychan, King of Brecknockshire, and his offspring, y-four in number, all of whom are said to have been confessors or m. . . St. Mabena is represented with a palm-branch in her right and an open book in her left, with the inscription, "Sancta Mabena, ora nobis." A lily has been substituted in these lines. The festival is July 6th.—*Abridged from Baring-Gould's "Lives of the Saints."*



*My Saint.*

She has sisters many an one  
    (Though not quite twenty-four) ;  
Yet unobtrusively  
    The others she queens it o'er.

And whenever that gold-crowned brow,  
    That lily hand I see,  
With reverence do I bow,  
    Saying, " Maiden, pray for me !"

Humbly ever I bend  
    Before that virgin shrine,  
And ask that the lily hand,  
    May one day yet be mine.

:

MAURICE DAVIEL.



## SHORT PAPERS ON MANY SUBJECTS.

## V.

BY DR. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

## I.

CESS IN LIFE.—How is it that some men make a name for themselves and triumph over difficulties that might well appear insurmountable, while others utterly fail even to hold their own, and at the end of twenty years find themselves lower down the ladder than when they commenced? The vulgar explanation would be, that the former have ability and energy, the latter are deficient in them. Success in life often depends on something else not less important than talent and perseverance—not the only factors in the result. It may be due to the possession of tact, to great influence, to having a good field for the display of ability, even to chance. Yes, I am convinced that chance, blind chance, will in many cases assist a man to get a good income and to work his way into a good position. Few people will admit that chance has anything to do with the matter; but I contend that it often has. The death of a rival may clear the way, the illness of a superior may open up the field for the display of ability; nay, more, having many friends willing to render a young man assistance in rising in the world, may ensure success. But I shall be told, if there are ability and energy, they must, in the long-run, force themselves into the world, and that when life passes away without the display of the latter could not be present. Let me ask whether men who get to five and thirty without making some headway, though, perhaps, from no fault of their own, are not, in consequence, largely hampered in any attempt they make to rise, because their want of success sets their friends and relations against them? Let me also ask whether, when men approach middle-life, have serious responsibilities and little money, it necessarily follows that they dare take a step the consequences of which may bring poverty or misery to those they love? It is before and above everything else—even ability or perseverance—unless of rare promise—is not the possession of influence most important to men of fair abilities and average industry? We value so much of a man's talents, not by what he is, but by the

position he occupies, that, placed by fortune or powerful patrons in a favourable sphere, there is no great difficulty in acquitting oneself creditably; then the *prestige*, so obtained, will be placed to a man's account, and help him up to higher honours and larger emoluments. This kind of thing may long continue, and, at the end of thirty years, without the possession of conspicuous abilities, great learning, or high principle, a man may find himself respected for having made a figure in the world, hundreds of better men have failed to cut, only because sufficiently early in life they were not put on the road leading to wealth, respect, and influence.

## II.

INFLUENCE.—What is meant by influence, that mysterious something which helps thousands of ordinary men to wealth and position, the want of which weighs down crowds of much better men at every step through life? Influence once, no doubt, meant bribery, corruption, intimidation; but those days are long past. The only instances in which influence and money are convertible terms are when clergymen purchase livings, and doctors or lawyers a practice; in these cases money is paid for a substantial return, just as other men buy houses and books. Influence is of many kinds, all most objectionable, but some of them tenfold worse than others. The less objectionable kinds are, when, for example, a really distinguished rector asks his bishop to confer Church preferment on his son, a young man of small ability and very ordinary energy, or when a person, filling a respectable post, prevails on powerful friends to give his son or nephew an office he does not deserve, and which some really able man ought to have. That a father should wish to help his sons up the social ladder is natural, that persons who have patronage should be anxious to oblige friends whom they respect is perhaps pardonable. Unfortunately merit is necessarily neglected, and learning and high principle may be valued at a lower rate than good connections. But a form of influence, which nothing can justify, as it rests upon the most absurd, nay, sinful veneration for rank and wealth, is the following: An office falls vacant, several of the candidates have ability, good recommendations, undoubted high principle, any one of them might creditably do the work, and the committee of selection or the patron might find it hard to tell which was the best man. Unfortunately, however, one of the remaining candidates, a stranger it may be, on the spot, and undoubtedly much inferior in every respect to the others, is discovered to be the nephew of a bishop, or the distant

relative or a peer, to the younger son of a baronet or a dean, and, at once, his triumph is assured, and without any pretence that he has merit or skill, he is certainly picked out, unless some one of more influence is in the field. The detestable nature of such a system is seen at once, when it is remembered that no one who has anything to do with filling up the vacancy may know anything, good or bad, of the obscure great man on relationship with whom the lucky candidate rests his claims. Who, however, can expect clergymen, town councillors, members of hospital boards, not to show a proper respect to the nephew of Lord Smith, or the son of the Dean of Shrewsbury. Another little less reprehensible abuse of power is when a young man of good family prevails upon a friend to give him letters of recommendation to some one at a distance who can influence many votes. Influence, however, is a sad reality, and those who have it have an advantage which goes for much more than ability alone.

### III.

AN USEFUL LIFE.—Few will admit that a life can be either useful or successful if unmarked by the acquisition of wealth or fame. A brilliant career is one, so says the world, conspicuous for its triumphs and achievements. I will not try to show that the world is wrong, though chance and influence, as well as ability, may be needed to throw the greatest *éclat* over life. But there may be talent—I will not say, genius—where there is not ambition; there may be energy and ardour, were they exerted, sufficient to ensure success; but by a firm effort of the will the one object of life may be made the useful, the morally beautiful, while fame, honour, wealth, or rank may be disregarded. "What a waste of opportunities!" exclaim thoughtless critics, as they glance at a career which might have been so different. "He has chosen the better part," will say One, greater far than earthly judges. He looks down from His throne, and sees what man cannot discern.

Will any one think a servant can display fortitude, constancy, fidelity, amid circumstances of great hardship? Will any one think that a servant's life can teach the influential and wealthy useful lessons? Let the following narrative show them that God is no respecter of persons, and that His Spirit may find a home in the humblest breast. For years I saw, several times every month, an old lady who had long passed the threescore and ten years allotted to man. She had been strong and healthy until nearly fourscore years had passed over her head. In a certain way she was clever, but had been eccentric and egotistical. During her latter days she persis-

tently shut herself off from the world, and solitude and retirement increased her failings and soured her temper. Her favourite servant, who was with her altogether twenty years, became her sole companion, her nurse, her friend. This servant was herself aged and infirm. She had, besides, some little property on which she might have lived in comfort. Perhaps some will fancy that, in the earlier days of their intercourse, her mistress had treated her with great consideration and kindness, and thus had won her heart. Nothing of the kind. That servant in twenty years had never had a whole day's holiday, and perhaps never received one word of generous, unqualified praise. At last, the mistress's health failed, and during the four years that the latter's sufferings increased until death relieved her, that aged, sickly servant had to bear unceasing reproaches and harshness. At one time it was a question which would die first. With bowed head and tottering limbs the faithful creature watched over her unhappy mistress, refusing to leave her; and she kept her place to the last. What kept her true to her trust under such circumstances? It was the sense of pity, tender pity for her mistress, the longing to discharge the trust committed to her care. Were she to go no one else would take her place, no one else would bear what she bore. Was there not in this poor creature a calm heroism, a noble intrepidity above all praise? Hers was an useful, a beautiful life, and her reward, when she goes to her rest, may throw into the shade that of many a so-called hero.

#### IV.

THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD.—It would be wrong to refuse just praise to a body of men who, with all their errors, are a pattern of Christian humility and of uncomplaining devotion to duty. Where can the world point to a holier, purer, nobler body of men than the Catholic priesthood of this land? Whatever may be the state of things on the Continent, here these men—not always very learned, generally extremely bigoted—labour with an energy beyond and above all praise. Where others dare not go the Roman Catholic priests venture, with an intrepidity which makes them adored by their people.

Certain tenets are undoubtedly held by his Church which diminish the priest's horror at the approach of death, and fill him with less uncertainty than most other men about what lies beyond; but the natural clinging to life implanted in the bosom of every descendant of Adam is sufficient to make him cling to it; yet undismayed, he is always at his post.

they were found at their post of danger. With gentleness they soothed the last moments of the dying, and had a comfort for every sufferer, whatever his creed.

It matters it that they are wily, intolerant, fond of retaining old over their disciples by unwarrantable means? What is it that on some points they are in error? On that awful day God shall judge all the sons and daughters of Adam, men will be abundantly rewarded, for they did what was good in the discharge of their sacred duties feared neither pain nor suffering. The spirit of the Gospel, whatever some theologians may say to the contrary, does not consist in believing creeds and dogmas, and rejecting others, but rather in doing what is lawful and right, in succouring the afflicted, and relieving the sum of human misery.

## V.

**THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.**—Sooner or later the dreadful hour comes to all when they are called to leave for ever the world they have loved, “for unto all men it is appointed once to die; and then, while the immortal spirit is soaring far away, mourning friends and friends tenderly bear the lifeless clay to the grave. At that mysterious change called “death” has taken place, and remains only the cold, inanimate body, which at once begins to decompose into its elements, it is natural that reverence and love should continue to be felt for the departed, and that this holy feeling should be displayed towards that body which a few hours or

scorn. It is one of the first signs of improvement in the condition of a people, that it begins to speak with reverence of the departed, and counts it a sacred duty to protect from injury the dead bodies of those allied by blood or language.

It seems natural to deposit the loved and lost in the protecting bosom of the earth. To burn with consuming fire the bodies of friends and relations seems to most people little short of desecration. To cast the dead into the depths of the mighty ocean appears little less dreadful an indignity than to burn them.

There is something inexpressibly touching in revisiting the green mounds beneath which parent, brother, friend, await the glorious resurrection to eternal life ; at least, though we know their spirits cannot be there, it is pleasant to fancy that they are sleeping just under our feet. We know, if we think of it for an instant, that their spirits are gone far, far away. We know that, sooner or later, the gentle rains will wash away some portions of their bodies, and that the air will receive nearly all the remainder. What of that ? Though in a few centuries only a handful of dust will remain of the bodies of those we have loved, we know, we feel, that as long as we live we can always revisit the spot where they vanished from our sight, where—dust to dust, earth to earth—they were placed in the sacred keeping of the tomb.

Respect for the resting-places of the departed may only be a matter of sentiment, but it hallows and purifies the life of the living ; it sanctifies the prospect of death, it keeps alive the recollection of what will one day come to all.

Unconsciously the feet fall more softly over the graves where sleep our friends, where sleep even those who in life were enemies and rivals. The tones of the voice are lowered, and the thoughts rise upwards, when we find ourselves in the presence of the dead. Only a man lost to humanity, only the abandoned outcast, whose rough life has beaten everything that is good and human out of him, can pass with indifference over the spot where he knows that one of his fellow-creatures is buried.

To the Englishman, especially of the upper classes, the family vault is a most sacred heirloom. From what immense distances the corpse is sometimes borne to its last resting-place ! How many chivalrous English officers, men of pure lives, knowing no fear, who have breathed their last on foreign soils, have been carried by the reverent hands of friends, and buried, as they would have wished, in their beloved fatherland, near the spot where lay those they honoured !

It is one of the exile's many griefs that his ashes cannot rest in his mother soil. It is of no use asking him why England should not do as well as far-off Italy—why the United States should not as

He will receive his remains as Germany. Can it much signify that his bones should not be placed near those of the mother the remembrance of whose love has soothed and sustained him in many an hour of suffering, that his name should not be engraved on the tombstone which marks the spot where sleep his friends? He may admit all this; still, he longs to die, to be buried in his motherland.

The stern philosopher calls this veneration for churchyards a selfish sentiment. The sanitarian wonders why earth should be preferred to water, why water should be as hated as fire. It is all sentiment, no doubt, but it is a feeling one should never wish to die without. The world is better and happier for it.

There are several ways of disposing of the dead. The easiest and cheapest, where proper arrangements are made for it, is undoubtedly burial in the sea. In the inlets and bays which give the sea coast of this country such a strangely irregular outline, are many suitable spots where millions and millions of corpses could be buried. The great towns could, with little trouble and expense, dispose in this way of their dead. The rural districts would not present find this mode of burial convenient. I am not aware that this plan has received much favour, though in the case of Ireland it would have many obvious advantages. Still, it would be dreadful to cast into the sea the bodies of those we loved, and it would be long before the Englishman could reconcile himself to it.

Cremation is a plan that has long been practised in some parts of the globe. Among other influential advocates of it, Sir Henry Thompson, in an article in the "Contemporary Review," has ably set forth its undoubted merits. There can be no question that it is peculiarly applicable to the requirements of large towns, where the difficulty of disposing of the dead is already great, and daily becomes greater. The expense is, however, a formidable objection, not so formidable as that arising from the natural repugnance an Englishman would feel at seeing those he loved best consumed by devouring flames.

The body of Lady Dilke, at her own request, was a year ago cremated at Dresden; but few people would have her calmness and intrepidity, and rise so wonderfully above what some would call the prejudices of age and station.

Embalming, another way of disposing of the dead, is, of course, expensive and objectionable. No one proposes to revive it. The ancient Egyptians, it is said, used to boil corpses in huge cauldrons containing resins, gums, and spices. If this be true, the grief of the survivors would be as much harrowed as if their loved ones were flung into large furnaces.



The last plan is burial in the earth. It is scarcely necessary to say that, from a sanitary point of view, it is the most objectionable way of disposing of the dead. Its many evils are intensified by the reprehensible carelessness and folly which generally distinguish this mode of burial.

A cemetery or churchyard should be at a considerable distance from a town or village: the graves should be deep; the soil suitable, and the locality in all respects unobjectionable. It is not desirable that metallic or hard wood coffins should be used. In the last place, all churchyards should be planted with abundance of quick-growing trees; which not only greatly add to the beauty of the spot, but diminish the danger to be apprehended from the poisonous exhalations nothing can altogether prevent. So important is it that trees should be thickly planted wherever bodies are buried, that the law should insist on cemeteries being always full of trees.

Mr. Seymour Haden has lately, in a little pamphlet "Earth to Earth," very temperately discussed the question of the burial of the dead. That there is some ground for alarm is shown by a single fact—in the next ten years about 9,000,000, of bodies will in the United Kingdom, be placed in churchyards and cemeteries, already in many cases full to overflowing. Before the close of the century considerably over 20,000,000 people will die, and their remains will necessarily be for several generations a constant source of peril to the health of the nation.

At Metz, in 1870, pits seventeen feet deep were filled with ninety or one hundred bodies arranged in rows. In this way 8400 corpses are said to have been interred. So much attention was paid to disinfection, that no evil effects are said to have been traced. In the neighbourhood of Sedan, where, in the same autumn, many thousands of men fell, immense quantities of pitch were used to burn the corpses. The success of this plan was not so decided as that of the course adopted at Metz—where cremation was not resorted to.

What unfortunate creatures we are! While alive and strong how persistently we do our best to make ourselves miserable and to torment our fellow-men. When we die, our dead bodies generally become sources of constant danger to those whom we loved, and whom we were the first to protect. The disposal of the dead is, however, a solemn matter. Reverence for the departed must, at all risks, be preserved. But in the laudable desire to treat the dead with respect, the still more sacred interests of the living must never be disregarded. Any churchyard or cemetery which is, from any circumstance, likely to injure the health of the neighbourhood ought to be closed. Every place used for burial purposes should

be planted with fast-growing trees; on the last point I would strongly insist. The dark, slow-growing evergreens are not half so useful for the purpose of purifying the air of cemeteries, though custom has sanctioned their use in these places.

The whole earth is a tomb. Hundreds of thousands of millions of our fellow-men sleep in catacombs, in the mighty sea, in churchyards, hundreds of millions have been consigned to the flames, or have been preserved by the embalmer's art. It signifies little now where and how the Romans, the Greeks, and the Hindoos in old times disposed of their dead. But let us so live that when we die the future may have no terrors for us; so die that when we wake again, there may be joy and hope for us on the resurrection morn, though our bodies may have been cast into the waves, or into the flames, or trodden under foot, or reverently laid in holy ground.

## VI.

DICKENS.—No one would deny that Dickens was the most eminently popular, though certainly not the greatest writer of his day. Where other men had a hundred readers, he had a thousand. In circles into which most novels of merit were unable to find entrance, he was an ever-welcome guest. How was this? It would not be fair, while briefly discussing the merits of this wonderfully popular writer, to confine oneself to those points in which he confessedly surpassed his rivals. In the wish to be impartial, I shall refer to those defects from which there is reason to believe he knew he was not altogether free. It did not even come within the province of such genius as his to be great in all directions. Like other men, he had an intellect which necessarily grappled with some subjects better than with others. Shakespeare was not equally successful in every field of character and manners; but on some occasions displayed greater excellence than on others. So was it with Dickens. A kindly criticism of his weak points will probably make the appreciation of his merits more easy.

I shall not attempt to deny that Dickens was not successful in the construction of his plot. He was also unable to skilfully group the incidents which form his novels. Including "Edwin Drood," the last of his works, though the plot was most elaborately constructed and painfully worked out, the artistic skill displayed in arranging together many incidents to form a great whole was, even in his finest works, comparatively humble. His tales came to an end simply because they could not go on for ever. Some of his novels it seems to me, might have been spun out to double their present length, or

on the other hand, they might have been much shorter, without interfering with the unity and completeness of the tale.

Unrivalled as a describer of situations and incidents, he remained singularly deficient in the power of constructing plots and grouping incidents—nay, practice rather seemed to increase his difficulties and to intensify his faults. “*Oliver Twist*,” though incomparably better conceived than “*Our Mutual Friend*,” or the “*Old Curiosity Shop*,” and, perhaps, the best-worked-out tale he ever wrote, displays less talent than the novels of many very inferior writers in the construction of the plot. In consequence, there are wanting in his works, from the first to the last, that grandness of conception, that perfection of finish, that splendid unity, which place the marvellous productions of Sir Walter Scott at the head of English novel literature.

Nor does it appear to me that he had the same grasp of his subjects, and complete mastery of them, which distinguish the handling of every topic touched upon by Scott and Thackeray. Probably, no candid and experienced critic would hesitate in assigning a much higher place, as artistic and dramatic novelists, to Scott and Thackeray, than he could conscientiously give Dickens. In his knowledge of varieties of manners, of types of character, of human nature, the last fell below his two predecessors in the same walk of literature. Dickens was wanting in their precision of thought and command of language; he had not their clearness of vision, their concentration of purpose directed to one grand object.

It may be impossible to deny that a certain tone of vulgarity runs through many of his works, and that they are essentially tales of low life. So far I frankly admit. Nor am I blind to the obvious straining after effect perceptible in some of his later works; nor do I deny his fondness for running into caricature, and for painting individuals, who—faithful portraits of eccentric persons—cannot be accepted as the types of a class. Having thus expressed myself, I have exhausted my adverse criticism.

When I advance a step farther and examine the moral and Christian tendencies of the works of this gifted man, when I estimate the influence for good they are likely to exercise on the thought and manners of the future, I cannot remain a moment in suspense; and to the incomparable productions of the kindly and virtuous Dickens unhesitatingly award the palm of usefulness. Then I can see why Dickens, in spite of his faults as a writer, became so popular; why rich and poor, educated and uneducated, found in his works something they all could admire. The most fastidious could not read his descriptions of humble piety and virtue, without understanding better the worth of his less-favoured brethren. The most ignorant could not peruse the accounts he gives of benevolence combined with culture and

refinement without partially forgetting the distance separating the great from the humble. He spoke right home to the hearts of his readers. He reminded them that they were of one flesh, children of one great Father, members of one mighty family. His defects were unheeded by those who might have judged them most harshly, by the ignorant, indeed, they were not perceived; and hence, as at the feet of one common teacher, whose theme was the claims of class on class, the inherent worth of all men, millions of disciples sat, and found something which would suit the greatest diversities of talents, learning, station, and tastes. Who can wonder that the teachings of a writer so gifted became household words in all parts of the land?

## VII.

THACKERAY.—In marked contrast to Dickens's kindly works are those of Thackeray. There can be no question that the latter's genius greatly surpassed that of the former. Thackeray, too, was much better informed, moved in a higher social circle, had seen more of the manners and customs of different nations, had a keener insight into human nature, was less prone to run into caricature. Dickens's warmest admirers cannot deny this.

But in Thackeray there is much undisguised cynicism, which I have never been able to admire, and which always impresses me unfavourably, though its occasional utility I cannot question. One rises from the perusal of his works unsatisfied, because seldom finding anything to thoroughly admire, or heartily attempt to copy. In fact, though some of our sympathies, and not a few of our passions are powerfully excited, there is nevertheless, lacking anything calling forth, without qualification, love and veneration. In other words, the kindly veins of good feeling running through many passages of his works are half concealed by much base metal. Thackeray was, it may be urged, truer to the infirmities and meannesses of human nature than Dickens. His characters may be more perfect, because more like real life; they arouse our sympathy less powerfully than do his, because more truthful reflections of what we daily and hourly see around.

If this be granted, it follows that Thackeray was a more faithful delineator of human nature; he therefore in one sense, if the reproduction of life and manners is the main object of the novelist, surpassed Dickens. But, if works of fiction should, besides being true to the foibles of human nature, lead the thoughts upwards so that good is insensibly done, and the reader, while being taught to fathom and read the motives of his fellow-men, is also compelled to

love them better, to feel more pity for them, more sympathy with them, than Thackeray was less successful than Dickens.

Thackeray is not content with depicting the moderately good; he also delights in delineating the evil and malicious in their unlovely and naked reality. You shudder at the dreadful spectacle of a Becky Sharp, and turn with disgust from that abandoned villain Sir Barnes Newcome. You execrate hereditary titles and wealth as you get to understand the demoniac viciousness of the Marquis of Steyne, and the follies of Sir Francis Clavering. You despise Sir Pitt Crawley, and almost regret that it is your lot to inhabit a world tenanted by such specimens of humanity as these and fifty more.

I may appear to be using strong language, but not, let me hope, too strong. Some fine characters there are in Thackeray's pages, but not many, and in nearly all are serious blemishes. Warrington, one of his noblest and most unselfish creations, is rather too fond, even for an eccentric barrister cut off from female society, of beer and low public houses. Mrs. Pendennis is an amiable creature without a fault, but wanting in intellect. Colonel Newcome, his finest conception of a generous and upright man, is confiding and unsuspecting, and, almost with eyes open, becomes a dupe, and so excites pitying contempt, not admiration. Ethel Newcome is doubtless a fine character, but not free from faults, as, indeed, who of us is? So one might go on through all Thackeray's noblest creations.

Whenever he endeavours to influence his readers for good, and to place before them something worthy of admiration, he so clearly shows the dross inextricably mixed with the gold, as almost to make one doubt the presence of the latter.

After all, there is nothing, in the twelve thick volumes his untiring hand gave to the world, immoral, or irreligious. Sorrow that man is so bad, and woman so weak, is the impression most commonly left on the mind by the perusal of his works. Thackeray completes Dickens. The former gives human nature with few redeeming features. The latter omits the dark shadows, and paints everything with the bright colours of the rainbow. The one corrects the other. Both were great men, and few will question that they were also good men. They looked upon the world from different points of the compass; and they have given us, with singular felicity, wonderful power, what they were privileged to see.

## VIII.

TT.—Far before Dickens and Thackeray for command of language, knowledge of life, power of description, love of nature Scott, *facile princeps* the greatest of novelists. In one and in one alone, Dickens surpasses him; it is in the placing his readers on intimate terms of friendship with creations of his fancy, and making them—not merely feel lively for the latter—that Scott, Thackeray, Lytton, Cooper, and great masters of fiction do—but compelling them to feel for the real joys of his heroes and heroines an interest even more strong than they would for their own. Dickens powerfully excites the emotions of his readers. The egotistical, the apathetic, the indolent cease to be like themselves while turning over his pages. Scott is not quite so successful in arousing the kindlier feelings of his readers.

To make my meaning more intelligible, let me turn to the works of Scott, and show for what they are especially remarkable, and in what respect inferior to those of Dickens. What does a critical comparison of them show?

Walter Scott places before his readers brilliant pictures of ancient and Continental life and manners—ancient and modern—trains them to live, feel, and think with his heroes; though they have the power of calling forth their kindlier sympathies, they are cold and distant. The majority of the characters, with a few strokes of his magic pen, he places before us, are fully true to the infirmities and vices of human nature, and commend a critical and refined taste by the incongruity of the situations, in which they are placed, nor by the unnatural eccentricities of their manners. His most inconsistent characters are true in their inconsistency. So is it in great measure with Scott, who, unable to construct pictures of such exquisite beauty as those in every page of Scott, unable in the same degree to keep alive the attention of his readers, was scarcely less successful in the execution of his conceptions, and, like him, approached indefinitely near to perfection in those excellences which are the province of the great novelist.

Scott had a far higher standard of life and virtue than Thackeray. Thackeray never depicts some noble, and many good men and women; the latter seldom fails to draw special attention to foibles and weaknesses. Now and then Scott also, as in his descriptions of the land of France tears away with ruthless finger the veil, and shows the foulness festering within. His dark is dark, his de-

based is debased, though you are not a quarter so rich at heart by a perusal of Thackeray's novels.

Scott rarely described characters and actions extraordinarily beautiful and morally perfect. At best, he described scene delineated characters, sufficiently noble and lovable; but then not many which make every vein in the body tingle, and forth irrepressible veneration and love. There are some well-known exceptions—the Jewish maiden in "*Ivanhoe*," Jennie Deans—to have been the character Sir Walter Scott himself most admired the charming Di Vernon, and the gentle Isabelle of Croye.

Scott's finest male characters, such as Lovel in the "*quarry*," Tressilian, in "*Kenilworth*," Quentin Durward, Roderick Peveril, and Captain Waverley, are, in many respects like many living men, with, in my opinion, little remarkable beautiful, though much that is estimable and pleasing. In some exceptions you cannot worship the creations of Scott's genius; and there are few among them you would care to minutely; therefore Scott's finest conceptions cannot exert great influence for good on his readers.

When, however, you leave this part of the subject, and try to understand what his genius was, you are filled with admiration; words will convey. The oftener you go through his works, the longer and closer your study of them, the more intense and overwhelming is the awe—no other term is strong enough—excite his splendid talents.

It is only when reading Shakespeare, Scott, Milton, Locke, other great masters of poetry and prose, that one learns the grandeur the human intellect sometimes attains.

MASTER MARTIN,  
THE  
PER OF NUREMBERG AND HIS MEN.  
A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

[From the German of E. T. A. Hoffman,]

BY J. LORAIN HEELIS.

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CHAPTER VII.

*the young Journeymen, Reinhold and Frederick, were received into  
Master Martin's House.*

Frederick awoke the next morning, he missed his new friend, thrown himself down by his side on the couch of straw, he saw neither lute nor knapsack, he concluded that Reinhold, for some unknown reason, had left him and taken another. But scarcely had Frederick left the house, than Reinhold came, with his knapsack on his back, and his lute under his arm, dressed quite differently from yesterday. He had taken away from his cap, and did not wear his sword, and had put on a citizen's doublet of sad-coloured cloth instead of the one slashed with velvet.

"Well," said he laughing gleefully at his astonished friend, "brother, I hope you look upon me as your true companion now. But I think you have slept long enough for one night. See how high the sun is! Let us be moving."

Frederick was silent and preoccupied. He scarcely answered Reinhold's questions, and gave but little heed to his jests. Reinhold, in high spirits, skipped about, shouting and waving his hand in the air. But even he became more and more quiet the nearer they came to the city.

"We cannot go any farther; I feel so anxious and sorrowful. Let us sit here under these trees." Thus spoke Frederick, when they had very nearly arrived very near the gate of Nuremberg, and threw himself down on the grass. Reinhold seated himself opposite to him, after a while, said—

"I do not know what you must have thought of me yesterday."

"But when you told me of your love, and when you were so desponding, all kinds of stupid stuff came into my head,



which irritated me, and would have driven me half mad, if your singing and my lute had not exorcised the evil spirit. This morning, when the first rays of the rising sun awoke me, the feeling of good fellowship returned, and the evil spirit had departed. I ran out of the house and, wandering about in the wood, all kinds of pleasant fancies crowded into my mind. I thought of our meeting, and how my heart had been drawn towards you. Then a pleasant story of an incident which took place in Italy at the time I was there, came to my recollection. I will relate it, because it shows so vividly what true friendship may accomplish. It happened that a noble prince, who was a great friend and patron of art, had offered a prize for a picture, the subject of which was a very fine, but very difficult one. Two young painters who used to work together, and who lived in the closest friendship, determined to compete for the prize. They communicated their resolve to each other and debated how they might overcome the difficulties of the subject. The elder, who was more experienced in the drawing and grouping of figures, very quickly conceived and sketched the picture, and now stood by the younger who was so discouraged by the difficulty of the subject, that he would have at once abandoned the undertaking had not the elder encouraged him incessantly and given him good advice. But when they began to paint it was the turn of the younger one, who was a master in colouring, to give many a hint to the elder, which the latter used with so good result that the younger had never better drawn, and the elder had never better coloured a picture. When the pictures were finished the two masters embraced one another, and each was inwardly delighted at the other's work, and each adjudged the prize to the other. But it happened that the younger received the prize. Then he exclaimed quite abashed, 'How can I merit the prize? what are my merits compared with my friend's? how could I have painted anything worthy of praise without his advice and assistance?' But, the elder rejoined: 'Did you not also give me assistance? My picture is not, perhaps, a bad one; but you have gained the prize, as you deserved to do. It is the business of friends to contend bravely and openly for a common object, and the vanquished is as much honoured by the laurel crown as the victor. I love you all the more because you have striven so nobly, and have gained renown and honour for me through your victory.' What think you, Frederick? was not the painter right? True friends should be only the more united by a generous emulation. There should no place be found in noble minds for petty envy or malicious hate."

"Certainly there should not," replied Frederick. "We are now brothers, and in a short time perhaps we shall both make the Nuremberg masterpiece a famous two-fiddler cask made without

But heaven forefend that I should feel the least envy if you can prove better than mine, my dear brother Reinhold."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Reinhold, "Fie upon your masterpieces! you will soon finish that to the delight of all doughty persons. And if you wish to know anything about the calculation of the size, the proportion or measurement of the rotundity, I am your man. You can rely upon me in the selection of the wood. We will select staves of holm-oak, felled in the winter time without worm-holes, without white or red stripes, and without knots in them. You may trust my eye to detect any flaw; I will stand by you with word and deed. And, for all that, I think my masterpiece will not be the worse."

"But, good Lord in heaven," exclaimed Frederick, "why do you talk about masterpieces? Are we contending with each other for the best masterpiece to gain Rosa? How could we speak of that! my head's dizzy!"

"Why, brother," cried Reinhold laughing again, "I was not thinking of Rosa. You are a dreamer. Come, let us hasten to the city."

Frederick sprang up quickly, and walked onwards; but his mind was quite confused.

At length they reached the city, and entered a tavern, where, they were washing and dusting themselves, Reinhold said to Frederick—

"For my part I don't know at all into whose service to enter, I know no one here, and was thinking that perhaps you would come with you to Master Martin, dear brother. Perhaps I might be so fortunate as to get an engagement with him."

"You take a heavy load from my heart," answered Frederick; "if we keep together it will be easier for me to overcome my anxiety."

So the two young men trudged boldly along towards the dwelling of the celebrated cooper, Master Martin.

Now this was the very Sunday on which Master Martin gave grand entertainment as *Kerzenmeister*, and it was dinner time; as Reinhold and Frederick entered Martin's house, they heard jingling of glasses and the confused noise of a jovial dinner party.

"I fear," said Frederick, "that we come at the wrong time."

"And I, on the contrary," rejoined Reinhold, "am of opinion that we come at the right time; for at dinner Master Martin is sure to be in good humour, and disposed to comply with our wishes."

They sent in their names to Master Martin, who soon came to meet them dressed in gay clothes and with his face in a glow. As he saw Frederick, he cried out—

"Hulloa, Frederick, my good young fellow, hast thou come home again? That's well. And so thou hast taken to the noble cooper craft. It's all very well for Master Holzschuer to pull wry faces, and to say that a great artist is lost in thee, and that thou mightest have been able to cast such beautiful figures and balustrades as those which may be seen in St. Sebald's Church, and on Fugger's house at Augsburg; but that is only nonsense. Thou hast done well. Welcome a thousand times!"

And with that Master Martin seized him by the shoulder and gave him a hearty squeeze, as was his custom when well pleased.

Frederick was quite elated at Master Martin's friendly welcome. All his anxiety left him, and he freely and unconstrainedly stated to the master not only his own wishes, but also recommended Reinhold to his favour.

"Well," said Master Martin, "you could not have come at a more opportune time; for orders accumulate, and I want workmen. You are heartily welcome. Put your bundles on one side and come in. The feast is almost over, it is true; but you can find a place at the table, and Rosa shall care for you." Having said this, Master Martin and the two young men entered the room. There sat the worshipful masters, worthy Master Jacob Paumgartner at their head, and all their faces glowed with the good cheer. The dessert had just been brought up, and a noble wine pearly in the large drinking-glasses. It was at that stage of the feast when every one talks at the same time, and each one on a different subject; and yet every one thinks he understands what is said. And first one, and then another laughs out loud—he knows not why. But when Master Martin announced that the two young men were come at such an opportune time and with such excellent recommendations to work with him, everybody stopped talking, and all the guests gazed at the handsome young fellows with approval. Reinhold threw almost haughty glances on all sides, but Frederick cast down his eyes, and kept turning his cap round in his hands. Master Martin pointed to seats at the lower end of the table; but they were perhaps the best after all, for Rosa came at once and seating herself between the two youths, handed them delicious food and wine.

It was quite a treat to see pretty Rosa glowing with beauty and amiability seated between the two handsome youths in the midst of the old bearded masters. It was like the silver lining of a dark storm cloud, or a lovely spring-flower on a dark grassy heath. Frederick could scarce breathe for delight and admiration, and only now and then stole a glance at her who occupied all his thoughts; his gaze was fixed on his plate and he could not eat a morsel. But

as for Reinhold, he never withdrew his eyes, which darted lightning glances, from the pretty maiden. He began to relate his travels in such a lifelike way as Rosa had never before heard. It seemed to her as though everything of which Reinhold spoke, were visibly before her. She was all eyes and ears, and couldn't tell how it happened that Reinhold in the warmth of his discourse seized her hand and pressed it to his heart.

"But," said Reinhold, suddenly interrupting his narration, "but, Frederick, why do you sit there so stiff and silent? Come, let's drink together to the health of the dear young lady who has so hospitably waited on us."

Frederick seized with a trembling hand the huge goblet which Reinhold had filled to the brim, and which he obliged Frederick to empty to the last drop.

"And now let's drink to the health of our good master," cried Reinhold, again filling the glass which Frederick was forced once more to empty.

The effects of the generous wine, soon made themselves felt in every pulse and vein.

"Ah, I feel so happy!" he lisped, with his face all aglow. "I never felt so happy as I do now."

Rosa, who perhaps understood his words in quite another sense from what he intended, smiled.

"Dear Rosa," then said Frederick, whom the wine had relieved from his despondency. "I suppose you have quite forgotten me?"

"Dear Frederick," she replied with downcast eyes, "How do you think I could possibly have forgotten you in so short a time? I was quite a child when I was at old Herr Holzschuer's; but you did not mind playing with me, and always brought something nice. And I have still that pretty little basket of finest silver wire which you gave me as a Christmas present, and shall preserve it as a souvenir."

Tears filled the eyes of the lovesick youth; he tried to speak, but could only pour forth like a deep sigh the words "O Rosa, dear, dear Rosa!"

"I have always," continued Rosa, "wished to see you again; but I had never thought you would become a cooper. Ah, when I think of the beautiful things you used to make at Master Holzschuer's, it seems a pity that you did not keep to your art."

"Ah, Rosa, it is for your sake only I am unfaithful to my art."

He had no sooner uttered these words, than he felt ready to sink through the ground for shame and anxiety. The unpremeditated

avowal of his love was on his lips. Rosa turned away her face, as if anticipating what was to come ; but he sought vainly for words to express himself.

Then Herr Paumgartner struck the table sharply with his knife, and announced to the company that Herr Vollrad, a worthy Meistersinger would sing a song. Whereupon Herr Vollrad stood up and sung such a beautiful song to the golden tone of Hans Voyelgesong, that the hearts of all leaped for joy, and even Frederick recovered from his distress. After Herr Vollrad had sang several other good songs to other excellent tunes, such as the sweet tone, the crooked tooth, the flowery paradise tone, the fresh orange tone, and others, he said, that if any of the guests understood the gentle art of the Meistersingers, he might now sing a lay. Then Reinhold stood up and said that, if he were permitted to accompany himself on his lute, in the Italian fashion, he, too, would sing a song keeping to the German air. As no one had any objection to offer, he fetched his instrument, and, after striking a few notes, began the following song:—

“REINHOLD'S SONG.

“Tell me where the spring is found  
Whence doth flow the spicy wine?  
Fathoms deep beneath the ground,  
Do its golden wavelets shine.

Tell me who that spring hath made,  
Where the golden wine doth flow?  
’Tis the cooper, he, by trade,  
With high art hath made it so.

When doth glow with noble wine,  
In the pure heart, love divine,  
E’en in this the cooper’s art  
Hath, I trow, as well a part.”

This song pleased everyone above all measure ; but no one so much as Master Martin, whose eyes gleamed with pleasure. Without noticing Vollrad, who spoke almost too much of the stale melody of Hans Müller, which the fellow sang well enough—without noticing him, Master Martin stood up and raising his glass on high, cried, “Come here, thou brave cooper and meistersinger, come here! Thou shalt empty this glass with me ; with thy master, Master Martin!”

Reinhold was obliged to do as he was bid. When he had returned to his seat, he whispered to Frederick, who was buried in thought—

“Now you must sing. Sing what you sang yesterday evening.”

"Are you mad?" said Frederick, quite angrily.

Then Reinhold, turning to the company, spoke as follows, in a low voice—

"Worshipful sirs and masters. My dear brother Frederick is singing much more beautiful songs, and has a much better voice than I; but his throat's dry after the journey, and so he will sing songs another time."

After this, they all began to laud Frederick as if he had already sung. Many of the masters were even of opinion that his voice was much better than Reinhold's; and so Herr Vollrad was satisfied, when he had emptied another half glass, that Frederick could certainly sing the German tones better than Reinhold, who had far more Italian in him.

But Master Martin threw his head back, and slapping his thigh so that it sounded all over the room, cried, "They are *my* men,—*mine*, I say, the journeymen of Master Tobias Martin, of Remberg!"

And all the masters nodded their heads, and draining the last drop out of their tall drinking glasses, exclaimed—

"Yes, yes! They are your brave, honest men, Master Martin."

At last they betook themselves to rest. Master Martin conducted both Reinhold and Frederick each of them to a clean and comfortable-looking room.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Of the arrival of the third Journeyman at Master Martin's House,  
and what followed thereupon.*

WHEN the two journeymen Reinhold and Frederick had worked some weeks in Master Martin's shop, the master noticed that, so far as measuring with rule and compass, and making calculations were concerned, Reinhold had not an equal; but that such was not the case with his work at the joiner's bench. There Reinhold was very tired; and, however much he might exert himself, the work did not advance. Frederick, on the contrary, planed and hammered away without becoming much fatigued. But there was one characteristic which they both had, and that was, a modest deportment which did not exclude an unconstrained cheerfulness, and an occasional display of good-humoured waggishness; a quality more often exhibited by Reinhold than by Frederick. Neither did they strain their throats when they were hard at work, but would sing now and then a pleasant ballad with their fine voices which harmonised well together; and sometimes even when Rosa was by. And when Frederick, casting a shy glance towards Rosa, began a melancholy ditty, Reinhold would immediately start off singing a satirical ditty,

which he himself had made up, beginning, "The cask is not the zither, and the zither's not the cask;" so that old Master Martin was fain to let fall the hatchet which he had raised for a stroke, and to hold his sides for laughter. Besides this, the two young fellows, but more especially Reinhold, had quite established themselves in Martin's good graces, and it was noticed that Rosa sought many a pretext for more frequently visiting the workshop, and for staying there longer than she had been wont to do.

One day Master Martin, wrapt in silent thought, entered the open workshop which stood before the city gate, and in which the work was done during the summer months. Reinhold and Frederick were making a cask. Master Martin stood before them with folded arms and said: "My dear assistants, I am more satisfied with you than I can tell; but I am just now in a difficult position. They write from the Rhineland that there will be a better vintage this year than has ever been known. A wise man has predicted that the comet which is now visible will so fertilise the earth with its wondrous rays that the vines will produce grapes most plentifully. Such a favourable conjunction will not again occur for a period of nearly three hundred years. So we shall have plenty of work. And besides, the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Bamberg has written to me, ordering a large cask. However, we can't set to work at it at once; and so, as it is wanted in a hurry, I must look about for a smart young fellow. But, although I am anxious to get an assistant as soon as possible, I don't like taking anybody off the street. So if you know of a good journeyman whom you would like to work with, only let me know and I will have him, let it cost me ever so much money."

Scarcely had Master Martin ceased speaking, than a tall strongly built young man stood before them, and shouted in a loud voice—

"Holloa there! is this Master Martin's workshop?"

"Surely," replied Master Martin, as he approached the young fellow. "Surely it is; but you needn't shout so loudly about it. That's not the way to get at people."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the stranger: "you must be Master Martin himself. For they told me he had just such a corporation, and double chin, and twinkling eyes and red nose as you have. I greet you well, Master Martin."

"Well, and what do you want from Master Martin?" asked the latter in no very good humour at this familiarity.

"I am a journeyman cooper," replied the young man, "and only wished to ask if you can give me employment."

Master Martin struck by the strangeness of the application at a time when he was so much in need of assistance, stepped back a

ple of paces and surveyed the young man from head to foot. The applicant returned his gaze with interest from two glittering eyes.

When Master Martin perceived what a broad chest, sturdy limbs, and big fists the young fellow had, he thought to himself that this was just the sort of man he stood in need of, and asked him for his certificates.

"I have not got them by me," replied the young man; "but I will soon procure them; but I give you my word of honour I will faithfully and honestly work for you, and with that you must be content."

So saying, and without waiting to hear Master Martin's answer the young fellow strode into the workshop, threw down his cap and girdle, put on his leathern apron and said—

"Just tell me at once what I am to do, Master Martin."

Master Martin was quite put out at the bold behaviour of the young youth, and was obliged to take a moment to consider his reply, and then he said—

"Well, to prove at once that you are a good cooper, take the chisel and fasten the chime on the cask which lies there on the master's bench."

The strange journeyman performed what he was commanded with a peculiar strength, quickness, and dexterity and then exclaimed laughingly—

"Well, Master Martin, are you still in doubt as to my being a cooper? but," he went on at the same time pacing the workshop backwards and forwards, and looking with a critical eye at the stock and stock of wood; "but have you good material to work with—what sort of mallet is that there,—I suppose your children play with it? And that little axe—ah, that must be for the tent-poles,"—and with these words he swung the great heavy sledge which Reinhold could not move, and which Frederick only moved with difficulty; he raised this mighty axe with which Master Martin himself worked, high in the air. Then rolling on his side like foot-balls two huge casks, he seized one of the thick as yet unhewn staves.

"Ah, ah, master!" he exclaimed; "that's something like oak, that must break like glass."

With that, he struck the staves against the grindstone so that it broke in two pieces with a loud noise.

"Oh, would you have the kindness to smash that two-fuddler, my good fellow!" said Master Martin. "Or perhaps you would like to demolish the whole workshop? You can use those as there as hammers, and I will fetch the Roland sword from



the Town Hall, which measures three yards, and would suit you capitally for an axe."

"That would be just the thing," cried the young man, whose eyes sparkled. But immediately after he cast down his eyes and said in a lower tone, "I thought, my dear master, that you wanted very strong journeymen for your great work, and so I have been too forward in showing my strength. But if you will hire me as a workman, I will honestly perform whatever you require."

Master Martin looked the young man in the face, and could not but own to himself that he had never gazed on nobler and honester features. Indeed the young man's appearance seemed to bring before him the faint remembrance of one whom he had long loved and respected. And, although he could not be sure who this might be, it decided him to comply with the young man's request. So Conrad (for thus he was named) was hired by Master Martin with the sole condition of producing well-authenticated testimonials.

In the meantime Reinhold and Frederick had set up the cask and were fastening the first hoops. It was their custom at such times to sing together, and so now they began to sing a ballad to Adam Puschmann's Stieglitz air.

"Holloa!" cried Conrad from the joiner's bench, where Master Martin had installed him, "what squeaking's that—it sounds as if there were mice in the workshop? If you want to sing, why don't you sing something lively which one can work to? I sing such songs myself sometimes."

And with that he began a wild hunting-song with a chorus of "holloas," and "hussas," at the same time imitating the baying of the hounds, and the cries of the sportsmen with such a powerful voice that the big casks sounded and the workshop roared. Master Martin held his hands to his ears, and the children of Martha (Valentine's widow), who were playing in the workshop, crept in dismay behind a pile of staves.

At this moment Rosa entered, terrified at the fearful sound which could not be called singing. So soon as Conrad perceived Rosa he became silent, and rising from the bench approached her and greeted her in the politest manner imaginable.

"Fair damsel!" said he in a gentle voice, while his bright brown eyes sparkled with fire. "When you entered this gloomy workshop it seemed as if a rose-coloured light came in with you. How sorry I am that I was not sooner aware of your presence; then I would not have offended your delicate ears with my wild hunting-song. Oh," he cried, turning to Master Martin and the other journeymen, "Oh, why don't you stop your horrible clatter! So long as this dear lady honours you with her presence axes and hammers should

test. We will only listen to her voice and obey with bended head the commands she may give to us, her humble slaves."

Reinhold and Frederick looked at each other quite astonished ; but Master Martin laughed out loud, and said to Conrad : " Well, now it's clear that you are the most foolish fellow that ever put on an apron. First you come here and want to smash everything like an ill-conditioned giant ; then you make such a howling that the eums of our ears are like to crack ; and as a fitting sequel to your folly, you take my daughter Rosa for a noble lady, and demean yourself like a squire in love ! "

" I know your fair daughter v-ry well," replied Conrad unconcernedly, " I know your fair daughter v-ry well, dear Master Martin ; but I tell you that she is the most noble lady that walks this earth, and may Heaven grant that she condescend to permit the humblest squire to be her paladin in true and knightly love. "

Master Martin held his sides and was like to have choked for laughing. It was only after a great deal of coughing and choking that he could stammer out—

" Good ! very good, my dearest youth ! You may always look on my Rosa as a noble lady—I grant you that—but, nevertheless, no so good as to go back to your bench. "

Conrad rooted to the ground, with downcast look, rubbed his forehead, and said gently : " That's true," and did as he was commanded. Rosa seated herself, as she always used to do in the workshop, on a small cask which Reinhold dusted carefully, and Frederick placed for her. At Master Martin's request, they recommenced singing the beautiful song in which Conrad had interrupted them. As for Conrad he said nothing, but wrapped in his own thoughts worked away at the joiner's bench.

When the song was ended, Master Martin said, " Heaven has rewarded you with a fine gift, my dear fellows. You cannot think how highly I esteem the pleasant art of singing. Once I, too, aspired to be a master singer ; but it was no use, however much I tried. All my trouble only gained me ridicule. At the public singing contests I was always making mistakes, bringing out wrong notes, and sometimes getting altogether out. Well, you will be able to do better, and it will be said that what the master could not do, the men have accomplished. There will be a singing festival next Sunday at the usual time, after the mid-day service in Katherine's Church, where both of you may gain praise and renown ; for a singing competition will be held before the festival dinner, at which you or any stranger may take part without let or hindrance. Well, Conrad," cried Master Martin to the young man who was still at his bench ; " well, Conrad, wouldn't you like to mount the singing-stool and strike up your fine hunting-song ? "

"Don't laugh, dear master," returned Conrad, without looking up, "don't laugh—everyone to his own vocation. While you edify yourself with the singing, I will follow my amusement on the Allerwiese."

It happened as Master Martin had anticipated. Reinhold mounted the singing stool and sang songs to various tones, which delighted all the master singers, although they thought the singer had somewhat peculiar style which could not be called a defect, as they could not precisely define it; but still there it was. So after Reinhold had done singing Frederick placed himself on the singing-stool, took off his cap, and, after looking straight before him for a few moment, he cast a look at the assembly which pierced Rosa's breast like a glowing dart, and caused her to heave a deep sigh. Then he began to sing such a beautiful song to Master Heinrich Frauenlob's tone, that all the masters were unanimously of opinion that none among them could excel the young journeyman.

When evening had set in and the singing was ended, Master Martin accompanied by Rosa, betook himself in high glee to the Allerwiese, in order to finish the day's enjoyment thoroughly. The two journeymen Reinhold and Frederick were permitted to go with them, Rosa walking between the two youths. Frederick, who was quite elated at the praise of the masters, ventured to utter many bold words which Rosa, modestly casting down her eyes, appeared unwilling to hear. She turned rather to Reinhold who uttered all kinds of merry sayings in his usual manner, and was not afraid to offer his arm to Rosa. In the distance they heard sounds of revelry on the Allerwiese.

Arrived at the place where the young people of the town were enjoying themselves in all kinds of knightly and other games, they heard the people shouting every now and then—"Won, won—it is he again, the strong one—no one has a chance against him!"

When Master Martin had elbowed his way through the crowd he became aware that all this praise and shouting was about no other person than his journeyman, Conrad, who had surpassed all the rest in running races, boxing, and throwing the spear. Just as Master Martin came up, Conrad asked if any one were minded to have a bout with short swords. Many patrician youths who were used to knightly games, accepted the challenge. But it was not long before Conrad had even in this overcome all his opponents without great exertion or difficulty; so that there was no end to the expressions of praise of his skill and strength.

The sun had set, the light died out in the sky, and the shadow of evening closed around. Master Martin, Rosa, and the two journeymen had seated themselves by a plashing fountain. Reinhold related many things about distant Italy, but Frederick was

silent and only looked at Rosa. While they were thus occupied Conrad approached with hesitating steps as though undecided if he should join them or not. But Master Martin called out to him—

“Well, Conrad, come here! you have demeaned yourself, manfully on the green, as beseems my workman. Don’t be shy, man! sit you down here—I give you leave.”

Conrad gave a piercing look at the master, who nodded graciously to him, and in a hollow voice replied—

“I am not at all shy, and have not asked your permission to seat myself here, nor do I come here to speak to *you*. I have stretched all my adversaries in the dust; and now I only wish to ask the lady if she will honour me with the beautiful nosegay she wears in her bosom as the prize for the lusty sport.” With these words, Conrad knelt down on one knee before Rosa, and looking with his clear brown eyes honestly in her face he asked, “Give me the beautiful nosegay as a prize of victory, dear Rosa. I am sure you will not refuse me.”

Rosa took the nosegay from her bodice, and gave it to Conrad, saying laughingly—

“Ah, I well know that so brave a knight deserves to receive a mark of honour from a lady, and so take my faded flowers.”

Conrad kissed the nosegay and put it in his cap; but Master Martin exclaimed, as he stood up, “Did you ever see such foolery? But let us get home—night is coming on.”

Master Martin led the way, Conrad took Rosa’s arm, and Reinhold and Frederick followed quite out of humour. The people they met stood still and looked after them, saying—

“Look, look! that is the rich cooper, Master Tobias Martin, with his fair daughter and his brave journeymen. I call them handsome folk.”

## CHAPTER IX.

*How Dame Martha conversed with Rosa about the three Journeymen.*

YOUNG maidens are wont, on the morrow of a fête day, to recall all the pleasures of the day before, and this celebration they think almost more pleasant than the festival itself. So Rosa sate the next day alone in her chamber, with hands clasped and head bent, absorbed in thought, and let the spinning-wheel rest. It may well be that she heard Reinhold’s and Frederick’s songs, or saw the active Conrad as he mastered his opponents, or received from her hands the prize of his victory; for first she hummed a stave or two of a ditty, then she murmured: “Do you wish to have my nosegay?” and then a deep-red coloured her cheeks, bright glances

darted through her drooping lashes, and gentle sighs escaped from her pent-up breast.

Just then Dame Martha entered the room, and Rosa was pleased at the opportunity of relating circumstantially all that happened in St. Katherine's Church and on the Allerwiese. When Rosa had ended, Dame Martha said, smiling—

"Well, dear Rosa, you will soon be able to choose one of three handsome suitors."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Rosa, quite frightened, and with face aglow. "Dame Martha, what do you mean?—I—three suitors?"

"Now, don't you talk like that," Dame Martha went on, "as if you didn't know or suspect anything about it. Why, anybody must be blind or have no eyes at all who can't see that our men, Reinhold, Frederick, and Conrad, are all madly in love with you!"

"What can have put that notion into your head, Dame Martha?" stammered Rosa, holding her hands before her eyes.

"Ah!" continued Dame Martha, seating herself, and putting an arm round Rosa; "ah, you dear, bashful child; put your hands down and look me full in the face, and then deny, if you can that you have long noticed how these young men are devoted to you. Can you deny it? You can't! Well, it would indeed be strange if a maiden's eyes did not at once discern that. When you enter the workshop, how their looks are withdrawn from their work and directed towards you, and how they all become more animated. How Reinhold and Frederick sing their finest songs, and even the wild Conrad becomes gentle, and how each of them thrives to approach you, and how a glow like fire lights up the face of the one on whom you deign to bestow a gentle look or a friendly word! Eh, my darling, isn't it grand to have such fine fellows come courting one? But I'm sure I don't know if you will take any of them or which of the three, for you are kind and friendly to them all; although I—but not a word about that. If you came to me and said, 'Counsel me, Dame Martha, to which of these youths I ought to give my hand and my heart?' I would say, 'If your heart do not tell you distinctly and audibly, who it is, then let them all three alone.' However, I can't but admit that I like Reinhold very well and Frederick and Conrad too, although I have many objections to make to all three. Yes, indeed, dear Rosa, when I see the young fellows so hard at work, I always think of my poor, dear Valentine, and I must say that, although he didn't perhaps turn out better work than they, yet he had such a very different manner in all he did. You saw that his whole soul was in his work; but these young men always seem to have something else in their heads,—

indeed, their work seems to be only a burden to them, of which they would gladly be relieved, and which they only support by dint of sheer courage. I can get on best with Frederick, he is a true-hearted fellow, and seems to belong most to us. I can understand all he says, and, he loves you with all the modesty of a good child; so that he scarcely dares to look at you, and reddens as soon as you say a word to him; and that is what I so much admire in the dear youth."

A tear started to Rosa's eye as Dame Martha said this. She stood up and said, while she turned her face towards the window—

"I like Frederick very well; but you should not despise Reinhold."

"How could I do so?" replied Dame Martha; "Reinhold is decidedly the handsomest of all. What eyes he has! When he darts those lightning glances through and through you, you can scarcely sustain them! But there is in his manner altogether something strange which fills me with awe, and makes me afraid of him. I think that, when Reinhold works in Master Martin's workshop, and he orders him to do this or that, he must feel as I should if some one were to put in my kitchen utensils glittering with gold and precious stones, which I was to use just as I should use common kitchen utensils, although I scarcely dared to touch them. He talks and talks, and all that he says sounds like sweet music, and you are quite carried away by it; but when I think seriously of what he has said, I find that I have not understood a single word. And when he sometimes jests in our fashion, and I say to myself, 'Now he is like us,' all at once he looks so dignified that I am quite taken aback. And yet I cannot say that his appearance is like that of many a puffed-up squire or patrician; no, it is something quite different. In a word, it appears to me as though he had converse with higher spirits, as if he belonged to another world. Conrad is a wild, overbearing fellow, and yet has something very genteel in his manner, which does not harmonise with the leathern apron. And at the same time he acts as if he only ought to command, and the others to obey him. In the short time that he has been here it has come about that Master Martin, thundered at by Conrad's powerful voice, submits to his will. But then, after all, Conrad is so good-humoured and honest, that you can't be angry with him. And, what's more, in spite of his wildness, I like him almost better than Reinhold; for although he often speaks very grandly, you can understand him. I wager he has been a soldier,—let him say what he likes. That's why he understands so much about arms, and has got a kind of knightly way, which does not ill become him. Now tell me truly, dear Rosa, which of the three journeymen do you like best?"

"Don't ask me so insidiously, dear Dame Martha," replied Rosa. "But this much is certain, that Reinhold does not strike me in the same way as you. It is true that he is quite different from his fellows, and that when he speaks I feel as if a beautiful garden, full of splendid flowers, blossoms and fruits, such as are not to be found on earth, suddenly opened before me. Since Reinhold has been here, too, many things seem quite different to what they once did, and much that formerly lay dull and formless in my soul has become so bright and well-defined that I can now quite clearly comprehend it."

Dame Martha stood up, and preparing to leave the room, shook her finger at Rosa, and said—

"Eh, eh, Rosa! so Reinhold is to be the one of your choice. I should not have supposed it."

"I beseech you," rejoined Rosa, "I beseech you, dear Dame Martha, to suppose nothing, but leave everything to the future. What it brings is the dispensation of Heaven, to which every one must meekly and humbly resign himself."

## CHAPTER X.

*Showing how Conrad and Master Martin came to blows.*

MEANWHILE there had been sharp work in Master Martin's workshop. In order to execute all the commissions he had received Martin had taken on more workmen and apprentices, and there was now such a hammering and knocking that you could hear it far and near. Reinhold had finished the measuring of the big cask which was to be made for the Bishop of Bamberg, and had, together with Frederick and Conrad, set it up so well that Master Martin was in high glee, and called out every now and then, "That's what I call a piece of work! I never made such a cask as that, excepting my masterpiece!"

The three young men were now occupied in fastening the hoops round the staves, and the loud noise of the mallets made the workshop re-echo. Old Valentine was busy scraping with his hollowing-knife, and Dame Martha, with her two smallest children in her lap, sat close beside Conrad, while the other lively youngsters cried and shouted and tumbled about, playing at hoop. There was such a noise that they scarcely noticed old Johannes Holzschuer, who entered the workshop. Master Martin advanced to meet him, and asked politely what he lacked.

"Eh," rejoined Holzschuer. "First of all, I wanted to see my dear Frederick once more, he who works there so bravely; and

"I am in want of a good cask for my wine-cellar, and I wish you to make me one. Why, that cask yonder is just such a cask as I want: you may as well let me have it. You have only to name the price."

Reinhold, who had been resting himself for some minutes in the workshop, and was just going back to the bench, heard Holzschuer's words, and, turning to him, said—

"Ah, dear Master Holzschuer, you must forego the desire to possess our cask, as we are making it for the Right Reverend Lord Bishop of Bamberg."

Master Martin, his arms clasped behind him, his left foot advanced, and his head thrown back, looked with twinkling eyes towards the cask, and said, in a proud tone—

"My dear Master, you might have perceived from the quality of the wood, and the neatness of the workmanship, that such a master-piece is fit for a princely cellar. My journeyman, Reinhold, has spoken truly; you must forego the desire for such work. When the vintage is over I will have a homely cask made for you, such as is suitable for your cellar."

Old Holzschuer was annoyed at Master Martin's conceit, and maintained that his gold pieces were quite as good as those of the Bishop of Bamberg, and hoped that he could obtain elsewhere good work for ready money.

Master Martin, boiling with rage, could with difficulty contain himself; yet durst not offend Master Holzschuer, who was highly respected by the town council and all the citizens.

But at this moment Conrad began to hammer more and more strenuously with his mallet, so that the workshop roared again. Then Master Martin's anger burst forth, and he cried out in a loud voice—

"Conrad, Conrad,—you lout! why do you hammer in that blind and senseless way? Do you want to knock the cask to pieces?"

"Ho, ho!" cried Conrad, "ho, ho! you comical master, why not?" And with that he hammered away so terribly at the cask that the strongest hoop sprang with a crash, and threw Reinhold down from the scaffold, while you could tell by the hollow resonance that one of the staves must have sprung with the same blow.

Overcome with rage and fury, Master Martin sprang forward, and taking out of Valentine's hand the stave he was scraping, roared out "Cursed dog!" and gave Conrad a sound thwack on the back.

As soon as Conrad felt the blow he turned round sharply, and stood still a moment like one deprived of the use of his faculties; but the next moment his eyes flamed with savage fury, he gnashed



his teeth, and howled "Struck!" With one bound he was off the scaffold and had quickly seized the broad axe lying on the ground and aimed such a blow at the master as would have split his skull had not Frederick pulled the master aside, so that the axe only grazed his arm, from which, however, the blood at once began to pour. Martin, clumsy as he was, lost his equilibrium, and fell over the bench, at which the apprentice was working, to the ground. At those in the workshop now threw themselves on the raging Conrad who swinging the bloody axe in the air, cried in a terrible voice—"To hell with him! to hell with him!"

With the strength of a giant he hurled them all from him, and raised his arm to deal a second blow, which without doubt would have terminated the existence of the poor master, who lay on the ground panting and groaning. But at this moment there appeared at the door of the workshop, pale as death from terror, Rosa.

As soon as Conrad perceived Rosa he stood still, with the axe raised above his head, as though changed into a statue. Then he flung the axe far from him, clasped his hands together on his breast, and in a voice which pierced the hearts of all present, cried "Oh, just God in heaven, what have I done!" and rushed out of the workshop. No one thought of pursuing him.

Poor Master Martin was now with some difficulty got on his feet, and it was soon found that the axe had only penetrated the fleshy part of the arm, and that the wound was not dangerous. Then they pulled old Master Holzscher from among the shavings (for Master Martin had dragged him down in falling), and pacified as well as they were able Dame Martha's children, who cried and howled incessantly about good Father Martin. Martin himself was quite confused, and asserted that if that devil of journeyman had not spoiled the cask, he should not have thought much of the wound.

They brought litters on which to place the two old gentlemen for Holzscher too had hurt himself in falling. He anathematized a handicraft which made use of such murderous tools, and conjured Frederick to return as soon as possible to his own noble art.

Frederick and Reinhold (the latter had been severely hit by the broken hoop and felt benumbed in all his limbs) crept back to the town through the deepening twilight, in no very good humour. On the road they heard groans and sighs coming from behind a hedge. They stood still, and the next moment a tall figure rose from the ground, which they immediately recognised as Conrad, who shyly drew back.

"Ah, my dear fellow," cried Conrad in a melancholy voice "don't be so angry with me. You take me for a devilish murdering hound—but indeed I am not; I could not have acted

erently. I felt obliged to kill the master, and, properly speaking, I ought yet to go with you to do it. Still, however, I cannot do so, no—it is all over,—you will see me no more. Remember me to dear Rosa, whom I love beyond measure. Tell her that I shall carry her flowers next my heart as long as I live, and buried with them when I—but she will, perhaps, hear of me in. Farewell, farewell, my dear, good fellows!”

With these words Conrad hastened away.

“There is something very strange about the youth,” said Arnold. “We cannot judge of his rash act by ordinary rules. Perhaps, some day, we shall know the secret which oppresses him.”

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## WAITING.

### SONNET FOR A PICTURE.

WHAT if the world-sick soul might ne'er descry  
Healing of hope, that evermore delays  
With eyes that look beyond the clouded days,  
And thoughts that pierce the darkness radiantly?  
What if for patience no sweet “By-and-bye”  
Hallowed soft distance with clear songs of praise,  
Until the trembling heart new homage pays  
Before some kingly joy's veiled majesty?  
*I live*, and life is hope, and hope is joy;  
But if to-morrow brings no glance of thine  
To feed this lamp of life,—its flame, not coy,  
Shall shine against the heaven's crystalline  
For nought exists with puissance to destroy  
Love that breathes purely in a calm divine.

ELLYS ERLE.

## 'TIS NOT TRUE.

—: o :—

"DEAREST maiden, may I tell thee  
Thou art fairest of the fair ?  
And that with thine eyes, sky-tinted,  
None are able to compare ;  
That thy lips surpass all others  
In the richness of their hue,  
That thy hair is golden sunshine ?"  
"No ! you may not—'tis not true."

"Dearest maiden, may I tell thee  
That thy cheeks would shame the rose,  
That thy teeth, for dazzling whiteness,  
Far eclipse the arctic snows ?  
Dearest maiden, may I tell thee  
Thou art Venus raised anew  
From the foam of mighty ocean ?"  
"No ! you may not—'tis not true."

"Dearest maiden, grant me pardon,  
If, indeed, I've caused thee pain,  
Never more will I offend thee,  
But from flattering words abstain.  
Yet thou lov'st me—I can see it  
Written in those eyes of blue ;—  
May I say this ?" Low she murmured—  
"Yes ! you may—for it is true."

EDWARD S. GIBNEY—

## A FORTNIGHT'S FLY-FISHING IN BRITTANY.

we were a party of four. Burstal, a young medical student, Grimle, a gentleman at large, Grabfeigh, a rising barrister, and myself. We chose Brittany for our tour for three reasons; we had never been there before; we knew it possessed some capital preserved waters; and the living was both good and cheap. Our intention was to choose some general route, and then, baggage in hand, to follow the bent of our inclinations while time and money lasted. With this object in view we each possessed a knapsack, fitted as lightly as possible, a bag slung across the shoulder, an extra pair of boots, a slight, but well-selected fishing paraphernalia, the latest thing in guide-books, and a pair of compasses. As it was accounted on the ninth of August, we started from Southampton to St. Malo.

We had a capital voyage. The weather was bright, the wind fresh, the sea moderately high. Before we passed the Needles, a large proportion of the passengers were stolidly contemplating the sea over the vessel's side, which led Burstal to expound his new remedy for the prevention of sea-sickness, to a deeply interested audience, who as yet had only become sallow and melancholy-eyed. He laid, as a basis, three fundamental propositions. 1st.—Determine not to be ill. 2nd.—Be lighthearted and gay. 3rd.—Conform yourself to the motion of the vessel. It was unanimously adopted with as much enthusiasm as was compatible with the fact that three-fourths of the converts were already beyond the reach of its influence.

Towards evening, the motion of the vessel became trying indeed; remembering my friends' recipe, I tried to make up my mind that I was not going to be ill, hummed an air in an attempt to be lighthearted and gay, and made quite a desperate effort to conform myself to the motion of the vessel. But all in vain, and I at length lay disconsolate to my berth, and wondered whether Jonah had not moved to his act of contrition by an influence stronger even than piety.

The night was a dismal one. When I slept the rolling and pitching of the vessel assumed the shapes of grim monsters that haunted me with hideous motions. When I awoke the air was filled with hoarse cries of "Steward," which in every variety of tone and expression, issued from the other berths in the cabin; while from the portion devoted to the women and children came occasional bursts of despairing lamentation, in a shrill treble that

was heartrending to the last degree. I was not therefore so when morning dawned, to struggle up upon deck, when the first spectacle that greeted me, was our philosophic friend Burs sitting on a coil of rope, and with his head leaned against the side of the vessel, looking like despair impersonified. His face was ghastly pale, and his long dark hair felt damp and ragged over his brow. Ill as I felt, I could not resist the inclination to poke a bit of fun at him, so, steadying myself by the aid of a rope, I called out, "Hullo, Burstal! why what's the matter? feel a bit queer, eh?" He made no answer, but looked piteously at me; so I went on. "Well, old man, if you feel it coming on again, I can recommend you an invaluable specific. 1st.—Determine not to be ill. 2nd.—Be lighthearted and gay. 3rd.—" I saw his lips move intently, so I stopped and said, "What?" when he suddenly shouted out, "Go to the—," and turned hastily away, and feeling that I was wasting my humour, turned rather hastily away also.

On landing at St. Malo, we were at once seized by several gendarmes, who set themselves with cheerful alacrity, to the task of reducing to chaos the contents of our well-ordered knapsacks. We then adjourned to an hotel, and after a warm bath, had some good mutton broth, which greatly alleviated our stomachic sufferings. The rest of the morning was occupied in strolling through the dirty, ill-smelling, but picturesque town, when Burstal greatly astonished us by the extent of his knowledge concerning Chateaubriand, La Bourdonnais, Jacques Cartier, and other distinguished men claiming St. Malo as a birthplace. But our admiration was modified when on our return, I entered the *Salle-à-manager*, and found an encyclopedia open at the article, "St. Malo," and containing some biographical sketches of the worthies to whom I referred. After this, his encyclopedical erudition became a standing joke with us.

After a twelve o'clock dejeuner, we took the train for St. Brieux, whence we intended to commence our march. We found it a pleasant enough town, with wide streets and well-looking places and squares. It is remarkable for its literary establishments, the public library containing over 24,000 volumes. There are also some noticeable public buildings, especially a fine Gothic cathedral of the thirteenth century. Having just glanced at these, we started the same evening to walk to Quintin, a small town, distant about fifteen miles.

The weather was magnificent, the sun going down in a glow of colour that irradiated the whole sky. Our progress was easy for we followed the high-road, always well made and kept in France. The country through which we passed was very fertile, and En

lish in character; though as we approached the Black Mountains, this gradually decreased, and we came upon large barren sandy heaths, interspersed with marble and granite quarries, and occasionally, iron, lead, or coal mines. The peasantry were dirty and unhealthy-looking, their attire of the raggedest, and their feet thrust into clumsy sabots. They, however, took off their hats very politely to us as we passed, and seemed greatly moved by the vocal efforts with which we enlivened our march.

Presently we came to St. Julien, a little village half-way between St. Briene and our destination. As we were already footsore and weary, we determined to stay the night there, could an auberge be found. A reconnoitre discovered a house whence a few public rays of light were glimmering; a loud knock brought a dirty, wretched-looking man to the door, who, in answer to our inquiries, engaged in an altercation with a shrill-voiced termagant within, and then set out to guide us to the object of our quest. Proceeding some twenty yards down the street he stooped before a low-built house, from which the discordant sound of many voices came, and shouted something through the key-hole. The noise ceased, the door opened, and a man, the very counterpart of our guide, though perhaps a shade dirtier and more wretched-looking, appeared and demanded our pleasure. After a brief colloquy we were admitted, and at once found ourselves in a large kitchen, paved irregularly with red tiles, having a dark wainscot, and a ceiling of huge beams draped fantastically with filthy cobwebs. At the further end was an enormous brick fireplace and chimney, up which a wood fire was roaring, while a woman, dirty and dishevelled, stood, frying-pan in hand, like an evil culinary genius. At one side about a dozen men stood round a rude wooden table, having evidently ceased gambling to concentrate their attention upon us; and a more villanous-looking lot it would be hard to imagine. Ragged, filthy, and cadaverous, with long-tangled hair hanging about their faces, with stubbly beards of a week's growth, and bleared, wild-looking eyes, and over all a look of wolfish hunger or hate, as though they had recently been hunted for their lives, and were still possessed of some nameless terror or ferocious desire.

Grimwade was spokesman, and politely inquired if we could be accommodated for the night. To our great satisfaction the woman answered in the negative, and we, nothing loth, recompensed the guide, and once more stepped out briskly towards Quintin.

The moon had by this time risen, and shed a subdued brightness over the landscape. A mist hung in the air and gave to distant objects, especially the grotesquely-cut trees, a vague and ghostly air. This, with the scene we had lately witnessed, and the solemn

stillness of the night, gave a morbid turn to our conversation, and led us to discuss with great relish the extreme probability of our being attacked at the very next turning, by the amiable crew of gamblers, who would undoubtedly circumvent us by a short cut across the fields. Nothing of the sort occurred, however, and we arrived safely at Quintin, at about midnight, having paused on the way to have a lively altercation with the proprietor of a roadside inn, who, from an upper window anathematised us in profane Breton, for disturbing his rest.

Luckily, as we entered the town, we met a waggoner with his team, who advised us to go to Le Cheval Noir, kept by Madame Roqueblave. Thither we hastened, and after some difficulty succeeded in rousing the inmates, who were at first disinclined to admit us; but the happy idea of Burstal's, who declared in moving, through somewhat shaky French, that we were old friends of the hostess, produced a reaction in our favour. The door was unbarred, and after a hearty supper we took our tired limbs to bed.

Quintin is prettily situated on the upper part of the River Gouet, in the arrondissement of St. Briene. It possesses an old feudal castle of singular architecture, built principally of granite, and partially surrounded by a moat, which at the time of our visit was half-covered with a luxuriant growth of water-lilies, beneath which we could catch an occasional glimpse of darting fish. Near the town are some druidical obelisks, twenty-six or twenty-seven feet high, which the inhabitants regard with considerable reverence.

After *café au lait* we started for Corlay, passing through a country beautiful in its profuse verdure, and crossing the Montagnes Noir, on which grew immense quantities of common broom, so thickly intertwined that in some cases we could scarcely force our way through. Its little seed-pods were black and ripe, and, under the influence of the mid-day sun, kept bursting with a series of sharp pops that had a very curious effect. On reaching the summit a fine view opened out before us. The range of hills running to Vannes formed the horizon immediately in front; and stretched away southwards, its sides covered with the many shades of foliage thrown into relief by patches of sombre firs, or the gleaming whiteness of a marble quarry, until it became blue and indistinct in the remote distance; while directly to our left as far as we could see, the country lay well-wooded and undulating, enlivened by the river Oust, which sparkling in the sunlight, wound its sinuous way through the valley.

Arriving at Corlay, a small but respectable village, possessing, in right of being the chief place of the Canton, a little *gendarmerie*, over the door of which hung a red, white, and blue tin flag, we made a hasty repast, and started for St. Nicholas du Pelem, which

were anxious to reach before nightfall. Before leaving Corlay, however, we had a look at its antique little church, which possessed the ugliest set of saints in effigy, both inside and out, that I ever saw. From every mullion and gable grinned a horrible face, distorted by a chipped nose, or agouged eye; while within, the effect was equally *outré* and repulsive,—plaster figures with every limb out of proportion, with pink faces and fantastically coloured garments; paintings more fit to be signs of taverns than objects of worship; artificial flowers in the last stage of tawdriness; candlesticks, crosses, and chalices, overlaid with gilt in an ostensibly false way, that was a positive insult to gold. Yet there were many devout worshippers kneeling before these shrines, and reverently holding their beads as they muttered an eve or a pater.

Just before reaching St Nicholas we crossed a brisk little stream, which looked so tempting in the cool and growing shadow of the evening, that we unstrapped our rods and prepared for action. I will confess at once that I had never before attempted to fly-fish, which may account for the fact that this, my first essay, was marked by incidents of a highly diverting nature to onlookers, though hardly entertaining to myself.

Having, under Grimwade's supervision, selected suitable flies, I cut out about a dozen yards of line, and then, waving it above my head, like the driver of a four-in-hand, whipped away at a distant spot of the river. To my astonishment my rod was brought up by a jerk that nearly dislocated my arm, when I discovered that I had hooked a very fine thistle (nat. order. *Compositæ*,) some distance in the rear. On the next attempt I succeeded in launching flies into the air; but either from a peculiarity of throw, or the adverse influence of the wind, instead of going to the spot I intended, they performed some vague gyrations in the air, and came fluttering and twisting in a most eccentric manner, down to my very feet. After repeating this performance with some slight variations for a short number of times, I came to the conclusion that my situation was to blame, and at once changed it. Having found a suitable spot, I advanced with undiminished confidence to the attack. Making a line whistle in the air, I cast with all my force. Away went the flies with the velocity and precision of cannon balls; but alas! checked by a treacherous gust of wind, they overshot the mark, and alighted on a huge-bramble bush, which grew with full luxuriance on the other side of the river, and having found kindred spirits in its red thorns, firmly declined, spite of my continued and persuasive efforts, to part company and resume their legitimate occupation. It was the last straw; snapping my line in disgust, I rejoined my companions, who received an account of my misadventures with the most heartless merriment.



The shades of evening were closing rapidly around as we entered St. Nicholas du Pelem, a little irregular town, its narrow streets paved with rough stones in the last stage of unevenness. Many of the houses were built with large overhanging, upper stories, as though they were suffering from architectural dropsy in the head; and the inquisitive way in which they leaned across, and peered into each other's windows, suggested the idea of two rows of angularly shaped old women having a gossip. However, we found a comfortable hotel, and were well entertained.

Next morning, immediately after *café au lait* we started for the river Blaret, of which we have heard great things. We found it about a quarter of a mile from the village, and though suffering from the drought of the past few weeks, in excellent condition for our purpose. In consequence of this, my efforts were attended with a gleam of success. There came a sudden splash, and I felt quite a tug at the end of my line. In pursuance of the advice to strike merely by a turn of the wrist, I struck with such goodwill that the fish left the water as though discharged from a rocket, whirled over my head, and continuing its aerial course to the extreme limit of the line, broke loose from the hook and was lost in the grass. I was greatly surprised at this *dénouement*, for, from its strength in the water, I imagined I had hooked one of considerable size, but from the momentary glimpse I caught of my capture as it left its native element, I judged it to be about the length of my finger. However, taught by this adventure, I landed several respectable fish during the rest of the day.

I had proceeded some distance up the river, and now turned to rejoin my companions for lunch under the trees. As a word of advice to fishers I would say, never walk any distance without taking your tackle to pieces. What time you may gain in the start you inevitably lose in the progress. On the present occasion I had several deep ditches to cross, and inadequate gaps to get through, each of which was marked by a complicated entanglement with my line. When I carried my rod before me like a lance, and carefully watched the precious top-joint, the flies were sure to incorporate themselves with a bramblebush; when I gave my attention to these incumbrances, I either ploughed up the earth or speared an oak with the other end; when I carried it over my shoulder and looked to the hooks I held in my hand, an interfering bough would catch the line, probably, just as I was descending a declivity and could not stop, and firmly fix the hooks either in my hands or my clothes. Owing to this, the former were generally covered with an intricate pattern of scratches, while the latter were ventilated like a cullender by the innumerable holes where I had cut out fish-hooks.

Our method of having luncheon may be worth noticing. While we made a fire (on flat stones if possible), two cleaned and prepared the fish. These arranged on the hot stones or embers, were on "done to turn," and with pepper, salt, and sour bread, eaten with the keenest relish. We should then have hard-boiled eggs or cheese, finishing up with chocolate and fruit, or the blackberries we found in abundance on the bank of the river. Sometimes we made tea in our little *cusinier*, and drank it without milk and with the tea-leaves; at others we quenched our thirst with very weak brandy-and-water. At the conclusion of our simple repast, always eaten with the enjoyment of barbarians, we would make couches of ferns, which in some places grew in splendid luxuriance, and reclining at our ease beneath the umbrage of some leafy giant, could smoke the calumet of peace, or yield ourselves to the sway of god Somnus.

We spent two days at St. Nicholas du Pelem, and on the morning of the third started for Goarec, fishing as we went. Goarec reached, we went to the Hotel de Bretagne, a wizened and paralytic edifice of two stories. We urged the landlord to provide us with luncheon at once, as we were desirous of pushing on to Rostrenon that afternoon. This, with many bows he promised to do *tout de suite*, and disappeared for that purpose. Soon, amid the clattering of plates and the frying of the viands we heard a shrill male voice vituperatively eloquent. Immediately after the host appeared, looking very subdued, and seating himself in a shamefaced way, remarked that it was a fine day. From this we were led to infer that the sweet influence of woman was not altogether unfelt even in the sylvan wilds of Brittany. However, we were exceedingly hungry and the lunch was unconscionably delayed; whereupon the landlord waxing warm, suddenly exclaimed, "I wish that fool of a landlord would go and stir them up, instead of gaping at us!" We all echoed this pious aspiration, when I thought I noticed a sparkle in the old man's grey eyes; so I presently took occasion to say, "Did he understand English?" Never shall I forget the way in which he answered very slowly and deliberately, "Oh, yes, sàre; understand' Engleesh, a little." I looked at Grabfeigh who was busily endeavouring to gaze with sangfroid out of the window; I looked at my other friends, and it was too much for our gravity. We burst into a hearty laugh, in which the "fool of a landlord," good-humouredly joined. The rest of the time before lunch was occupied with a series of vocal efforts that attracted half the village under our window, and induced us to inquire of the landlord if a public concert would pay, to which he responded with the most emphatic shake of the head I ever witnessed.

Our hunger at length satisfied, we started for Rostrenon, which

we reached at about 10 P.M. Making our way to the best hotel we engaged beds, and after a slight repast, descended into the public room which we found tenanted by a strange and interesting company. A long wooden table occupied the centre of the room; at one end some eight or ten men were congregated, deeply immersed in a game of cards. They were dressed in rather superior style though with a dash of *insouciance* in the *pose* of their many-shaped hats, and bright-coloured neckties, that took our fancy greatly. In the centre of the table was a bowl of what proved to be champagne punch, to which they applied themselves with great assiduity and the happiest results. Two of the gamblers I noticed particularly. One was a man of about fifty, considerably above the middle-height with dark moustache and beard of huge proportions, and a large Spanish felt hat cocked on one side with a bravo-ish air that was in exact keeping with his whole deportment. He seldom spoke having his whole attention fixed on the game; and though risking large sums he took his change of fortunes with good-humoured unconcern, and the utterance of a deep "Ugh!" in *his* mouth the most expressive monosyllable I ever heard. The other was a young fellow of one or two and twenty, loud both in style and in voice. He was also betting recklessly, which kept him at a high pitch of excitement. When he won he cried "bravo!" *bra-a-a-vo!*" and rattled his stakes loudly in his hands. When he lost, by far the most frequent event, he beat his breast and cried, "Sancta Maria!" with an assumption of dolefulness that was highly amusing. Altogether their brown, and for the most part, intelligent faces, of which the lamp cast a strange yellow glare, their loud talk and violent gesticulations, the swift shuffling of the cards, and the swift shuffling of the money, gave us an insight into a phase of French provincial life not commonly met with. We watched them until past twelve, and should probably have remained longer had not Burstal, with the laudable desire of improving his knowledge of foreign affairs, engaged one of the company in a discussion of French politics, in the course of which from an inadequate knowledge of the language, he totally misrepresented the whole party gave complicated and most erroneous explanations of our object in travelling, and generally mixed up his private opinions (in themselves the wildest chimeras) with ascertained facts to an extent that caused his opponent to pull his moustache in a very angry manner and give utterance to many "*sacrés!*" both loud and deep. However, we managed to get him to bed before any serious harm was done.

The next day being Sunday, we occupied ourselves in writing letters, and in "doing" the neighbourhood. On Monday morning we started to find the Canal de Brest, which our guide-book

informed us passed Rostrenon, at a distance of about two miles, and then taking a westerly direction, passed near Carhaix, where we determined to make our next stay. I may just observe that we found our guide-book—an ordinary one, purchased at a bookstall—of but little use. Its descriptions were fairly correct, but remarkably vague. We should find “meandering through the well-wooded hills and blossoming dales of Brittany, a number of lovely rivers and crystal streams, well stocked with the scaly beauties that usually haunt such abodes.” This prophecy was in part undoubtedly fulfilled. Though the rivers were not always lovely, nor the streams invariably crystal, yet they “meandered” with a persevering eccentricity that was as perplexing as it was irritating, especially when we were tired and hungry, and had been told to follow the river to reach the next village.

However we found the canal with no difficulty and took some capital perch, especially near its numerous locks. The method we pursued was simple and successful. The canal was broad and of considerable depth, with sloping banks almost entirely free from brushwood. Holding the rod as far over the water as possible, and allowing the minnow or spoonbait to spin some dozen yards behind, we progressed on our way right merrily, until a tug was felt, and another glistening red beauty, it back arched and bristled like a hog’s, found its way into the basket.

Towards evening we left the canal and gaining the high-road followed it to Carhaix. Before this was reached, we passed a rude monument erected to the memory of one who had there come to a violent death, though by what means we were unable to make out. On a tree by the wayside was nailed a black cross of wood, on which was inscribed in rude and almost illegible characters. “*Ici fut tue Jacques—*” the rest was undecipherable. Underneath was written “*Priez pour lui.*” The road just here was narrow, dark, and gloomy. Black clouds were hurrying up, occasionally uttering premonitory growls of thunder, or sending forth a lurid gleam of lightning. Like begets like. During the rest of our walk we discoursed of murders, suicides, and the like, to the great depression of our already flagging spirits.

The next day it rained from morning to night; so we read, wrote letters, and made notes, then turned to *café-noir* and billiards. The tables were half-size, the balls of dubious sphericity, and the cues heavy and unwieldy; but the charge for several hours play was only one franc, and the *café-noir* was excellent; so the time passed pleasantly enough.

The following morning we started for Callac. The river Aven, rising in the Black Mountains, nearly touches in its course both Callac and Carhaix. We, therefore, fished up stream during the

day, and took the road in the evening. Our path lay through delightful meadow-land, interspersed with stretches of woodland, 'neath the cool shadow of which we leisurely threaded our way in the happiest of moods. The sport, too, was excellent, nothing occurring to mar our enjoyment—save one incident which befel my luckless self. A great many cattle were out at pasture, and as evening approached a boy came to drive them home. Mounting a horse the young rascal urged what was really a formidable herd of bovines into a gallop directly towards me, as I stood in conspicuous solitude on the water's edge. On my right was the river broad and deep, on my left stretched a wide expanse of grass without a vestige of shelter, in front the way was barred by a high hedge growing down to the water's edge, with but one gap, towards which the cattle were swiftly advancing. For a moment I determined to stand my ground, and try the well-known effect of the human eye on infuriated animals; but my mind misgave me as I thought that however deterrent my concentrated gaze might be on a solitary bullock, it would scarcely be so when distributed over a whole herd. So I hastily changed my mind and did what the gallant Hector was once compelled to do; rod in hand, I ran for the gap with a speed that was greatly accelerated when, glancing over my shoulder, I saw an ill-favoured cow directly on my track. Reaching it and safety at the same time, I anathematised the author of the mischief with great fervour, who replied with a series of derisive yells, that plainly expressed his enjoyment at my discomfiture.

On rejoining my companions I detailed this adventure, which they, luckily for me, had not witnessed. But Burstal followed my graphic description with an imaginary one, in which he depicted me in all sorts of ridiculous positions, and finally butted into the river by a calf of tender years; and, as this version was generally accepted by my companions, I should have better served my reputation by keeping the whole matter to myself.

At about eight o'clock we forsook the river for the road, and settled steadily down to the ten miles' walk we had yet before us. After tramping for about an hour, we judged it advisable to call a halt and consult our map. It was exceedingly dark, for no moon was visible, and the road was thickly skirted with trees; and had any primitive Breton just then been taking a quiet stroll in our direction, the sudden apparition of a square white patch illumined by the flame of a wax-match, over which three heads were bending, would have been somewhat startling. I say three heads, because that belonging to Burstal was resting on his knapsack, as he lay at full length on the ground, wonderfully sobered by fatigue.

The result of our deliberations was, that we retraced our steps to a spot where, from away to the left, we heard a bell sound as we

passed half an hour before. Here we found a narrow lane, dark as Erebus, which we traversed in single file, frequently tripping up, or stepping into a deep rut that jolted us, or into a deeper ditch that for the moment filled us with much livelier apprehensions. Presently, with a shout of triumph, we emerged into a broad well-kept road, which we felt sure would lead us to our destination.

Just at this moment a Breton peasant jogged by on an old hack. He pulled up in the greatest consternation as we surrounded him, and, waving our rods over his head, inquired both in French and English, the way to Callac. At first all his efforts to articulate were vain. At length, pointing in the direction opposite to that in which he was going, he stammered out—"Tout droit, n'sieurs, tout droit," and taking advantage of our momentary inattention, whipped up his beast and jolted rapidly off. And we, having nothing better to do, resumed our trudge in the direction indicated.

Oh, the weariness of that walk! I remember my legs seemed to go on walking in a purely mechanical manner, while I gloomily speculated as to when they would stop in an equally mechanical manner, and lay the rest of me ignominiously in the dust. At about midnight, however, to our intense joy, we reached a respectable house, standing by the roadside, and, strange to relate, found that its occupants had not yet gone to bed. In answer to our inquiries the proprietor, a very respectable-looking man, called a servant from the house, and directed him to show us the way to a particular hotel in the village, now distant only a quarter of a mile. Our guide was a dwarf with an exceedingly large head and very ugly features, on which the stamp of idiotcy was clearly set. He received his instructions in part verbally and in part by a motion of the hand in the air, that suggested the idea of phantom photography. As he proceeded towards the village he uttered the most extraordinary sounds, that might have been Breton, but were clearly diabolic. When he reached the hotel he performed an eccentric pantomime, that for the moment rather alarmed us. Pointing to an upper window, he went through the motion of firing a gun and calling dead, and then nodded vehemently at us, while amongst his gibberish we thought we could distinguish the words, "les Russiens." A natural inference from this was that we should be fired at from the window as invading Bismarckians. However, we disregarded Burstal's suggestion relative to hiding behind a friendly waterbut, and in ten minutes were attacking our supper with truly German ferocity, in the hotel's best parlour.

In the morning I strolled through the town, and stopped to watch a party of women thrashing wheat in the public square. I could not but admire their faces glowing with health and exercise;

their comely figures displayed to advantage by the tight-fitting bodice and bright-coloured petticoat, just short enough to allow discriminating observer to detect exceptionally neat ankles. A kerchief was passed round the neck and across the bosom, and the head adorned either with a close-fitting white linen cap with many pleats, or one with wings, extending at least eighteen inches to the right and left. They stood in two rows, the corn being spread on a linen cloth between them. The sides struck alternately, so the five flails were swung up as five came down, with perfect rhythm and, apparently, with perfect ease; though had an impracticable hand attempted thus to manipulate, he would probably have struck himself violently on the back of the head at the first essay and have broken his shins at the second.

During our next day's walk to Guingamp, we passed through an exceedingly fertile and cultivated country, occasionally dipping down into a valley and entering a sylvan tunnel, then ascending hill whence we had a view of many miles of beautiful landscape humanised by little clusters of white houses from the centre of which rose a picturesque village steeple. On our way we fell in with a priest, with whom we had a most interesting conversation. His lot in life was a good instance of the way in which fate occasionally puts a bushel over a candle, in spite of the energetic opposition of that luminary. Well educated, possessing a mind at once keen and inquiring, passionately fond of reading and of politics and religious controversy, our new acquaintance was just the man to become a shining light amid the polemics of a large town. Yet he was compelled to pass his life in a small village inhabited by big gamekeepers, to whom ought beyond the first and most superstitious principles of religion was a dead letter—to whom the Government was some distant and mysterious agency, and the overthrow of a minister of less consequence than the triumph of a local celebrity. On my remarking that this enabled him to direct the opinions of his people into a proper channel, he smiled rather ironically as he said, "True, if I had a taste for driving cattle; though," he added, "the real difficulty lies in the fact that there is not one priest in a hundred that thinks as I do, and my flock would much rather run with the multitude, than traverse the solitary path I should point out. So, you see, even a priest's power is limited unless he has popular prejudice to back him!"

Soon after this we came upon the river, and resting awhile by its side, ate our hard-boiled eggs. Grabfeigh was particularly unfortunate in his relations with these savoury articles of diet. The eggs he chose were invariably underdone; if he put them into his bag they were sure to waste their nourishing contents on his fly-book or reel; if he put them in his pocket he would sit upon them

with a calmness of demeanour (until he discovered the fact) that was delightful to witness. So, on this last occasion, when he discovered the contents of his bag to be a yellow agglomeration of indistinct outline, we were not at all surprised to hear him declare on his oath (infernally rather than legal) that from that moment an impassable barrier should interpose between him and the delusion of "hard-boiled eggs."

Before resuming our journey we found a charming spot to bathe, with the sole drawback that it was close to the road. Now, though in France one may bathe in one's front garden if attired in a towel, without that convenient garment, or something to supply its place, one may not bathe anywhere. However, as the road was unfrequented, and the day very hot, we yielded to the temptation and tumbled in. Just as we were thinking of getting out a cart containing four women turned the corner and went slowly past. Grableigh, indeed, was half on the bank, so he scrambled up and ran for the hedge where we had left our clothes. The rest of us sat solemnly in the water with nothing but our noses out, and, probably, should have remained undetected had not the unfortunate chronicler of these events been so moved by the spectacle of Grableigh flying for shelter across a strip of field which he found, only too late, was extremely prolific of thistles, that he essayed to laugh with his mouth under water, an injudicious experiment, resulting in his springing up with a tremendous splash, in the agonies of asphyxia.

Attracted by the noise, the occupants of the cart favoured us with a prolonged stare; but otherwise evinced no discomposure. When they had passed out of sight, the united exploits of Grableigh and myself caused Burstal to prognosticate that a leader would forthwith appear in an organ of the neighbourhood commencing—"It is well-known that the English are a maritime nation; but it may not be so generally understood that one of their principal pastimes is to sit in a running stream entirely submerged, with the exception of their noses, and when disturbed to show their resentment by the most fantastic antics!"

We reached Guingamp early in the evening, and dined very comfortably at an hotel table d'hôte. We then strolled through the town, and entering a spacious billiard and card saloon, drank café-noir and watched the players. The most popular game appeared to be one in which a pile of sous was placed in the centre of a billiard-table, and four small wooden figures arranged in a square round it. To knock these over in one particular way, and to avoid knocking them over in another, were the great objects of the game, and, if the enjoyment at all corresponded to the excite-



ment, the players, for the time being, must have been the happy of men.

The next day being Sunday we went to hear high mass at the Cathedral, and found the service both gorgeous and impressive. When it was over we stayed to examine some of the beautiful shrines, especially noting some magnificent embossed glass windows, commemorative of certain events in the history of Guingamp.

On Monday morning we took train for the small village of Plénée Jugon, whence we intended walking to Dinan. The country through which we passed, though very flat, was picturesque enough and the effect was heightened by the apparition at every road crossed, of a neat, well-kept cottage, and in the roadway, before the closed gate, its occupant holding aloft a red flag as a warning that a train approached. On inquiry, we found that these women were, in a majority of cases, the relicts of defunct railway servants and were thus made comfortable for life by the authorities. A single line of rails suffices for all traffic. At the stations they were doubled to enable trains going in an opposite direction to pass each other and avoid the unpleasant worry of a collision, which in the merry England of ours so sadly interferes with the comfort of passengers, without mentioning the unhappy directors, who, it is understood, often suffer alarmingly from the horrors of dyspeptic anxiety.

Our walk from Plénée Jugon to Dinan was charming. As we approached the latter place we passed an immense hedge of bramble literally covered with the finest ripe blackberries. I need hardly say that when we left this spot we were in a highly scratched and discoloured state. The next morning we hired a small covered diligence to convey us to Dinard, whence we should cross the estuary to St. Malo, and catch the four o'clock Southampton boat. At breakfast we had the company of a newly-arrived English family, whose fresh faces and familiar accent were delightful after the sallow complexions and barbarous *patois* to which we had been accustomed for the last fortnight. I am afraid more than one of us cast a rueful glance at his somewhat battered attire and dilapidated boots, regretting that the last clean collar reserved for the return to civilisation had not that morning been assumed.

The journey to Dinard, despite the springless character of our vehicle, was particularly pleasant. On our way we stopped at a small auberge, where we were reminded of our close proximity to the seaport frequented by the English, by the appearance of a board on which was inscribed, in large letters, that potent word "Beer." Cheered by this sign of enlightenment we entered, and demanded a tankard of the foaming beverage. Judge of our feelings when

some dingy stone bottles were opened, without a vestige of pop, and a muddy-brown liquor poured out, which, on a closer acquaintance, turned out to be a weak decoction of herbs flavoured with hops. Burstal was so much moved in spirit at the disappointment that he gave utterance to quite a tragic outburst. "Oh, my country!" he cried, "and is it thus thou art represented in the land of the Philistines! Can we wonder that the resources of the British Empire, the wisdom of its statesmen, the power of its literature, and the splendid national character of its children, should be held in contempt by the misguided foreigner, who regards *this* as the much-vaunted liquid by which our national nobility of soul is inspired?" and he hid his face in a large mug with which the domestic at that moment supplied him.

At four o'clock we steamed out of St. Malo and away from the pleasant country where we had found so much health and recreation. Scarcely a breath ruffled the smooth undulation of the water, and the night closed in with that calm tranquillity that is only experienced at sea, on the brow of a mountain, and in the heart of a forest. Wrapped in our rugs, we sat on deck until a late hour, watching a gloomy battallion of clouds that gathered on the horizon in our rear, and flashed forth its lurid gleams upon the restless and foam-tipped waves with a most beautiful effect. Then, turning in, we slept the sleep of the just until the sun was shining brightly and we were passing the Needles.

In conclusion, I will just say, that anyone with a liking for the sort of life I have briefly described, and with a fortnight and ten pounds to spend, cannot do better than make an unfrequented part of the charming and hospitable province of Brittany the scene of his wanderings.

## NATURE'S LANGUAGE.

WRAPPED in quietness, the valley  
 With a hidden joy communed ;  
 Echoed through each sunny alley  
 Dreamily the mill-wheel crooned,  
     "Staunch and steady,  
     Hopeful—ready  
 Learn my secret ere you go !"

Leafy seas o'erhead were stirring  
 In a rhythmic ebb and flow,  
 Unseen wings the music spurring  
 Till it tript the grass below.  
     "Wherefore sadness ?  
     Life is gladness,  
 Ever moving to and fro !"

Sound and silence, each devoted  
 Unto one enduring truth,  
 From the sky whence sunbeams floated  
 To the stream's pure heart of youth,  
     All were voicing,  
     Some rejoicing,  
 That a sad soul pined to know.

Hush, the ceaseless human yearning  
 Touched the secret—fate besought—  
 Saw bliss dwelling undiscerning,  
 Where had pressed no foot of thought,  
     Then rose nigher,  
     Raptures higher.  
 That were brethren unto woe.

ELLYS EBLE.

## TWEEDDALE COURT:

A NOVELETTE.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE,

Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds,"  
"The Water Tower," &c.

NOTE.—The plot of this story is founded on a mysterious and tragical, and, to this day, undiscovered deed, narrated in the second volume of Daniel Wilson's valuable work, "Memorials of Edinburgh in the Olden Time." "Tweeddale Court," says Wilson, "was, at that time (1806), occupied by the British Linen Banking Company, and as Begbie was entering the Close, in the dusk of the evening, having in his possession £4392, which he was bringing from the Leith Branch, he was stabbed directly to the heart with the blow from a knife, and the whole money carried off, without any clue being found to the perpetrator of the deed. . . . The murderer must have stood within the entry to a stair on the right side of the Close, at the step of which Begbie bled to death undiscovered, though within a few feet of the most crowded thoroughfare in the town." The authoress takes this opportunity of acknowledging that her many visits to the closes, and wynds, and courts of old Edinburgh were rendered more interesting from the knowledge of their early history, gleaned from the above work.]

## CHAPTER I.

## THE MACKOULL FAMILY.

BUSINESS hours were over, and the great tide of life which had flowed unceasingly all the day through the streets and courts of the city had found another channel, and, for a few brief hours, many of the Londoners sought in the green lanes and fragrant hay-lands a taste of pure, fresh air, after the heat and toils of that busy day spent in their shops and counting-houses.

In a large front room over a shop in the Strand, two gentlemen were sitting at an open window, ornamented with curtains of the best printed cotton then in fashion, enjoying the coolness of the evening. One was an old-looking man, the other in the prime of age, or, perhaps, just passing it. The former was tall, but lost much of his stature from an habitual stoop in his shoulders; he was thin, too, and pale, with colourless lips and dim blue eyes, and had little life or expression in them. The bright reflection

from the western sky, with its opal tints and its deep, rich crimson hues, lighted up, with a passing glow his wrinkled face, as he leant forwards and looked down into the street, only to make it appear more haggard and colourless when he resumed his former position. Passing such a man, usually, one might have thought him oppressed by poverty and its attendant troubles and griefs; but his dress, though then of a past fashion, and the appointments of the room in which he was seated, told of no such tale; and, indeed, this sad, nervous-looking old gentleman, in his sober suit of fine dark-brown broadcloth, with cut-steel buckles on his shoes, knee-breeches, and powdered wig, like those which grace the heads of our barristers in the present day, was no less personage than Mr. Mackoull, a well-to-do and substantial tradesman in the city of London in the year 1805—an army clothier, a most lucrative trade in those days of strife and warfare, and a fashionable tailor, who made for half the young bucks at the West End. Small cause, indeed, for sadness had Jamie Mackoull, for everything he had put his hand to had thriven. He was a man of a desponding disposition, very fond of money, and consequently very reluctant to part with it, which often made him appear mean and penurious. He was also in constant dread, without any real foundation for such a fear, that he should lose the riches he had amassed, and become a poor man. One cause of anxiety he certainly had, which the reader will learn from his own remarks.

Alick Begbie, his companion, was a person of quite another stamp: a tall, muscular Scotchman, with broad shoulders, and a fine open chest, sandy hair, cut and dressed *à la* Brutus, a fashion introduced by the Parisians in admiration of Republican Rome and whiskers of the same colour, with bright, honest, fearless blue eyes, that looked straight into you, and showed how their owner scorned deceit or evasion. Begbie was the son of an old friend of Mackoull's father. Both their families were natives of Glasgow originally; but the young shoots had struck off from the parent stem, and engrafted themselves elsewhere. Mackoull the younger came to London, and prospered as an army clothier, married a woman with money, who died young, after bearing him a son and two daughters.

Begbie the younger did not stray so far from his native city; he engaged in the woollen trade in Edinburgh, and prospered too; ultimately he became a junior partner in the British Linen Banking Company. He married young, and married for love, for his wife brought him nothing but her great affection for himself, which, he was wont to say, outweighed in his estimation the richest dower. The sorrow of his life was her death. She had several children, who all died in their infancy, and the only one who sur-

ved cost the mother her life. In beautiful, frolicsome, wayward Marion, with her mother's loving eyes, and her radiant auburn hair, Begbie's happiness and his very life seemed wound up. She was the link between him and the beloved Marion who lay sleeping in the graveyard of the old Grey Friars. It was a grief to him to part from her for a single day, and it had required all his resolution to resist her importunities, on the present occasion, to share his return to the gay metropolis. But he could not disguise from himself Marion's excessive love of fine dress, gaiety, and excitement, and he feared that a residence of a few weeks even in such a centre of pleasure as London, would serve to foster these propensities, and so he resisted alike tears, and frowns, and coaxing, and came up to London alone, with the intention of getting through his business which brought him there as quickly as possible, and returning to his darling, whom he knew loved him too well to feel more than a passing resentment towards him for the disappointment he had caused her.

"And so you would not bring your bonnie Marion with you?" observed Mr. Mackoull. "My girls quite counted on her coming; it is to be sure, Begbie, you were very wise, for stage-coach travelling is unco dear, and women must always take such a lot of gear about with them, and there's those insatiable cormorants, the chambermen and guards, one can never satisfy; it's sinna' comfort I see when travelling, for I'm aye thinking of the reckoning."

"Oh, as for that, the expense was the least consideration with me; but my little Marion is rather too fond of pleasure as it is, and was afraid a visit to London would increase this partiality."

Mackoull shook his head at the first part of his friend's speech, in which, indeed, he entirely dissented; but chimed in with the latter part of his remark.

"Aye, there it is, there it is; it's all pleasure with the young folks now-a-days,—they must have amusements,—and the amusement of their elders must be to pay for them."

"In this case, dear sir," said the elder of two pretty young men, who had just entered the room, and heard Mackoull's last remark, "you will not have that amusement, for we are going to the theatre with an order."

"I shall be out of pocket some way in the end, I'll be bound," muttered Mackoull, as his elder daughter stood before the large mirror over the marble mantle-piece, surveying herself in one of the three compartments, into which it was divided by solid gilt pillars, and arranging a stray ringlet.

Phemie and Isabella Mackoull were both pretty, agreeable young women; the former, who was the eldest, a brunette, had a dash of archness and mischief in her disposition, which made her

sometimes rebel against her father's parsimony; the latter was a more timid and pliable character, and always ready to submit to her parent's behests, however much she might be the sufferer.

The two girls were looking forward with delight to an evening to be spent in amusement, instead of the quietude of the home circle, to which their father usually consigned them.

Isabella went to a bookcase, standing on a chest of drawers, and opening the glazed doors, draped inside with green silk, selected a volume, and began reading to while away the time. Phemie still continued to pay her devotions to the mirror, leaning against the high fender, then in use in those days; for though its green painted basket wire-work, surmounted by a brass rim, and supported by a row of brazen pillars, might look odd and quaint, and old-fashioned in a modern drawing-room, yet it really was a most useful piece of furniture, being, in truth, what its name implied—a defender, or abbreviated, a 'fender, for its height would allow young ladies in muslin draperies to approach the fire without the risk of being burnt to death—an accident of too frequent occurrence of late years, when we put a low bar of polished steel round our blazing hearths, and call, or rather miscall it, a fender.

Whilst Phemie was surveying herself in the mirror, her father was gazing very intently first at one daughter and then at the other; perhaps his heart was stirred with feelings of paternal pride and joy, as he viewed their charms. They were both dressed alike, wearing only simple lilac muslin over white cambric, the dresses being made with short waists close under the arm-pits, and to fit tight to the shape. Their hair drawn up tight from the roots behind, twisted in a cable-knot on one side, and forming a bunch of full, irregular curls on the other, and a single white rose placed on the crown of the head. But neither the absence of ornament, nor the disfiguring fashion of the dress of that time, could prevent their appearing other than what they were, two very prettily English girls.

"You may be proud of your lasses," observed Begbie, who probably, fancied he could read the father's thoughts; "they are two lovely girls!"

It appeared, however, that Begbie was mistaken; for at length old Mackoull exclaimed, addressing his elder daughter—

"Gude sakes! why canna you and your sister wear staid instead of muslins and cambrics? I shall never have the laundress away from the doors!"

Phemie turned pettishly round, and was about to answer her father, when the latter stopped her by exclaiming—

"There's young Norton crossing the road—is he going to escort you to the play?"

“papa,” answered Phemie “he has given us a free

and he will escort you home, I suppose? and I shall have to  
a free pass to supper. I told you, Begbie,” he added dole-  
fully, that I should have to pay for this merry-making, one way  
or the other, and Norton’s appetite is voracious. It is a sin for  
——,”

the entrance of the delinquent stayed any further reflections  
on.

There was a tall, slender young man, good-looking and  
pleasantly, and offering a perfect contrast, in the simplicity of  
his dress, to a person who sauntered into the apartment imme-  
diately after him, and who was presented at once to Mr. Begbie by  
Mackoull, as “My son, Davie.”

There was no want of paternal pride or joy in the senior  
Mackoull’s looks now, as he gazed with evident pleasure and  
pride on at his son and heir.

A very handsome man was Davie Mackoull. His features were  
classical in their beauty; a fine open forehead, arched eye-  
brows, straight nose, and a short upper lip, an oval face, and  
very expressive eyes of a deep violet blue. It was a face  
which could have served for a representation of Apollo—a face  
which had inexpressible charms for the female eye. But while  
Mackoull inwardly admitted that here was the handsomest face he  
had ever seen, he, at the same time, felt impressed with the convic-  
tion that in that captivating exterior lay Davie Mackoull’s sole

defect in his manners and conversation, so soon as he began to talk,  
unbounded self-conceit, and an innate vulgarity of mind  
which his brilliant dress and affectation of the fine gentleman in no  
way concealed. Dressed in the very height of an ungraceful  
fashion, his attire in some of its details approached the grotesque.  
His coat adorned with gilt buttons had a long swallow-tail,  
preposterously short in the waist, while his white Florentine  
made his pantaloons fitting very tight to his legs, which were  
very long, provoked the remark from Norton, who was survey-  
ing him with an amused air—

“Jove, Davie, you look as if you were all legs.”

“In honour,” exclaimed young Mackoull, speaking in a  
cheerful tone, and dangling about a pair of buff dress gloves which  
he held in his hand, “I pity you, Norton—I do, indeed, ‘pon my  
word I do: you are utterly devoid of taste, you are so obtuse, so  
very ignorant, that you do not understand the simple elements  
of great art which teaches us how to adorn the human frame;  
and, you have no eye for fashion, and consequently you cut



such an appearance, that really it's a strain on my friendship to be seen with you. 'Twas only this afternoon Sir Harry Bagshott asked me if you were not a poor author or poet."

"I must have a more intellectual appearance than I thought," replied Norton, laughing.

"Bagshott and I were coming out of Mintram's in Tavistock Street; we had just looked in to have our hair dressed. You've got no such hairdressers in Edinburgh?" he added, addressing himself to Begbie. "How do you like the style? it is quite military," and the speaker turned his head round, that the company might survey his locks plastered with pomatum and powder, turned up erect in front like a cockscomb, and plaited behind into a queue, which Norton irreverently termed a pigtail.

"To be candid, I don't much admire the military style of head-dress, or the effect produced on you by Mr. Mintram's efforts," replied Begbie quietly. "To my mind, your locks looked far better when I saw them years ago; you were a little careless then, who never troubled the hairdresser."

"You are as bad as Norton, I see," answered Davie; then, he added, turning to his sisters. "I would advise you two girls to pay Mintram a visit; you are quite out of the fashion, and he has a great variety of ladies' full head-dresses, and ladies and gentlemen's crops, splendidly made. Phemie, you are beginning to look quite old and antiquated, and so does Bella. By Jove, you must get some other fellow to squire you about, for unless you make a change, I should be ashamed if any of our bloods were to see me in company with such a couple of frights."

"I am afraid the circle of his home acquaintance will become limited," observed Norton, addressing Begbie; "he has disowned me already, and now he is going to cut his sisters."

"Such shapes!" said Davie, with a look of disgust, as he surveyed the two girls, who only laughed at his folly; "but then, your figures are shapeless; why do you employ such low milliners! Why don't you go to Mrs. Pearce in Brook Street? all the nobility go to her. The effect of her stays *à la Diana* is magnificent; under her hands the most dowdy figure is transformed into a *Venus de Medici*."

"Haud thy tongue, Davie, thou babbling rascal!" exclaimed old Mackoull indignantly, as he was suddenly roused from a half-doze, into which he had fallen, by the talismanic words 'Mrs. Pearce.' "Have I not enough to do to supply thy extravagant wants, thou feckless loon, but thou must persuade thy sisters, who are thrifless enough already, to patronise that audacious jade, Mrs. Pearce, who charges more than any other mantua-maker in the City of London?"

Davie only shrugged up his shoulders and laughed at his sister's reproof, and then inquired where his sisters were going.

"My friend, Fawcett, gave me three passes for the Haymarket," said Norton, "to see Kenney's new comedy, *The World*. Charles Semble is to do "Cheviot," Miss Pope acts "Lady Bloomfield," and there is a good caste, Liston, Munden, Miss De Camp, and other celebrities."

"Are you going, sir?" asked Davie, turning to Begbie.

"No, I am going to spend the evening with your father; we have business matters to talk about."

"Well, you'll lose nothing. Theatres are tolerable, but that's all—the Opera for me. Mrs. Siddons is certainly sublime, but as for all the rest of our actresses, except Mrs. Powell, it would be hard to find a set of beings more stupidly frigid. And, 'pon honour, their vulgar gestures would make one think they had kept no better company than menials or clowns! I won't even except Mrs. Jordan and Miss Pope."

"You are very critical to-night, brother," said Phemie. "I did not know you professed to be such a judge."

"Then their figures! ye gods!" continued David contemptuously, "what an assemblage they are! It puzzles me where the managers get them from; they blend together the two extremes of emaciation and corpulence—shrivelled skeletons, galvanisedummies, and bloated, swollen creatures, that look like barrels set moving; but for these latter they have certainly a decided reference, corpulence is evidently in favour with the managers."

"Perhaps it is the fashion," remarked Norton; "but you are more fastidious than greater men than you or I, for *on dit* that Mrs. Jordan is greatly admired by a prince of the blood."

"Oh, I know these ladies have a certain footing in the fashionable world—I have met them myself amongst some of our best people," replied Davie, with an affected air; "and, really, they appear to much greater advantage in private than on the stage. I admire one or two of them vastly—'pon honour, I do."

"They must feel flattered," said Norton derisively; then he added, addressing the two girls, "I think we must be starting."

"Where are you going to-night, Davie?" asked old Mackoull.

"I promised Sir Harry Bagshott that I would take wine with him this evening at Arthur's," replied the fop, as he stretched out his legs to admire his Austrian boots, as the then fashionable half-boots were called, and rose languidly from his chair, drew out theuffles of his shirt front a trifle further from his vest, raised his collar from the rolls of the muslin cravat in which his chin was almost buried, and finally bestowing a gracious nod on the rest of the company, sauntered out of the room.

"Davie will make his way," chuckled old Mackoull; "he keeps such good company."

"Too good, from what you have been telling me," replied Begbie, gravely. "Where men drink deep and play high fortunes are lost as well as made."

"To be sure, you are right, and I am often anxious about the lad; we will just have a quiet talk about him when these youngsters are gone."

## CHAPTER II.

"The reason why, I cannot tell;  
But I don't like thee, Dr. Fell."

"YOU'LL say I don't know my own mind, Begbie, and that I am very changeable," said old Mackoull, as he drew his chair closer to his friend's, after the departure of the young people; "but, do you know, I feel half sorry, now that the bargain is fairly on the point of conclusion for the Scotch estate, and my business has passed into other hands. You see, I have been in London a many years. I shall feel almost like a stranger in a strange land when I go back to Scotland, and then I shall be quite lost at first without my business."

"It is rather too late in the day to look back now," said Begbie, with a smile; "besides, you did not come hastily to a resolution; for months—nay, I may say for years past, you have had the idea of retiring from business; and wisely, for you have made a large fortune—you are getting old, and are not so strong as you were; the time has come for you to enjoy the fruit of your labour. If your son had been going to succeed you, then you might have wished to stay longer at the helm to guide him; but as it is, I think your determination to retire, and live on the fortune you have built up, is a very proper one."

"Ah, if Davie had taken to the business things would have been very different indeed," sighed old Mackoull. "However, I never had much idea, even when he was a boy, of putting him into the shop; he is so handsome—is he not, Begbie? such a noble-looking lad! I never saw one to come up to my Davie in point of good looks and manners, and he is so clever; bless you! he was at the head of his class always at Harrow. I gave him a right good education. He was six years at Harrow, and keeping him there cost a mint of money; but I never grudged it, because I knew what sort of connections he was forming—Lords' sons, every one of them—at least, those were the sort he was most with; and I was thinking of his future—don't you see?—and thinking how he would get on in the world; with such friends at his elbow."

"And what have they done for him?" asked Begbie, drily.

"Why, he keeps the best company," replied Mackoull, without giving a direct answer to the question. "Didn't you hear him say here he was going to this evening? Sir Harry Bagshott is quite tip-top gentleman. Though to be sure," added the old man thoughtfully, "Davie does get through a vast deal of money amongst his quality friends; and sometimes I have been out of all patience, and then, as I have told you in my letters, Davie and I have had many bitter words together about these money matters. He is a fine lad; but his extravagance has been the main reason that has induced me to think of retiring from business, and settling down quietly in Scotland, as I thought our removal there would take him away from the scene of his temptations. You see, Begbie, he is very fond of play; now, it isn't that he loses so much, for I have heard that he is very clever at all games, quite an adept; I believe it is the fine gentlemen he associates with who are the losers; but, confound 'em! they go always borrowing of him—and it's Davie, old fellow, lend me a hundred,' or, 'Mackoull, let's have fifty, I am devilish out of luck to-night;' and, so all my boy's winnings go, and more too, I'm sorry to say."

"So that, in fact, all the use your son's titled friends are to him is, that they borrow large sums of money which they never pay back again."

"That's rather a disagreeable, point-blank way of putting it, Begbie," replied old Mackoull rather testily; "but it's not far from true. Ah, well, it's the best thing I can do, to get away from London, as things have turned out with Davie. If he had stuck to the law, now, it would have been a fine thing—I would have put such a deal of business in his way; but he didn't care for it. Perhaps he'll marry and settle down quietly in Scotland; I am glad that Lamshell is so near Edinburgh, we shall see a great deal of you—and you know, Begbie, you are the friend I value most in the world. I am sure, from your description of the place, that it is the most desirable purchase, and I am under great obligations to you for all the trouble you have taken in the matter. Let me see, I shall be called after my property—that is the way in Scotland—Lamshell? why Begbie, I shall be as great a man as the Highland lord your old aunt Janet talks so much about, that relation of mine who was out in—45."

"You would find it rather a difficult matter to persuade my aunt Janet that your purchase of an estate in Scotland would entitle you to place yourself in company with Donald Mac Ra; deed," added Begbie, laughing, "I think she would consider it most audacious on your part to mention your name in the same breath with his, especially as you have made your fortune mostly

in the service of the Hanoverians, as she always calls the Royal family."

"A weel, your aunt is a dour woman, and ower full o' pride," responded Mackoull, rather tartly; "and I don't see why I haven't as good a right to be called after my estate as any of her bare-legged ancestors, wha got their lands, if truth maun be spoken, by robbery. I think the way I hae gotten mine is the fairest of the twa, that's by honest trading."

"Oh, as for that," replied Begbie, smiling, "you know I have made my fortune by trade, and so did my father; so I am not likely to look down upon it. I was merely reminding you of my aunt's great veneration for her Highland ancestry, and her repugnance to the present dynasty."

"We maun praise the bridge that carries us over," answered Mackoull; and his present Majesty has been a right good patron of army clothiers. Poor old man! They say he has not much knowledge; but I tell ye, he knows the Army List by heart, he knows all the facings, and the number, and whether the lace is gold or silver—he knows the particular cut of the cocked hats, and the pig-tails, and even of the gaiters of every regiment we have. He would have made a good tailor, and no mistake," added Mackoull, in a pitying tone, as if he thought the world had lost something by his Majesty having been born to wield the sceptre, rather than the shears."

Begbie only laughed, and made no comment on this novel panegyric.

"Then there's the Prince of Wales," continued Mackoull, warming with his subject, "tailors will never have a more beneficent patron than he has always been. The whole fraternity have reason to glorify and thank him. I don't suppose there's any subject he has paid more attention to than tailoring; of course, I don't mean to say practically, but to invent a new cut and fashion he has a real genius. He has mainly contributed to make the trade thrive. There's never been such a demand for gold lace, frogs, and so forth, as there's been of late years."

"To get back to our own affairs Mackoull," said Begbie, "when do you think of leaving London?"

"As soon as I can wind-up. I shall be glad to get settled before new year. I suppose I shall see as much of you, Begbie, as in past times, when you were a youngster, and I your chief friend and adviser. Alick Begbie," he added with something of solemnity in his tone, "we have always been fast friends, but I have sometimes thought of a plan that would draw us closer together still; and it seems to me, now that we are going to settle near Edinburgh, that it may easily be brought to pass. My son Davie is handsome

ever; when he has sown his wild-oats he will settle down y, and the sooner he marries the better; he will then be a ad man, very likely. Now, your lass Marion is pretty, tly, and a good girl; why not make a match of it between ung people?"

gbie started, and hastily exclaimed—

"This is nonsense, Mackoull! Marion is a child, besides I—" e hesitated, and then added, "I do not wish her to think of ge yet."

"Oh, well, don't take offence, friend," answered Mackoull rather ; "my son need not go a-begging for a wife; and without any agement to your lass, I may say with truth that Davie might he pick of girls with longer purses, and even fairer faces in y, for he is fairly run after by the female sex."

e conversation now took another turn, and the subject was un reverted to; but Begbie sat up in his room late that night, ; to his child and his old aunt. His letter to the latter that old Mackoull's proposal had made a painful impression

n. "Why," he wrote after detailing the subject of their ation, "why, I ask myself, did I feel such repugnance, islike to the mere mention of an arrangement, which, in a point of view, would be very satisfactory? Why do I feel tipathy, this distrust of a young man of whom I know so he is extravagant and a great fop, but in these respects he is e many other young men brought up in a large town, and follies are encouraged by over-indulgent fathers. Of these e may probably mend; at any rate, they would hardly e the prejudice I have against him. My feelings are so that I almost regret that the family are coming to Edinburgh.

cannot tell; but I feel a kind of dread of this young man. nber, when a child, seeing some wild beasts, amongst them a il panther, and whilst I was admiring the splendour of its velvet-like skin, I started back, frightened at seeing suddenly ly claws dart out from beneath the beautiful sheath under hey had lain hid; even so, once or twice when gazing at lackoull, and admiring the manly beauty of his face, I saw ntary expression in his eyes that reminded me of nothing so the glare in the fiery orbs of the panther, when it shot out as though to rend and tear whatever lay in its way."

## CHAPTER III.

## THE BOND STREET LOUNGER.

THE drawing-room in Mr. Mackoull's house was a large, pleasant apartment at the back, handsomely furnished, with a rich Turkey carpet on the floor, mirrors in the recesses between the windows, lustres on the chimney-piece, a harpsichord in one corner of the room, and costly damask hangings of green and amber at the windows, to match the chairs and sofa. In this handsomely-furnished apartment of the prosperous trader, Begbie sat reading on the afternoon of the day following that on which our narrative begins. Mackoull had been called out on business, the young ladies were on household cares intent, and Begbie was immersed in the columns of the *Times*, when young Mackoull entered, and with much courteousness of manner and less affectation than he had shown on the previous evening, invited Begbie to take a stroll out with him about four o'clock through some of the principal thoroughfares.

Begbie readily consented. Perhaps he fancied his prepossessions of the previous evening too hastily formed, and fancied that a nearer acquaintance might remove or lessen them. However that might be, when Norton called a little later he found the two conversing together very freely and pleasantly.

"How were you amused last night?" asked Begbie when Norton was seated. "I did not think of asking the young ladies."

"Famously!" replied Norton. "Charles Kemble's impersonation of 'Cheviot' was a splendid piece of acting."

"I really wonder at you, Norton," remarked Mackoull, speaking with the affected drawl which so disgusted Begbie—"pon honour, I do; there's not one of the theatres I can tolerate, except the King's. I can pass an hour there, listening to the warbling of that divine songstress, Catalani. One of her favourite airs," he added, as he rose, and walking to the harpsichord, struck a few notes of an air in the opera of "Semiramide," trying to recall the melody, when he was interrupted by the shrill squeak of a kitten to which Norton had just administered a furtive pinch.

"Confound it! Norton," exclaimed Mackoull, "what are you doing with that demmed beast?"

"Oh, the little beggar is only squalling like Catalani," exclaimed Norton, laughing. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Begbie," he added, turning to that gentleman, "I am quite surfeited with hearing of Catalani. It is my want of taste, I suppose, and my

English prejudices ; but I think we have more than enough of these foreign singers. We must not only hear them in public, but we are dosed with weak representations of them in private. Our young ladies, who used to treat us to simple English ballads, now annoy our ears, or mine at least, with squalling out some outlandish words in imitation of Catalani. It makes me wish her, and all the rest of the foreigners we import, at the bottom of the Red Sea."

"Wretched barbarian!" exclaimed Mackoull, "thou hast not an atom of true taste in thy composition."

"Norton is right, to a certain degree," said the senior Mackoull, who had just entered the room; "we make far too much of foreigners, and their insolence rises in proportion. Begbie," he added, addressing his friend, "our ladies of quality give more money in one season to rent an opera-box than the incomes of two score Welsh curates would amount to."

"I can quite believe that," answered Begbie, "and while foreign exotics flourish at immense cost, native genius pines away and dies unnoticed, authors starve in garrets, and a poor boy-poet, Whatterton, commits suicide for want of bread."

"Confound these poor beggars, I say; they are always spoiling other people's pleasures by whining out some tale of distress," remarked young Mackoull, with a short laugh and a sudden baleful glare in his eyes. "It would save a great deal of trouble to themselves and to the world at large if all the poor people were smashed, as the savages do with their old people when they become infirm and useless."

"I think the world, hard as it is," remarked Begbie, with a look of disgust, "would scarcely like to be rid of its poor by such a sanguinary expedient."

"Probably not. I don't expect my theory will ever be put in practice," replied Mackoull carelessly. "Well, Norton," he added, "go on, and let us have done with the subject, for I see you are primed with more animadversions on Catalani. Dis-  
 further your mind, and then let us go out."

"Oh, I know nothing individually of Catalani," answered Norton, rising from his seat as he spoke, and preparing to accompany Begbie and David Mackoull; "she may be a very good and respectable character, but she is intolerably insolent. However, it seems to be the fashion now-a-days to put up with the insolence of a singer and a foreigner. Upon my word, it is a national disgrace that Madame Catalani, instead of being presented with a *carte blanche* from the opera manager, had not been saluted with a warrant from the Alien Office."



The senior Mr. Mackoull remained at home, and Begbie and the two young men set off on their way to the West End.

During the course of the ramble, all his prepossessions of the previous evening returned with tenfold force to Begbie's mind. The more favourable opinion he had conceived of David during their brief conversation in the drawing-room was speedily effaced by his remarks and his conduct during their walk. Brutality to those beneath him, and a mean subservience to persons of rank and an excessive love of self, and a cynical indifference to the wants of others; inordinate affectation, and a natural vulgarity which he could not suppress,—all seemed blended together in his disposition producing a whole painful and revolting to a man like Begbie whose chief characteristic was an unfailing observance of the great maxim of the Christian Lawgiver—*Charity*.

Mackoull walked slightly in advance of his companions, being as Norton affirmed, rather ashamed to be seen in the company of two such unfashionable personages. Begbie hardly heeded the remark, for he was marvelling, as Mackoull strolled along before him, how so handsome a man could mar his own appearance by following all the eccentricities of a disfiguring fashion. What, he asked himself, could there be graceful or becoming in the formal round hat, perched on the plastered and powdered crop, the brown coat and the buff kerseymere vest, with the waist so short in each that it seemed as though the wearer had donned clothes cut for a boy of ten years old; and, most absurd of all, a huge rugged stick in his hand that might more properly have been called a club?

Near the end of Bond Street, Mackoull entered a jeweller's shop, and bought a trinket, for which he gave five guineas informing his friends that it was intended as a gift to a little foreigner at the "King's." In St. James' Street, into which they now turned, he would stop at a fruiterer's, where he seemed to be well-known.

"'Pon honour," he exclaimed, as he threw himself into a chair: "it's beastly weather, and the streets are full of dust, the town's getting quite empty too, there's nobody to be seen. By Jove! if Lord Methley or the Marquis of Ferndale heard that I was in London still they would not believe it. Give me some of those peaches," he added, addressing one of the shop-women, "I am confounded thirsty with inhaling so much dust." He then proceeded to eat half-a-dozen, and laughed when Begbie and Norton declined having any, after they heard the extortionate price demanded for them. Begbie was marvelling what Mackoull senior would think of such extravagance, when David, taking a seventh peach, observed with a sneer—

"If my father saw this he would not sleep all night! Don't be in a hurry, Norton," he added, seeing the latter rise from his seat—"it's comfortable here, after those confounded dusty streets; besides, some of my acquaintances keep dropping in." He had, in fact, said, "How d'ye?" a dozen times, to as many different people, though his acquaintance with them did not seem to go beyond that interrogatory. I wonder why the Prince goes so often to the painter in Stratford Place? 'Pon honour, I'll ask him the next time I see him at Almack's—there's a petticoat concerned in it, I'll be sworn! Deuced fine-looking woman, Lady Georgiana Gordon,—she who came in just now, Mr. Begbie,—old friend of mine; but we were shy of recognising each other,—both ashamed of being in town so late in the season. She has no idea of dress, though,—looks best in white,—looked a confounded fright in that lilac gown,—a regular frump!"

At last, his friends being impatient to go, Mackoull condescended to leave the fruiterer's. Whilst halting in front of St. James's Palace, where Mackoull chose to set his watch by the dial, a gentleman passed, dressed in about as absurd a manner as Mackoull himself, and who returned the very polite bow of the latter by a slight nod and a faint air of recognition.

"Did you notice, my Lord Frizzle's Brunswick cord pantaloons?" inquired Mackoull, as he walked on with his friends,—same tint as mine,—were greatly admired by the bloods at White's—'pon honour, they were. I heard the Prince himself say, 'D— it, those two fellows, Frizzle and Mackoull, put us quite in the shade:—reddish, you see! is all the rage now, and I may say I introduced it, for Lord Frizzle only copied from me. My tailor says, 'All on the reds now; sir, you have made my fortune.' Confound the fellow! I never wanted to make any fortune but my own."

"My eyes were not sharp enough to discern the beauties of this admired shade of brown," observed Begbie, "in my lord's pantaloons; but I was certainly struck with his Hessian boots, the tassels dangling in front would have been sufficiently large to attach to a couple of bell-ropes. But I must say, that, however good Lord Frizzle's taste in dress may be, he is singularly wanting in good manners."

"How so, sir?" exclaimed Mackoull, rather sharply.

"Why, for an intimate friend, as you say my Lord Frizzle is, I think the careless manner in which he returned your bow was very extraordinary; but I am only a plain, homely man, and, doubtless, 'I don't understand the manners of men of fashion. I should have considered the gentleman's behaviour insulting, for he seemed as though he would hardly condescend to notice you."

"I dare say he has not got over last night's 'bout," replied Mackoull, with air of angry confusion. "He told me, this morning, he had been dining with the Prince at Brookes's—drinking deep—egad, they all fell under the table one after another, the Prince himself at last—'pon honour."

"I trust," said Begbie earnestly, giving expression to a wish which has happily been realised in our days, "that the time may come when *gentlemen*," and he laid an emphasis on the word, "will no longer consider it necessary, to sustain their character as such, to drink like draymen, or," he added, looking at Mackoull, who seasoned every other word with an oath, "to swear like troopers."

## CHAPTER IV.

### REGINA PECUNIA.

THE time of Begbie's visit to London was rapidly drawing to a close, and he himself was eager to return home, to meet his darling Marion again, and his old aunt.

The more intimately acquainted he become with young Mackoull, the more he saw to distrust and dislike in his character; and much as he felt attached to the father, the friend of his early youth, he felt no pleasurable anticipations at the idea of the son forming the acquaintance of his dearly-loved and jealously-guarded child.

On a sultry afternoon, late in July, Begbie, young Mackoull, and Norton, the latter a frequent visitor at the house, as he was, in fact, engaged to Bella, were seated in the drawing-room. The young ladies were out pursuing that most hateful and odious of all occupations in their father's eyes, "shopping," and the old army clothier himself was engaged with his lawyer, transacting business connected with his approaching retirement from trade.

David Mackoull had plunged into an animated discussion on the power of money, and on its infinite superiority over every other earthly good.

Norton very earnestly combated his theories, and insisted that a moderate competency, such as he was happy enough to be himself possessed of, was far more desirable than great wealth.

"It may suit your narrow and circumscribed views, my dear fellow," remarked David, contemptuously. "to contemplate living and rearing up a family upon one hundred a year; but to many men, myself amongst the number, it would be absolute poverty. I can't understand you, 'pon honour, I can't, longing for the time when you and Bella may commence such a wondrous existence. Egad! you must be very much in love to take Bella without a

penny on her wedding-day, and no understanding from my venerable parent as to what she is to have when he departs this life;—to be sure, he may be more willing to part with his guineas then, as he certainly can't take them with him on that journey."

"Your father has always been more than liberal towards you with his guineas," interposed Begbie, scarcely able to conceal his disgust at the young man's unfeeling remarks on his over-indulgent parent.

"I shall have enough for us both, as our wants are moderate," replied Norton quietly; "and I can say truly, that it will not cause me a moment's uneasiness, should my wife never inherit a penny of her father's earnings. Bella will be to me a fortune in her own dear self."

"Wisely spoken," said Begbie, his voice trembling with emotion; "so said I, when I brought my dowerless bride to my home; and when I saw her laid in her grave, I wept over the loss of the richest treasure life had ever given me."

"Old-fashioned notions," said Mackoull with a sneer. "The finest girl that ever trod would be indifferent to me were she portionless. I shall not sell myself under thirty thousand, I can tell you."

"You are very moderate," replied Norton laughing.

"Well, considering my appearance, my figure, my position in the fashionable world," answered Mackoull with an air of unbounded conceit, "the figure is a low one. Some people are born to be contented with little; you and my sister, for instance, will be quite happy, I make no doubt, in your little dreary country home; she making puddings, darning your stockings, and putting buttons on your shirts; and you, let me see,—what will you do? Oh!—you will play whist for sixpenny points with the village doctor and lawyer; you will borrow the *Times* from the parson, to save the expense of taking it in; you will dig up your own potatoes in the garden with infinite satisfaction, and you will discuss with Bella the important business of cutting up your old breeches and coats for seven hungry voracious little Nortons."

Neither Norton nor Begbie could refrain from laughing at this picture of domestic felicity.

"I was going to say," resumed Mackoull, "that to a person of my habits and tastes life on such terms would be insupportable. I love money, love it not for itself, but for all the ease and power and delight which it affords. Money is a shrine at which I have always worshipped from boyhood. My father worships at the same altar, but in a different manner; he likes to see his money accumulate;—I think if he kept it in the house, he would for ever look at it, and smile and feast his eyes with its glitter. I love money for all

the enjoyments I can purchase with it, for the adulation, the subservience that it will win for me. If I want a wife, do not mothers offer the fairest of their daughters to the highest bidder! If I want a title, such a commodity has been bought before now; in short, I do not know what money cannot do."

"It cannot buy you immunity from sickness and death," answered Begbie.

"Bah! those are things that I never suffer my mind to dwell upon," answered Mackoull. "I never go to church, simply because I do not choose to be bored by any allusion to such unpleasant subjects."

Here there was a pause in the conversation, during which a loud thumping noise was heard, which appeared from overhead. Begbie was about to ask the meaning of it, when it ceased as suddenly as it began, and Mackoull resumed the conversation again.

"London is the only place to spend one's money in. Here are the clubs, the theatres, concerts, masquerades, and a hundred other diversions; but in the country,—Oh lord!—I shall go with my father to Edinburgh, just to see this place with the outlandish name—Clam—Clam—Clamshell, that's it; but if he thinks that I shall bury myself alive there,—I, a man who has associated—"

Thump, thump, thump,—and Begbie was again surprised by the singular noise he had heard before, but which did not appear to excite the notice of the two young men.

"—with the *elite* of the upper ten," resumed Mackoull, when the sound had abruptly ceased, "he is entirely mistaken. I am not going to vegetate in the Scotch lowlands after having moved in such society as I have. I have been one of the first men at Arthur's, Almack's, and White's, and have been hand-in-glove with Charley Fox, and men higher than him, too—for the Prince has often been as familiar as who you please with David Mackoull. He is always civil to me, though he isn't to every one, especially when he has lost at play—and he is not lucky. I saw him lose some thousands one night to my friend Sir Harry Bagshott, and he turned round to me and said, 'My dear fellow——'"

Thump, thump, thump, and again was heard the mysterious noise, louder than ever.

"Confound those rascally tailors and their din!" exclaimed Mackoull, interrupted, not greatly to Begbie's sorrow, in what the latter deemed a tissue of falsehoods. "Citizen Tomkins, I suppose, as the knaves have dubbed him, is reading that seditious publication, 'The Northern Star.' I've a good mind to inform against them."

"What is the meaning of this noise?" asked Begbie, in some surprise.

pieces of masculine attire. At the head of the board, and to the dignity of a chair, in recognition of his attainments, of the tailors, Tomkins by name, reckoned a "schollard" fellow craftsman, for he could read, an accomplishment not in those days for persons in his class. His employer, as y, did not pay him to read a newspaper, so his companions together to compensate him.

Tomkins, as Begbie heard him called, was a stout, thick-set man who spoke through his nose, and squinted horribly.

His paper he is reading is three weeks old, I dare say," said Norton. "The tailors are all Reformers or Jacobins. I have amused myself by coming up to listen to their political discussions. As they think themselves secure from spies in their familiar domain, they are all 'citizens,' in imitation of the Convention;—one will say, 'Citizen Smith, have you done your clothes?' and another, 'Citizen Tomkins, pass over that card.' But Citizen Tomkins is going to commence again. Stand up for a minute."

"The British Convention of Delegates of the People," read Tomkins, reading in a snuffling tone, "associated to obtain Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments, have appointed a committee of organisation, of finance, and of secrecy, for the district of Lincolnton."

As the reader paused and gave a look around, meant to exult in triumph at this intelligence; but the look resolved itself into a most diabolical squint, which gave his face quite a goblin appearance. However, the tailors all shouted, 'Hear, hear; hear,

London: he is not very communicative to me on the subject, because he knows I do not approve of the change."

"Your father has not quite made up his mind yet exact time," replied Begbie. "You appear to look forward with horror to your residence in Scotland, but there are many gentlemen—aye, and men of rank—who find they can endure life there."

"I wish I could share their sentiments," replied Mackoull in his habitual drawling tone. "You speak of the natives, I suppose they are inured to what I call a semi-barbarous existence. A thousand horrors present themselves to my mind. How shall I style my hair dressed? There is no Mintram out of London."

"My palate has become used to the delicious refinements of Scotch cookery; how can I descend to mutton broth, and the stews of singed sheep's heads, and haggis, and such like? I shall be assailed by horrible odours, whenever I set my foot in Edinburgh, which no amount of perfumes will disguise. And I shall note the changes of fashion, or rather too wretched to imitate the designs, as I have been in the habit of doing, I shall be conspicuous in my appearance as any of the vulgar crowd condemned to associate with."

At the conclusion of his speech, which had excited the interest of both his auditors, Mackoull leant back in his chair affected with an air of languor and weariness.

"What is this?" he asked, as Norton laughing, pitched a sheet of paper across the table to him.

"Why," replied Norton, "a little while ago you were minding me how Bella and I would have to plan making clothes for my poor boys out of my cast-off garments, and so I thought I would see how I could cut out a pair of breeches. Do you think I have succeeded? You should understand that sort of thing better than I."

Mackoull made no reply, but as he crushed the paper in his hand, Begbie noticed the sudden panther-like glare in his eyes which likened him for a few brief seconds to the beautiful denizen of the Indian jungle.

Without taking any further notice of Norton's intention, Mackoull returned to his former theme—money—a topic which appeared powerful enough to rouse him from the air of fastidious apathy which he usually affected to assume, and to inspire him with more fire and energy than Begbie imagined him to possess.

"Religious people talk about money being vile dross, and speak in a sneering tone; 'they prate about the perishable riches; the anxieties attendant on the possession of great wealth! Bah! it is all to reconcile the poor to the not having any. I can imagine any one so stupid as really not to care for money'

ere are, I suppose, who think it their duty to take this man out jail, to provide for this other man's orphans, to clothe this person and feed the other; but I prefer taking care of myself. With the lismian of gold I can surmount every difficulty, purchase every easure, and open a way to the most exclusive circles."

"Nay, there I must stop you," said Begbie. "Can money ake you one of the upper ten thousand?"

"Aye, can it," replied Mackoull emphatically. "Money has d power ever since the world was made. I was at Harrow, Mr. egbie, and I haven't forgotten my 'Horace.' You Scotsmen are l well-educated, and I need not remind you how the poet tells us at *Queen Money* could even then do everything. Make us gentle-en aye, and handsome men too—*Et genues et formam Regina pecunia donat*. What do you say to that? Deny that if you can."

"Maybe, maybe," replied Begbie; "but I know that normous wealth often means crushing cares for its possessor. I, oo, remember my school-days and my Latin—*Misera est magni custodia census*."





## IN THE LIBRARY.



WITHOUT, the merry world glides on  
 Unchanging in its speeding,  
 O'er any thought that full of woe  
 Could show where lives lie bleeding ;  
 The merry World, the happy World,  
 The World that owns no leisure,  
 Except to trip with dainty foot  
 Just through the paths of pleasure.

But in this dusky Library,  
 So nigh the haunts of fashion,  
 And silken robes and royal gear,  
 And pride's serenest passion—  
 There moves another atmosphere,  
 And when my heart is in it,  
 A tender silence hushes care,  
 And soothes me in a minute.

An air of patience, sweet as eve,  
 When stormy hours are ended,  
 A waiting, dear solicitude  
 Hath on my sadness tended.  
 When first I passed the portals' shade,  
 I felt some spell had drawn me,  
 I knew the face that greeting smiled,  
 Without a fay to warn me.

And now—though miles and miles apart,  
 Into that room I wander  
 To touch the desk and volumes there  
 With hands that seem to ponder ;  
 So long they clasp familiar things,  
 Mere trifles in their being ;  
 But wearing a strong character  
 For only spirit seeing.

These dreams so real in their hue  
Of twilight, hope and yearning,  
Do waft me to your side again,  
My friend of truth's discerning ;  
And has your soul a sight so clear  
That it can know me ever,  
The while my heart would minister  
To yours with love's endeavour ?

O well-beloved and loving friend,  
Your clasp is firm to hold me  
Where fortitude and courage dwell,  
And noble aims may mould me.  
Without the dusky Library,  
What boots the gay world's speeding,  
If I within, may find the smile  
That answered first, my needing ?

E. E.

## THE GEOLOGIST'S AVIARY.

No group of the animal world presents features of greater interest to the naturalist than the class of birds. Whether regarded in their structural aspects or with reference to their habits, birds have always formed favourite studies of the zoologist. But to his brother *savant*, the geologist, they are fraught with as great interest; and concerning bird-life in the past the geologist has much that is both curious and strange to tell. In the geologist's aviary there are included several extinct forms which differ in very remarkable respects from existing birds; and if only for the purpose of determining the curious conformation and history of such forms, the geological history of the bird class may constitute a subject full of information and instruction to the general reader.

As a preliminary observation it may be remarked, that fossil remains of birds do not occur so plentifully in the rock systems of the globe as might be expected. On the contrary, indeed, the comparative paucity of bird remains has long formed a subject of regret to scientific investigators, whilst at the same time the deductions of the geologist regarding the existence of bird-life in particular epochs of the earth's history have been rendered exceedingly difficult of proof or verification.

When we inquire into the reasons for this scarcity of bird-remains, we find them to consist—firstly, in the free and active habits of birds, as tending to place them without the category of those animals which would be most likely to leave traces of their existence as fossils. The fish and the bird in this way may be placed at the opposite extremes of the geological list. The fish thus inhabiting seas, lakes, or rivers, lives in the very medium, so to speak, in which and from which the rocks of future ages will be formed. When the fish dies, its body falling to the depths of its habitat, becomes, as a consequence, entombed and buried in the deposits which are continually being made and added to the sea-bottom or lake-bed. And, therefore, in the most natural and explicable manner, the body of the fish becomes fossilised and hardened, consistently with the process of rock-formation which the sea-bed and its deposits are certain to undergo. What applies to the fish, necessarily also applies to every aquatic form which has hard parts capable of preservation; and the existence of such animals in the watery medium is the best possible condition for their preservation as fossils in the rocks and deposits of the future, as through

exactly similar conditions they have been preserved in the rocks of the past.

Turning now to the opposite case of the bird, we find a wide difference at the outset of our comparison. The bird, living an essentially aerial existence, is placed without the primary condition for preservation as a fossil. And the few chances that a bird possesses of becoming entombed within rock-deposits are therefore greatly counterbalanced by its mode of life and habits. We have thus a difficulty in conceiving that birds could be frequently brought within reach of the fossilising influences; and even when so placed in a suitable condition there are still numerous chances whereby the probability of their being preserved is reduced to a minimum. Admitting that the bird's body becomes submerged in the sea or lake, we have still to take into account the fact that from the lightness of the body it will float for a lengthened period, and thus become subject to the attacks of other animals, whereby the perfection of the skeleton will necessarily be destroyed.

These and similar conditions fully account for the absence of full and complete evidence of the past existence of birds; and they also serve to explain, on the other hand, the reasons why the remains of aquatic birds, or those inhabiting the estuaries of rivers and the shores of lakes or marshes, are most frequently preserved as fossils. And, lastly, when we consider that certain "apterous," or "wingless" birds, or those possessing but feeble powers of flight, occur most plentifully as fossils, we are similarly able to conceive that the terrestrial habits of such forms would conduce to their being more readily placed in conditions for becoming represented in the aviary of the geologist.

The earliest or oldest relics of birds which the geologist's collection includes, are found in the sandstone of the Connecticut Valley, in the United States of America. These deposits belong to the series of rocks known as the *Trias*; this system of rocks considerably antedating the great Chalk rocks in the order of geological succession. The traces of bird-remains found in these rocks consist of certain footprints, evidently made by an animal of large size, which, on the best evidence and from the most careful consideration of their form and appearance, are believed to be those of birds. The footprints consist, usually, each of three toes, and from their number and disposition must certainly have been made by an animal walking on two legs. They correspond exactly to such footprints as we might suppose an ordinary wading bird to make upon the soft mud or sand of a modern sea-beach; and when the number of joints is scrutinised, they are found to correspond with the arrangement and number in the toes of existing birds. The inner toe had thus three joints, the middle toe possessed four, whilst in the outer toe the

impressions of five joints are seen. Thus from the characteristic two-legged or bipedal appearance of the toes, from the arrangement of the toes, and the number of the joints in each toe, we are fairly entitled to assume that the Connecticut footprints are probably those of a wading bird. And if we carry our minds from the far-back past to the present, and think of the traces which living birds leave on every sea-beach, we can readily reconcile the appearance and circumstances of the Triassic birds with those of bird-life in the present day.

It is but fair to state, however, that the above views have not met with the universal assent of naturalists. Some eminent authorities being predisposed to the belief that these footprints are those of a reptilian rather than of a bird. The close investigation of extinct reptilian forms which existed during the Triassic and succeeding epochs, has shown that certain of these latter forms may have possessed the power of walking upon their hind legs; and, as is well known, the characters of the reptilian skeleton, and, indeed, of the reptilian structure generally, very closely approaches to those of birds. This latter theory would thus not only account for the "bipedal," or two-footed characters of the footprints, but also, in a certain degree, for the actual form and anatomical features of the markings. Further research, however, is undoubtedly required before the question can be finally decided in favour of either theory; but the circumstances present a very excellent example of how accurately a knowledge of the structure or analogies of living forms serves to determine the nature of the beings of the past.

So far, the evidence of bird-life in the past has been of a somewhat uncertain character. The next halting-place in our journey from the past towards the present is found in the rocks of the Upper Oolite Period—formations, these latter, which are of more recent date than the Trias, and overlies rocks of that series.

Certain deposits of the Upper Oolitic series, found in Bavaria, and known as the Solenhofen, or Lithographic slates, from their being much used as lithographer's stones, afford the first definite traces of birds in the shape of the fossil remains of a very curious and extraordinary bird-form. So curious and abnormal are the characters of this fossil bird, that a special order has been assigned to it in the great class of birds; and the name *Archæopteryx macrura*, or "long-tailed" *Archæopteryx*, has been given to it as its distinctive cognomen.

In size, the *Archæopteryx* appears to have resembled a crow, and although the fossil remains are at the best fragmentary, yet they have been amply sufficient to show that it differed in certain important respects from all living as well as fossil birds. Thus, in the first instance, the tail of the *Archæopteryx* differed from the tail of

ing birds, not only in its extreme length, but in its peculiar shape and conformation. It consists of twenty vertebræ, or joints, each of which supported a pair of quill-feathers, and it exceeded the length of the body in length. In nearly all existing birds the tail is terminated by a bone of peculiar shape, termed the "ploughshare bone," which the *Archæopteryx* was destitute of this structure, and its tail consequently very long, attenuated, and of a decidedly repulsive appearance.

1, secondly, the finger bones of all living birds are concealed by the wing-coverts, and help to support the wing, whilst the bones corresponding to those in the palm of the hand of man are generally united. The *Archæopteryx*, however, possessed two free claws, which constituted a character which separates it from all its allies. From a consideration of all its points of structure, geologists and naturalists have concluded that this aberrant form of the aviary was in all probability a vegetable feeder, and not ally allied to the perching birds in its habits.

In the Chalk rocks the remains of wading birds have been found; and when we arrive at the Newer or Tertiary rocks, we begin to find a new bird class to be well represented in the palæontological records of that epoch. Many of our ordinary birds are preserved as fossils in the Newer deposits, but the chief interest of this period centres around the remains of certain extinct birds of gigantic size, some of which may have been in existence during the human epoch.

In the superficial deposits of New Zealand especially, we correspond with the fossil remains of birds of large size, and which belonged to the wingless order of the class. In the present day the wingless bird of small size, and known as the *Apteryx*, inhabits New Zealand; and at a comparatively recent geological period, a bird of the *Apteryx* type, but of gigantic size, must have inhabited the islands now occupied by this latter form. Of such forms the fossil remains are found in the *Dinornis* and *Palapteryx*; and it has been conceived as probable that smaller species of these forms may have existed in the more inaccessible parts of these islands.

The island of Madagascar has also yielded fossil-remains of a large winged bird, as large as the *Dinornis* of New Zealand. The eggs of this latter form, known as the *Epiornis*, are from thirteen to fifteen inches in diameter. And as corroborative of the influence of exterminating such birds as possess feeble powers of flight, it is mentioned that the *Dodo*, of Mauritius, has become extinct during a comparatively recent historical period. When the Island of Mauritius was discovered in 1598, the *Dodo* existed in plenty, and within a few years sufficed to exterminate it. It was larger than a

swan, of heavy build, with short feet and rudimentary wings. In the adjoining island of Rodriguez, the wingless *Pezophaps*, ("solitaire," has similarly become extinct within the past two centuries.

Within a short period a notable addition to the geological aviary has been made by the discovery, in the London Clay at Sheppey, of a remarkable bird-fossil, to which Professor Owen has given the name of *Odontopteryx toliapicus*. The London clay forms a deposit included within the Lower Eocene formation of the Tertiary period, and the bird-fossil found therein consists of the greater portion of the skull of a bird, the jaws of which, unlike those of a living or known extinct birds, were provided with peculiar tooth-like processes. It is needless to remark on the interest attaching to this fossil, exhibiting, as it does, a peculiarity of structure hitherto unthought of as associated with bird-structure either in the present or in the past.

The bird-characters of the fossil are unmistakable. The hind portion of the right side of the upper jaw, the part of the structure which has been best preserved, bears nine tooth-like processes, varying in size; and the portion of the left side of the upper jaw is also provided with several teeth. The lower jaw is similarly furnished, and there are several other points in the skull which mark it out as a singularly unique production in every way.

That this structure, like the tail of *Archæopteryx*, closely approaches to reptilian characters, is shown by an examination of the jaws and teeth of the Australian Hooded Lizard (*Chlamydosaurus*) in which the arrangement and conformation of the teeth in the bird-fossil are closely repeated. There is no appearance of alveolar sockets in *Odontopteryx* in which the teeth were lodged, and the teeth must therefore have been mere processes of the ridge of the jaw-bone, although they appear to have been sheathed with horn. A microscopic examination of the tooth-like processes showed the true bony or osseous nature; the characteristic structure of true teeth being absent.

From a full consideration of this fossil, Professor Owen concludes that the *Odontopteryx* was a bird allied to our swimming web-footed forms, that it was probably a fish-eater, and that the teeth with which its jaws were furnished assisted it in catching and retaining the slippery prey upon which it subsisted.

Geological science has not, however, completed the furnishing of its aviary, and the future researches of science will, undoubtedly add greatly to our knowledge of the birds of the past, and to the differences by which they are separated from their more familiar and modern representatives.

ANDREW WILSON

LIFE.

I WATCHED a fountain playing with a ball—  
The tiny globe was tossed aloft in air ;  
Where, midst the topmost branches of the spray,  
Poised on the glittering shaft, that upward sprang,  
It steady hung—rotating on its pole  
In ceaseless revolution, as the drops  
Fell with a constant impact on its sphere.

E'en thus, the countless orbs that shining roll  
Throughout th' immeasurable realms of space,  
Are poised and balanced, in the living streams  
That from the throne of GOD, invisible,  
For ever flow, and fill the Universe,  
Upholding fiery suns and planets, as they sweep  
Harmonious round the Central Sun of Heaven.

Matter is dead ; nor is there life in suns,  
Nor rolling planets ;—though each mass inert  
The quickening influence feels, and with an impulse  
Which we name " Force," but cannot comprehend,  
Each atom seeks its fellow ; and the earths,  
Compressed by atmospheres, are held intact  
And stable in their wondrous equipoise.

If worlds are dead, whence comes the ceaseless life  
With which the pulse of Nature ever throbs ?—  
Life comes from God—through all the heavens it flows,  
And thence descending through the spirit-world,  
A living influx fills the farthest bounds  
Of all creation, and the power gives  
To all the various *forms of life* to rise,  
As outbirths from the spirit-world within.

Whatever with our outward eyes we see,  
Or touch with hands of sense, *that* is not life ;  
We only see the encrusted, varying forms,  
Which life puts on—whether in lowest grade  
Of vegetable kingdom, or in those  
Far higher realms of sentient, life, and force,  
The boundless world of living animals.



E'en man himself—the highest *form of life*,  
Who stands erect, an image of his God—  
Is only clothed with his material form,  
As lies the hand concealed within the glove—  
The life, the man, is hidden all within,  
And is not truly seen till he lays down  
His earthly covering, and unfettered stands  
A perfect man in Heaven. Such Angels are.

Thus ever flows the welling stream of life,  
And thus is formed the great unending chain,  
Whose links from Heaven descending, upward turn,  
Until they reach once more the Throne of God.

CHAS. H. ALLEN, F.R.G.S.



## TO INDIA AND BACK.

### II.

My conscience reproaches me for not having been more explicit in the matter of *tooth-brushes*. Perhaps it is not my conscience: it may be that some new passion has taken possession of me, and now that I have commenced giving advice gratis to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, I shall never be able to stop; at any rate, whether prompted by a good or evil spirit, I must speak out, and caution the Prince *about his tooth-brush in India*.

It seems, I dare say, to the idle reader, a very trifling matter, that a tooth-brush is an emblem of the progress of civilisation in the East; and as the wise men go to the East now-a-days, they carry with them a thousand little habits and customs which seem strange to the Orientals, whose own little ways and peculiarities appear in turn ridiculous to the crusaders from the West. Unluckily, it is only about trifles that people anywhere care to be serious. Life, death, cholera, fever, measles, river pollution, bad drainage, smoky chimneys, time, and eternity, are common to all, and what is the use of bothering about them? But as "Douglas" well observed, when he mocked at his own castles, towers, dungeons, and halls, "The hand of Douglas is his own." He would have said something to this effect, more emphatically, of his tooth-brush if he had possessed such an article. Perhaps I had better tell my own experience about my tooth-brush, and then H.R.H. will see what I am driving at. It is not such an easy matter to tell it. It is a subject capable of nasty treatment, like every other form of matter on the face of the earth. I will try and recollect the remark of the great art critic Ruskin:—"If Miranda was immoral in the person of Caliban, was that Miranda's fault?" I know these may not be the exact words, but as my library consists only of a few technical works in the way of art and science, I do not hold myself responsible for quotations. What I mean is that only Caliban or Porax can object to my story of a tooth-brush. Once upon a time I arrived at a travellers' resting-house in the Punjab, and I prepared for my bath. I placed my clean clothes, my hair-brushes, my moustache comb, and the pencil with which I regulate the shape of my eyebrows, and other little necessities of the toilet, in my dressing-room, and then I entered the inner chamber, and a pail of cold water poured over me until I cried enough. I returned

to my dressing-room and prepared to complete my toilet. Horr of horrors! I took *the thing* from my mouth. It was not a tooth-brush! It had been once a tooth-brush, I acknowledge that, but never, never mine. I rushed from the room to the veranda where the native servants were collected. I addressed them in scanty garments as no natives probably were ever addressed before. Not Gladstone, when he is most indignant; not D'Israel when he is most withering; not Lawson, when the sparkling pun flows free-est, ever beat me as an orator. I did not kick anybody. I had no boots on—but I spoke Hindostanee as I firmly believe was never spoken before. I stopped at last to gather breath, and then an elderly native, with a white beard, made me a salute, and thus addressed me:—"Plenty gentlemen *use that tooth-brush*, and no one ever give abuse before." That is all my anecdote, but set me thinking. I remembered that a witty man once said, "we all understood one another, we should all love one another. Here was a case in point. The native official had meant nothing but kindness; he had provided unasked for my supposed wants, and how had I met him? With anger and extraordinary expression of abuse!

The other day, two mighty senators did their best to impress upon the rising generation of Englishmen, that when fortune called them to the East they should put aside the pride of race and the haughty bearing of conquerors, and meet their Indian fellow-subjects with love and courtesy and respect. I would give much to see the Marquis of Salisbury or Mr. Bright in a traveller's rest in India, just making the discovery that a loving old native had deluded either of them with a second-hand, nay a third-hand tooth-brush. I do not think that either of these great men would have felt a bit more Christian-like than I did, and I am sure neither could have expressed himself in such elegant Hindostanee. And this brings me a step further. A big European in India is one thing, and a little European is another article altogether. It is all very well to feel "good all over" when you have your own way, and your prejudices are not ruffled. It is easy to be kind to a high-class native when he never does anything but salaam to you, but it's a different thing when he happens to be a low-class native who poisons the atmosphere with garlic, tempered with the cooking fumes of the "hubble bubble," who comes into your room with his shoes on and his head uncovered, and who will wipe on your wine-glass or tumbler *behind the door* with the cotton waist cloth which he wears in preference to English pantaloons. Of course we ought to be kind to the poor fellow. We should recognise his total freedom from prejudices, so far as we are concerned. We can but admire his haste, in order that we may not have to wait for

our wine or beer, and we should at least tolerate his taste in perfumes. And so we can; so can I; just as well as the Marquis of Salisbury or Mr. Bright, but only in a theoretical kind of way. I am now coming by degrees to the point of my anecdote about the tooth-brush, although I am rather slow about it; but I want His Royal Highness not to believe that it is insolence or a cruel disposition that makes Englishmen keep their Indian fellow-subjects at arm's length. *It is simply childish prejudice*, and when H.R.H. can stand another gentleman's tooth-brush without a murmur, he may be "down" on the average European in India; and not until then.

As the Prince will have to pass much of his time in "Sight-seeing," it may be as well to caution him *not to put his nose out of his carriage-window in a sudden fit of curiosity*. This is a serious matter, and what impresses it on my mind is this. Before the break of day we were tramping along the high road, seven hundred fighting men, and a thousand camp followers—not to mention the elephants, camels, medical officers, and other beasts of burthen. At last, slowly, inch by inch, we gained on a bullock cart which had long been ahead of us. It was a covered cart, with a bell-shaped dome. On one side there was a slit through which the occupants might take an occasional peep at the country. I saw the slit open, and a face protruded. It was a man's face, and a most reverend one; furrowed by time and deep meditation, decorated with a streak of paint on his forehead, and embellished with a very long and aristocratic nose. I remarked this nose, and so did Tommy Atkins, who was in a line with the carriage at the time the face beamed forth. Private Atkins was apparently lost in thought; his eyes were fixed straight ahead; but still he saw this venerable man. In an instant out flew his hand, and he held the nose firmly clenched in his fist. He did not hurt it. On the contrary, he regulated his pace to that of the oxen, so that he might not injure it. He treated the nose as though he loved it, and he let it go at the command of his sergeant with a gentle whistle. The elderly head shot suddenly back within the drapery of the cart and was seen no more. That is the reason why I advise H.R.H. *not to put his nose out of a carriage in India*.

It is almost impossible to conceive that any man, sane or insane, in India, or out of it, should insult the Prince—when I think of that old Hindoo, though, I am obliged to recognise the fatal fact that it is not quite impossible. If that old man still lives, if time has not dulled his memory, or religion led him to forgive his injuries, he will take a fearful revenge some day or another, and woe to the European nose, royal though it may be, that falls in his power!

I wonder whether anybody has presented the Prince with a little

book, called, "What to Eat and Drink in India." If such a work has been offered, I trust that my future Sovereign will not take the trouble to read it; there is a better and simpler way of obtaining this valuable knowledge. I learnt it to my cost. It was at Mooltan I got my lesson. There was cholera in the camp, but I am used to other people having cholera, and it never interfered with my appetite. I like to dine, and nothing adds more to my happiness than having a pleasant companion on either side of me, who will listen to the facetious remarks I make, and the valuable advice I offer between the courses. Two or three days in succession I had observed that at mess there was rather a rush to obtain the seats at the dinner-table next to mine. Twice one was secured by a very active young fellow, of whom I had thought little hitherto, as he was rather given to airing his own knowledge, instead of listening to mine. I was naturally pleased, and observed to the young gentleman, "I am glad you find my company so agreeable. I notice that I always get you for a neighbour now." "No," he replied, "*it isn't exactly that*, but you see cholera is about, and I know a doctor ain't likely to eat anything dangerous, *so I like to sit by you, and whatever you take I take also.*" I certainly advise H.R.H. to make use of his doctor in like manner. Of course he must be careful to select a medical man with a good and cosmopolitan appetite. If the medical man possesses conversational qualities all the better. But that puts me in mind to say, *Have nothing to do with a man who asks riddles and conundrums.* It is impossible to stand it in India. I am rather celebrated for my good temper, but I broke down completely for once in my life under this infliction. The unfortunate young man whom I had to exterminate selected me for his victim. He made it a rule to enter my tent at three o'clock every morning just as the first bugle sounded for the march. I was always half-dressed, but he was all ready—he had got up half-an-hour before the time to read his "Joe Miller." While I was struggling into my pantaloons by the light of a small oil lamp, while the tent pitchers were pulling up the pegs, while the canvas was flopping about my ears, and gradually contracting about me and my Indian valet, in would come Ensign Jones—"Doctor," he would say as I tried to pull on my boot with one hand as I grasped my sword with the other, "what is the difference between a Tartar in a dairy and a Tartar in a doctor's shop?" or some other abominable riddle, generally with a professional tendency too. I remember the answer about the Tartar had something to do with cream of tartar and tartar emetic. At last I could stand it no longer. "Mr. Jones," I said as the tent collapsed and enfolded him and me and the native, with a coffee-cup in his hand, in one common ruin—"Mr. Jones be good enough to leave my tent, and not enter i

again until I ask you." He was glad enough to get out, and so was I, and so was the native; but after that day Mr. Jones and I were not on speaking terms for many months.

It was in the hot season, when I was in quarters at Gwalior, that the torment recommenced. I was lying down in a darkened room, trying to pass the day and shut out the sun between ten a.m. and six p.m., when suddenly I heard a creaking of a pair of boots in the verandah, and when the boots stopped, a gentle knocking at my door succeeded. "What is it?" I shouted out. "Anybody ill?" "Oh, no, doctor," said a deprecatory voice, "it's only me; it's Jones! Doctor, can you tell me the difference between a hill and a pill?" I asked the young man in at once, for I am not unfeeling, and I knew he wanted to make it up. I gave him a cigar and a bottle of beer, and he told me that the difference between us was at an end, and that the other difference, the hill-and-pill difference, as one may say, lay in the fact that one was hard to get up and the other hard to get down. I took the earliest opportunity of leaving the regiment, and I have not seen Mr. Jones since. Perhaps he is in India still; and that is a sufficient reason why I should caution His Royal Highness on the subject of conversation.

"Now that I am on the topic of "Repression of Crime," and have shown how to put down a punster in India, let me add a word or two on the most dignified way of reproving selfishness. It is quite astonishing to observe what a tendency the Indian climate has to develope this monstrous failing. It may seem easy to a Prince to reprove an offender with dignity. My own experience, however, does not lead one to entertain hopeful views. It was in the hot season, and, let me say, at "Benares," as I suppose there can be no mistake as to how that word should be spelt. It was at ten o'clock at night, and the air indoors was as hot as the inside of an over-heated baker's oven, and out of doors it was the exact temperature requisite to bake a batch of bread; so, of course, all who were stopping at the hotel where I stopped had their beds moved into the courtyard. By degrees we all fell asleep, but about twelve o'clock I was awakened by a diabolical row. It was the voice of a sahib who kept shouting for brandy and soda water. "Hush!" said a friend who had accompanied the noisy sahib. "Bring brandy and soda water," howled the wretched man. "Do be quiet!" insinuated his most sensible companion. "Soda water and brandy, you pigs!" screamed the exasperated savage. "Pray be quiet!" remonstrated the excellent individual who was to be pitied for having such a friend. "You will wake these gentlemen up." Imagine my horror, when the monster exclaimed—"I don't care a d—n so long as I get what I want!" I do not wish to make myself out better than I am. I hope it was only my earnest desire

to reform that European, that made me, after half-an-hour's deep thought, and after the man had procured his brandy and soda water, determine upon a most decided course. I resolved to dress myself, strike a match, light a cigar, and taking a chair near the bed of the disturber, to sit down and whistle three comic airs. This was to be my first step. The second step was to be his, and my noisy friend was to wake up and tell me that he could not sleep because of my d—d row! And the third scene of the drama was to be my triumphant and withering remark, "I don't care a d—n so long as *I* got what *I* want." I am not so ready in action as in thought, but at last I did do as I had proposed. I struck a light, I smoked a cigar, and I whistled three tunes. Will it be believed that the brute never woke up at all, and I had to creep into bed again with a very bad taste in my mouth? By the light of the following day I was glad he had not taken offence at my melody. He was twice my size, and utterly indifferent to the claims of intellect. That, in fact, was my only consolation. I heard him in the next room all day concocting a letter to the Adjutant-General, for the fellow was in a scrape evidently, and a nice mess he and his quiet companion made of it. "This is the way I'll begin," I heard the noisy one say. "Sir, I have the honour to state—" "Oh dear, no," remonstrated his friend; "that won't do!" "Won't do, eh? Kitmutghar, soda water and brandy bring!" After a gurgle and a pause, he recommenced—"Sir, I have the honour to observe—" "Oh dear, me!" sighed his friend, "I would not say that!" "You wouldn't, eh? Khitmutghar, soda water and brandy bring!" I fell asleep, and was awakened two hours afterwards to learn my post carriage was at the door. I was glad to be off, more particularly as the last sound I heard was—"That won't do, eh? Khitmutghar, brandy and soda water bring!" I do hope there is no sin in wishing that my noisy acquaintance has by this time been placed upon half-pay. I can't wish him anything worse, or by Jove I'd do it.

How egotistical one grows as age advances! Here am I thinking of my own troubles, instead of attending to the education of my Prince! Let me advise H.R.H. *not to sit opposite the Europe ham at any mess dinner*. Let me explain that an English ham is a tremendous delicacy in India; once a week, and on guest nights, it can alone be expected to make its appearance; perhaps only once a month in economical regiments. It is an awful thing for an unsuspecting man to find he has seated himself in front of the ham. Everybody wants ham, and nothing but ham. Five-and-twenty body servants rush to secure a slice for their five-and-twenty masters. It is a point of honour that each servant should be first in the field. Well, does each man know that the eyes of

is master are upon him. Five-and-twenty plates are thrust at the unfortunate carver! They are behind him, on either side of him, in front of him, and they form a canopy over his head. Five-and-twenty different shades of perfume, comprised of cocoa-nut oil and bacco smoke, float on the heated atmosphere; and five-and-twenty voices sing the chorus, "Colonel Sahib wants ham, sir! Major Sahib, sir! Captain Timson Sahib, sir! Mr. Jones Sahib! Hurra Doctor Sahib! want ham, sir!" Depend upon it, none but a thorough gentleman can carve that ham; it requires every quality that can adorn human nature. When I think how the Prince could behave under the circumstances, I feel inclined to withdraw my advice, and ask him always to carve the ham at mess. *I hardly know what to say about the Europe tart*—it is a trying affair, and leads often to degrading exhibitions. An Indian "bill of fare" is rather a queer thing, and requires an interpreter. The mess-man generally calls it "Bill Fire," and that heading prepares one, to a certain extent, for what follows. "Irony stew" one learns to recognise as our old friend "Irish stew;" but Europe tart is a puzzler to new-comers. It is made of English bottled fruits—currants, gooseberries, or plums, perhaps even cherries;—the fruit, perhaps, is not in fine condition, but it is *English*, and that is enough. Now, Europe tart is expensive, and the mess-man sometimes has it in his contract that he shall not be obliged to supply more than two Europe tarts on any guest night. You would think perhaps the guests would get the European tart. Love of country in the Englishman overmasters everything! The claims of hospitality, the reverence due to extensive medical knowledge, the deference which should be paid to age or rank, are all forgotten; and the first man who gets a chance at the Europe tart, as it is handed round, leaves a little bit of crust for the second, and an empty dish with some juice, and perhaps one gooseberry, for the chief guest of the evening.

Now, I really must hesitate what to advise H.R.H. to do when Europe tart comes round. It is a fine thing to be a patriot, and a grand thing to be a gentleman. May it not be possible to combine both, and take a moderate help of Europe tart?

I suppose I ought to say something about *how to dress in India*. It is a very difficult thing to write clearly on this matter. There must be something wrong on the part of either the natives of India, or of the Europeans, because their views on the dress question are so diametrically opposite. This ought not to be, for we are all fellow-subjects of Her Majesty; and what is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. I take it that it is the clear duty of the Prince either to strip himself when he goes to India, or to insist upon all the natives wearing frock coats, 16s. trousers, and chimney-pot



hats; there should be no half-and-half measures. India and England should amalgamate, and they never will unless they each consent *entirely to alter and forget every habit, thought, and custom to which either has been wedded for a thousand years or more.* I hate compromises. I have seen a native in command of cavalry at "Morar" with nothing on but a beautifully embroidered Hussar jacket and a pair of slippers; and I have seen European soldiers buttoned up to the throat, marching along in ammunition boots, in weather enough to melt the heart of a turnkey. They can't both be right! All I say is, let the Prince set a decided example, and settle the question of dress in India, once and for ever.

It is all very well when at Rome to do as the Romans do. We all did that ages ago, and perhaps are coming to it again; but it is a momentous question, whether, when we are in India, we should do as the Indians do. But would the natives adopt our views? I think they would. There is, or was, a Rajah, not far from Sealkote, who was so pleased with a Highland Regiment that he formed a corps of Black Highlanders of his own. Now, any one who has studied native legs, will acknowledge that a Hindoo who will consent to appear in Highland costume would do anything. As to other customs, I understand that Sir W. Lawson says, "Drink" is steadily spreading among the natives of India; and with regard to "Polygamy," when a native fully understands the Divorce Court he will cease to be selfish.

I do not suppose that the Prince visits India merely to share in the pastimes of native princes. He goes to educate the Hindoo, and also to complete his own education. There is much for him to reflect upon. There are things in India which would puzzle any philosopher, and which, indeed, have puzzled me. What is the meaning of an enormous wig stuck at the top of a pole in Regimental Bazaars? I never could ascertain. Why do natives call their European master "Father"? Can it be that hatred of a parent is the ordinary sentiment of an Eastern individual? Then there is a question which must have some bearing upon women's rights. Why do European women brave the mid-day sun with impunity in India, armed only with a parasol, and protected by a chignon, while their husbands are confined to barracks from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and even then are not allowed to go out without an enormous pith or wicker helmet? *Is it that the female brain in India can best bear frizzling, or have the females fewer brains to frizzle?* It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this investigation. My own idea is that old women succeed best in India; but still, that leaves the question as to brains unsettled.

Then, again, the question about bacon. Why do English soldiers crave for bacon? And as they will have it, why can't it

sent from England, so that the victim of the appetite may not ve to fall back upon the native pig? By-the-bye, that word "pig" puts me in mind of an anecdote which will serve very well finish this short paper. "Soldiers are celebrated for their taste pets—dogs, goats, monkeys, parrots; it's all one. I knew a dier's child on board a transport ship who would not go to sleep *without a cockchafer in each little fist.* And once I knew a soldier o made a pet of an Indian pig. It had the faults of its race, I ppose; but it was too young to indulge in vice when Private ubbe, of the 213th, first got hold of it, for it was but a sucking g. How Private Grubbe turned the head and dazzled the imagi- tion of that young pig it would be hard to narrate; and the otion, the loyalty, the veneration of the young dependent ards his lord and master who shall describe? In the ht march, when we all shuffled along as best we could, l it was too dark to know one man from another, Piggy l his master would now and then become separated, but it only ded a sharp whistle from the head of the column, for man and st to become re-united. A joyful grunt and a tremendous rush ween the legs of 500 men, told us that Piggy was on the road, l we forgot to swear at the brute when we thought on the power iggerish love—but this was nothing. We camped one day near emendous tank, Private Grubbe undressed himself for a plunge l a swim—Piggy was there and watched his master's clothes. aquatic Grubbe at last turned upon his back in the water and e a whistle! Love may be tried too far? Yes, the love of or woman, but not the love of pigs! The poor little creature e one grunt, which was not all a grunt, there was a little bit of ine in it; and then, Piggy sprang off the tank and disappeared he troubled waters—it was the 24th of December, and the date something to do with my story, for the next day, "Christmas ," a dreadful whisper passed round the camp, it grew louder, a muttered thunder of oaths succeeded it, followed by loud as. Yes, on that Christmas Day, *Private Grubbe cut his pig's ut, and ate him for his dinner!* The commanding officer told ate Grubbe afterwards that he was a disgrace to his regiment. don't see it myself—I think Piggy disgraced his class, by ying his superiors." This anecdote, let me observe, has no l for the Prince, and it is my particular request, that he will ead it. If some of those who will accompany him to the East to find the moral of the story, they are perfectly welcome to o. I must decline to give further advice *gratis*, and with the est devotion remain,

J.T.W.B.

## GONE:

## A S P A S M .

SHE has gone and left me lonely,  
While to add to my despair,  
Though far away is my darling,  
I dare not mention where.

I try to whisper the secret,  
But my lips refuse the same ;  
The place of my dear one's resting—  
I cannot "give it a name ;"

Had the Arctic Expedition  
My beautiful one decoyed,  
Or even the Seyyid of Zanzibar,  
Allured her, I'd have employed  
Some efforts, her destination  
Is *written*—Bettws-y-Coed !

MAURICE DAVIES.

## *A Troubadour Bishop.*

### A TROUBADOUR BISHOP.

the witty canon of St. Paul's strove to realise the height of urduity, it struck his clerical mind under the aspect of a flirting. "How can a bishop flirt?" asked Sydney Smith. Most he could say would be, "I will see you in the vestry service." If to his varied accomplishments this witty cleric had a knowledge of provincial celebrities, he would scarcely have formed so unromantic an estimate of the episcopal order. To be a Troubadour involved a good many unpretentious elements beyond the primal one of power to flirt; and these well combined in Folquet de Marseille, the Troubadour of Toulouse.

His versatile ecclesiastic was born at Marseilles, 1160, and died in 1231. His father was a Genoese merchant, who died and left his son a considerable fortune. At that time there gave no distinction to persons of obscure birth, a fact which induced Folquet to abandon the life of ease his fortune had enabled him to enjoy, in order to follow the life of a troubadour. He first went to the court of Alphonse I., Count of Provence; thence to Barral des Baux, Viscount of Marseilles, by which he was equally well received. This nobleman's wife, Isor Adelaide de Roque Martine, a lady of rare beauty, loved Folquet with deep admiration, and to her, under borrowed names, he addressed many sonnets. But this virtuous dame, who was sincerely devoted to her husband, repulsed the homage she had forbidden him her presence. Folquet swore in his anger that he would write no more verses, and went immediately to the court of William VIII., Viscount of Montpellier, whose wife, Isor Adelaide, daughter of Manuel, Emperor of Constantinople, soon induced him to renounce the anti-poetical vow he had formed.

During his sojourn in Montpellier, he went to visit Richard Cœur de Lion, Raimond V., count of Toulouse, Alphonse II., king of Aragon, and Alphonse IX., of Castille. His stay at the last-named court was marked by a great event. The battle of Las Navas, gained by the Miramolin of Africa over the Castilians, in which 20,000 of the latter perished, spread universal terror throughout Castille and the adjacent territories; and the King fled, while many cities were taken and plundered.

Folquet, like a modern Tyrtæus, composed an energetic ode, in which he implored the zeal of all Christian princes against the

**Mussulmen.** This composition, which was partly political and partly religious, marked the transition of Folquet from a worldly to an apostolic life. On his return to Marseilles he obliged his wife (of whom we have no previous account) to take the veil. He himself took the monastic vows, in Citeaux, about the year 1200, and forced his two sons to do the same. His ecclesiastical advancement was rapid. In 1197 he was Abbé of Torronet; and in 1205 the chapter of Toulouse elected him bishop of that city. About this period commenced the cruel persecution of the Albigenses, who had risen up to protest against the power and riches of the clergy, and were, in consequence, exposed to the bitterest *odium theologicum*. Folquet, who joined to an ardent faith a very passionate character, considered the extirpation of these heretics, hourly multiplying, as they were in Languedoc, the one great object of his life. He first went to Rome and demanded new missionaries while awaiting the sacking of Languedoc. There he established an order called the "Blanche," because of the white cross worn by its members. In 1211, the number of Crusaders being diminished, the bishop went to France to solicit recruits. On his return he sent 5000 men to the Blanche confraternity in the camp of the Crusaders, and soon went thither himself. In 1215 Toulouse was taken by the Crusaders. Folquet wished it to be reduced to ashes, but Montfort contented himself with destroying the fortifications. The horrible cruelties committed by the bands of Montfort, whereof Folquet was in many instances not only the accomplice but the instigator, urged the unhappy people of Toulouse to rebellion, and the war broke out with greater fury than ever.

The prelate then preached a new Crusade, and Montfort, to recompense his zeal, gave him the Castle of Ureuil and twenty villages belonging to it. Thenceforward, until the peace in 1229, Folquet lived in camps. His fortune was immense. When the king, Louis VIII., accompanied by his suite, visited the army, the Bishop defrayed all the expenses from his own purse. After the Peace of 1229 he returned to his bishopric, but never ceased hostilities against the Count of Toulouse, Raymond VI. Of all his acts the most important was the institution of Preaching Monks (*Frères Prêcheurs*.) The order was founded at Toulouse by St. Dominique, under the protection and by the care of this Troubadour Bishop. This institution was the origin of the Inquisition.

Such was the character of Folquet, poet, courtier, monk, bishop. He was passionate, turbulent, ambitious, and fanatical. He cannot be placed in the first rank of Troubadours; and much of his importance must be ascribed to his position as Bishop.

rich has praised him in his *trionfo d'Amore*. Dante places him  
; "Paradise" among the souls of the Blessed; and Genoa and  
silles disputed the honour of his birth, as if he had been a  
d Homer.

here are twenty-five pieces of Folquet's composition extant;  
ome of these are attributed to other Troubadours. Amongst  
are tho following :—

I

LOVE THOUGHTS.

Une des premières pièces que Folquet composa pour Azalais de Baux.

FAURIEL, *Histoire de la Poésie Provençale*.

So sweet to me the gentle thought of love  
Whose advent thrills e'en now my stricken heart,  
No other thought so sweet can ever prove,  
Although it makes my own sad bosom smart.  
Yet Life still ever triumphs Death above;  
Even while dying still I bless the dart.  
My martyr-spirit scorns on earth to stay—  
Sweet death, O come, and bear me hence away !

I know that all I do, I do in vain,  
Know that beneath my love I slowly die ;—  
No hopes of conquest cheer my constant pain,  
O'er me alone is gained the victory.  
'Tis death, I feel, so madly to complain ;  
Yet do I cherish still the amorous sigh.  
All hope from out my wounded heart hath fled,  
Since I can love none other in her stead.

Oh, take the gift I offer, lady fair,  
And let the bliss of giving it be mine ;  
All good and evil equally we'll share,  
Be all thy evils mine, my blessings thine.  
If thou, my love, would'st banish otherwhere  
Cease, lady, so resplendently to shine ;  
Then might I seek to tear myself from thee—  
But no ; less fair thoud'st cease thyself to be.

II.

THE LOVE SONG OF THE BIRDS.

Oh, by none but lover's ear  
Should the dulcet song of bird  
On the leafy wold be heard.  
Though that strain to me be dear,  
Dearer far her angel-voice,  
Bids my stricken heart rejoice.

Yet though dear those accents be,  
Still unhappy is my fate ;  
All in vain response I wait.  
She hath smiles for all but me.  
Better, though success be small,  
Love in vain than not at all.

May she bless my longing sight ;  
Since, when she is far away,  
Seem I distantly to stray  
Far from every home delight.  
One sweet love-look thrills me most—  
Deeper joys I cannot boast.



# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MARY BURROUGHES.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE INSCRIPTION.

MR. NEVILLE was true to his appointment near the bathing machines, at eleven o'clock on the morning following the General's little party. He was rather before his time, for he was curious to know what Miss Flora Jenkinson could by any possibility wish to insult him upon. The Leigh policeman who observed everything, took notice of Mr. Neville's presence.

"Looks bad," the official said to himself, "a young chap like that spying out at the females bathing. It's natural in an old fellow—it's what they call a fatherly interest in them—like to see them undressed, of course; but a young man ought to be ashamed of himself.—Good morning, sir!" he said, addressing Mr. Neville.

"Good morning policeman! I beg your pardon! I ought to call you by your proper name, only I don't know it."

"My name, sir, when not on duty, is Bugge, Christian name, Humphrey. I hope you don't see anything comical in the names, Mr. Neville?"

"Dear me, no!" replied the curate.

"I thought you smiled, sir,—parties have gone so far as to do so. There was a young man of Leigh who once took the liberty to call me Hum-bug—it was his fun, you see, and he laughed, and the whole lot of people about laughed, and I waited, Mr. Neville. He left me "Chester Arms" at eleven o'clock one evening, and, I am sorry to say, the young gentleman was in liquor. You would hardly believe me, Mr. Neville, the magistrate took such a severe view of the case, when he was brought before them, that he had to go to jail for a week. The evidence was uncommon strong against that young man."

"I think it a most respectable name, I assure you, Mr. Bugge; and I had no idea of laughing—indeed, I should be sorry to make



an enemy of any one, much less of so excellent an officer as you appear to be. I think that is Miss Jenkinson? I must say, good-morning."

The policeman looked after him. "I don't much like that young man," he said to himself; "he sticks invisible pins into you, and you feel the prick and can't find the pin; he is what they call sarcastic, I suppose. I wonder what he wants with Miss Flora Jenkinson. It can't be love-making, because it's broad day, and she ain't so young as she was. All them old cats choose the dusk of the evening. She is a handing of him something,—it's a bottle, I think! can't be drink on the sly, surely? She might be, though, for she signed the paper about the Permissive Bill they took round. Now I would give ten shillings if I could only just hear what my lady and gentleman are after." But Miss Flora had no intention whatever that the policeman or any one else should be the wiser for her conversation with Mr. Neville.

"Would you walk a little this way," she said, "where we cannot be overheard. You will think it very strange of me to seek this interview; but I do so want your advice. I don't like much to talk upon the subject, it is so delicate; it is about that poor little child who was drowned the other day."

"Yes," said the curate; "what of him?"

"I believe, Mr. Neville, he had no father, no mother, no relation to claim him. I did hear that you took the woman who appeared at the inquest, back to Talminster."

"I saw her home, Miss Flora. She was excited and nervous, and hardly seemed able to take care of herself."

"Oh, how kind of you, Mr. Neville! And she did not tell you the mother's name?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor the father's?"

"No."

"Do you think it would be a comfort to the parents to have a memorial of the little child?"

"I can hardly tell. They may wish to forget their grief perhaps they never felt any."

"Oh, Mr. Neville, how you shock me!"

"I am sorry for it, Miss Flora. But I am afraid that it is often so. Man and wife should be joined by God, and their children should be a joyful trust and responsibility; but the child—excuse me, Miss Flora, I did not begin the conversation—was not the child of wedded parents, and was probably born rather in hatred than in thankfulness. No, I doubt much whether the parents would care to be reminded of his existence. What is this memorial, Miss Jenkinson?"

"It is a bucket! I picked it up on the sea shore on the afternoon of the day when the child perished, just when the body was brought ashore. Would you like it, Mr. Neville? I have not shown, to anybody, for I thought you might not wish me to do so."

"Why should you suppose I should like the poor child's bucket, Miss Jenkinson?"

"I am sure I don't know. We women never argue nor reason, believe. It came into my head because your name is written on the bucket, Mr. Neville!"

"My name? This is not possible, Miss Jenkinson."

Miss Flora gazed upon him with a solemn face, which was intended to represent an expression she had observed in a picture of Nathan reproving David; but there was a tenderness too about her manner which was not to be found in the painter's idea of Nathan.

Mr. Neville took the bucket, and written in fading colours inside the toy were the words "Henry Neville, his bucket." The curate appeared lost in thought "Henry," he muttered, "Henry Neville. By Heaven, the thing is impossible! how could that child come here? And yet, now I think of it, I seem to remember some likeness,—that woman, Mrs. Andrews, must know something. Excuse me, Miss Jenkinson," he said, recollecting suddenly that the lady was present, and watching him intently, "you have not mentioned this to any one?"

"To not a soul," she replied. She forgot that her sister possessed such an article probably, for undoubtedly Miss Jemima knew all about the bucket.

"And you will keep this secret?"

"I swear," she said solemnly.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks!" he replied. "Nothing but mischief could come of it, if it got noised abroad. You will try then to forget it, Miss Flora?"

"I will try."

She wore an expression of mingled sorrow and love, as though she was a lenient judge who had connived at the escape of a prisoner, but hoped he would never do it again. Mr. Neville coloured, he did not quite like the look.

"I cannot explain, Miss Jenkinson," he said.

"Oh, no, Mr. Neville."

"I really ought to apologise," continued the curate.

"Not to me; but to a Higher Power, Mr. Neville," she answered.

"For keeping the bucket?" he went on, "You mean, I should apologise to the law, the policeman, or the coast-guard man, I suppose; but no, I think they have no right to know anything about it."

You have acted very kindly and considerately, Miss Jenkinson, and thank you ;" and so saying, Mr. Neville walked off at a rapid pace with the bucket folded up in his pocket-handkerchief.

"Well?" said Miss Jemima, when her sister returned.

"Yes," said Miss Flora.

"You don't mean it?" exclaimed Miss Jemima.

"It's all right," repeated Miss Flora.

"What did he say, Flora?"

"He did not say much ; but you should have seen his look, he turned blue, my dear—positively blue."

"Did he acknowledge he was the ——?"

"Not in words, my dear ; but it was quite impossible to mistake him. He talked to himself, and strode up and down ; he quite seemed to forget I was there. Then he took off his hat and passed his hand through his hair ; and then he blew his nose violently, all quite like an illegitimate father, just as you or I might have done. It was all natural and no acting about it."

"Did he say anything about the mother? any name?"

"No ; he only said something about 'she.'"

"Oh, he did say that?"

"Yes ; but that was of course ; he dropped something about Talminster. I think there is something to be found out there : we might go to Talminster this afternoon, Flora. I believe it is rather a nice place, and the church is worth seeing ; it would not seem odd if we went there."

In the afternoon the two Misses Jenkinson took return tickets for Talminster, and entered affably into conversation with the station-master.

"I believe Talminster has a very pretty church, Mr. Piper?"

"Quite so, ladies. I wonder why more parties don't go there ; hardly any of the visitors seem to know anything about it—quite a remarkable place. Mr. Purfleet, our goods superintendent, was born there. You have heard of him, ladies?"

"I almost seem to remember the name," said Miss Jemima.

"Quite a remarkable man, ladies—began life with nothing, as one may say ; and his pay now is not less, no, not a penny less than £900 a year ! It's curious you ladies going to Talminster to-day. There hasn't been a ticket taken for that place for a week until to-day, and now there are four."

"Who else have gone from Leigh?"

"Why, let me see. Oh, first the new curate took a ticket, and then the policeman, and now you two young ladies. Better take your places, if you please—time's up."

Talminster was about seven miles from Leigh ; it had once been a place of some repute, and noted for the manufacture of carpets.

the trade had died out, and Talminster had subsided into poverty. The shops existed as of yore, but they seemed to be open out of habit rather than from the necessities of trade. Shopkeepers were all old and faded. The younger generation left the place, and were scattered all over busy England; but aged inhabitants, who disliked change, remained at their posts. Talminster one could buy the most antiquated articles, and be served by the most ancient of shopkeepers. You could chase "snuffers," positively at the ironmongers—curious contrived things, that when you separated the handles gave birth to a hidden guillotine which sprung up in the air, and startled the customer as he timidly approached the wick of the candle. Then, you closed the handles again, down came the guillotine with a p-crash, and just missed the snuff by the hundredth part of an inch, the sooty material invariably falling upon the table-cloth. Curiosities, however, these snuffers were valuable. Brimstone boxes and tinder-boxes were sold in preference to lucifer matches, warming pans were always in stock. At the stationer's were sold the old penny theatrical characters of the olden time. Pizarro, "The Miller and his Men," "King Richard," and others, all ready to be decorated with minute spangles of gold and silver, in penny packets, the sticking on of which had been an interminable delight to the young who had been rejoicing in their innocence when George the Third came to throne. The confectioner sold brandy-balls, and Bonaparte's; but he had never heard of Turkish Delight, and did not want to hear of it. At the watchmaker's there was not a watch of smaller size than a turnip, which would go nowhere but in a "fob;" at the tailor's they always made the trousers with fobs. It was enough to frighten a youngster of modern times to be put down Talminster, and left there to commune with the resuscitated people of ancient days. Old Admirals lived there who had never stood on the bridge at midnight, and knew nothing of the steam-engine. Aged generals and colonels were there who knew no service before it went to the devil; old maidens vegetated at Talminster, so old that they could not positively understand why young girls wanted followers, and the oldest horses, cats, dogs, and fowls that were to be found in England were here. Early in the afternoon the Rev. Mr. Neville had wandered through the deserted streets of the little town, and had turned into the little lane which led to Mrs. Andrews' cottage. He tapped at the door and the good lady herself opened it, and bade him walk in,

## CHAPTER XIII.

## MRS. ANDREWS AT HOME.

"THE gentleman, I think, that was so kind as to see me home from Leigh?" said Mrs. Andrews; "please to walk in, sir. Excuse the place being so untidy; my old man is so fractious, it takes up all my time to attend to him. Andrews, this is the gentleman I told you of."

Andrews was sitting up in bed smoking a short clay pipe, and was spelling over a two-weeks'-old newspaper.

"Glad to see you, sir," he said affably. "My old woman has read the Psalms to me this morning," he said rather hurriedly, as he observed the clerical appearance of his visitor.

"That is well," said Mr. Neville; "but I do not pay the visit as a clergyman. I came to see Mrs. Andrews on business."

"Then you won't mind my going on with my pipe, sir?"

"Surely not; why should you put it out?"

"Oh, of course not, sir; only in case of the psalms and such-like, I should expect to be put to a little inconvenience."

"If you mind the smoke, perhaps, you would step into the kitchen, sir," said Mrs. Andrews. "He does smoke a lot; but I have not got the heart to stop him. Its been the saving of me many a time, I know."

"How is that, Mrs. Andrews?"

"He and I have been married nigh upon thirty years, sir, and he never yet raised his hand on me, and it's all on account of the tobacco; when anything puts him out, he just lights a pipe and takes a good smoke, and comes back as quiet as a lamb."

"I hope, Mrs. Andrews, your are as considerate with him?"

"I don't know that I ever hit him a smack in all my life," she replied.

"Women are more patient than men, Mrs. Andrews."

"Perhaps so; but I smoke the same tobacco as he does, and that has got something to do with it. And what can I do for you, sir?" she continued as she handed Mr. Neville a chair, and sat herself down on a bench by the side of a wash-tub.

"Will you answer me a question or two, Mrs. Andrews?"

"I'd like to hear the questions first, sir, if you please."

"Will you tell me the name of the child who was drowned at Leigh?"

"Henry," she replied; "I said so at the inquest."

"Will you tell me the mother's name? I do not ask out of idle curiosity—I think I have a right to know,"

Mrs. Andrews shook her head.

"Look at this," said the curate, producing the bucket. "Did belong to the child?"

She took it and gave a little shudder, and wiped her eyes with corner of her apron. "It's his bucket, poor dear," she said, "sure igh."

"And how comes my name inside it, Mrs. Andrews? There plain enough,—'Henry Neville.'"

"Is your name Neville?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"And you are a clergyman at Leigh."

"Certainly; I am curate there."

"And you are likely to stop there, I suppose?"

"I believe so. But you are asking me questions, Mrs. rews, instead of answering mine. How came my name inside bucket? Was the child's name Neville? I mean, one of his es?"

"No," said Mrs. Andrews, firmly.

"But that makes the matter more mysterious. How came my e there?"

"Are you sure you did not write it yourself, Mr. Neville?"

"I write it?—why should I?"

"Some might have done it for a trap, sir. Nothing easier than any one, who wanted to find out about that poor child, than to e his own name in it, and then come over to me, and say, 'how e that name there?' I might, you see, be took unawares, and more than I intended."

"Surely, you do not suppose me capable of such duplicity, Mrs. rews?"

"No, I suppose not. You ain't married, are you, sir?"

"No."

"Then it isn't likely you would be up to such dodges, being he male sex, and not married. Did you pick up the bucket, self, Mr. Neville?"

"No; it was given to me by a lady."

"Oh, the lady thought the child might bear your name, did ,"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Have you had any quarrel with that lady, Mr. Neville, if I make so bold?"

"Certainly not."

"And you ain't sweet on her, if you will excuse me, sir?"

"Oh, nonsense! nothing of the kind; she is old enough to be nother!"

"Is she, poor dear. She ain't a mother, though, I make a ,

"She is a maiden lady," replied the curate.

"Then Mr. Neville, I will tell you what it all means; and if you had not been very green, indeed—if you will pardon the liberty—you might have found it out for yourself. The maiden lady, who is old enough for your mother, takes an interest in you, and wrote it herself."

"This is nonsense, Mrs. Andrews. Why should she want to connect my name with the child's? why single me out for a father?"

"You ain't up to the ways of maiden ladies, Mr. Neville."

There was an audacious boldness about Mrs. Andrews' manner that made Mr. Neville anxious to close the conversation.

Then he said, rising from his chair, "you decline to tell me anything about the child except——"

"Except that it is no business of yours, please, sir."

"Then, I wish you good-morning, Mrs. Andrews."

"Good-morning, sir, and thank you kindly," she replied quite humbly, and with all the bold look and tone absent from her face and voice; "and I wish you a pleasant journey."

She stood looking after him until he turned the corner, and then she took a washing-book from the drawer of the dresser, and made a memorandum. The Rev. Mr. Neville, age about 28, tall, fair complexion, brown hair, blue eyes, very grave-looking, curate to Rev. Mr. Moodie, Leigh, Devonshire. She may like to know that parties are inquiring about her," she said to herself.

Humphrey Bugge, had visited Talminster with no very definite purpose. He did not feel easy in his mind about the drowned child, the conduct of Mrs. Andrews at the inquest had been suspicious, and he had taken notice, that the curate had seen that lady home after the funeral. Altogether, it seemed worth while to proceed to Talminster, and make a few inquiries; so he had taken a single ticket with the intention of walking home in the evening. On his arrival at the town, he went to the cottage occupied by the Talminster policeman, and was made welcome. But he could not learn anything to the disadvantage of Mr. and Mrs. Andrews. Andrews, was a pensioner, had served twenty-one years in the 33rd Foot, and was a quiet, well-behaved man in the eye of the Talminster official. Mrs. Andrews, too, was quite the lady; black silk dress on Sunday's. Always sent a little girl for the beer, smoked certainly; but had learned that in India.

"Did he know anything of the child?"

"No; Mrs. Andrews called it Harry."

"Did the mother never come to see it?"

"Never. Mrs. Andrews took the child away twice a year; but he did not know where, and she generally stopped away &

ouple of days or so. He thought it was some relation's child, for Mr. Andrews called the child 'Nevvey,' sometime."

Mr. Bugge pricked up his ears.

"If you was on your oath in the witness-box, would you swear I did not say Neville?"

"No. What have you got on your mind? act on the square, and we will work it together," said the Talminster policeman.

"Do you know our new curate at Leigh?"

"No."

"Well, he is a Mr. Neville, and this young gent sees Mrs. Andrews home after the funeral, and this same gent came down to inquire after her precious health to-day! what do you make of that?"

"Looks bad," said the Talminster official.

"Bad? I believe you—it could only be badness made him see the old woman home; then, why did he jump into the water to save the child? There's depth for you,—it's all of a piece, I tell you; and that young man is a disgrace to his cloth, as you and I will find out before long, I hope, and believe."

It was later in the day when the two Misses Jenkinson knocked at the door of Mrs. Andrews' cottage.

"What shall we say we have come for?" whispered Miss Flora.

"Ask her if she will do washing at one shilling a dozen all round," said Miss Jemima.

"Suppose she says Yes? No; I'll tell you what is best: ask her if she has got any Cochin China eggs for sale?"

Miss Jemima nodded her head and entered the cottage in obedience to a muffled invitation to walk in. Mrs. Andrews was not at home, but thanks to his accident, Mr Andrews was, and just as affable as usual.

"Walk in ladies, pray," he said; "my missus will be back directly."

"I hope you are better?" said Miss Jemima.

"Going on capitally, ma'am."

"It was a solemn moment, my good man, when you met with that accident."

"Very, ma'am; I was reading the extracts from *Punch* in the *Western Times* when it happened."

"I trust, my good man, you have other things to read now. I have a little work here, that will be useful to you in your hours of pain."

"Thankee, ma'am. It don't happen to be the *Sinner Saved*, does it?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I have thirteen *Sinners Saved* given me by the



Talminster ladies, sixteen of the *Railroad to Hell*, and eight *Dairyman's Daughters*, all in the same line; and I thought ma'am I should hardly want any more."

"This is a very excellent little tract, called *The Hop and the Vine*. It is a temperance tract: I thought the 'hop,' would suit you."

"Thankee, ma'am, I shall be in the hop line, sure enough. Would you like to see my leg, ladies?" he asked suddenly, as it struck him he ought to make some return for their kindness.

"I can't show you the broken one; but I've got a terrible bad place on the other leg, that has been at me for years."

"Oh, pray don't disturb yourself, my good man."

"It's not a bit of trouble, ladies. Perhaps you'd be good enough to take the pin out of the bandage? There, ladies," said the veteran proudly, as he extended his leg as if he wanted to make them a present of it."

"Very nice, indeed," said Miss Flora, quite ignorant of what she was saying. Miss Jemima looked a good deal, but she could not trust herself to speak.

"And now, ladies," said the old soldier, as he settled himself again comfortably, "can I do anything else for you? My missus is a long time, to be sure."

"Thank you, Mr. Andrews, we only called because some one said that Mrs. Andrews of Talminster—the Mrs. Andrews, that is, whose dear child was drowned at Leigh—might have some Cochin China eggs for sale. What a sad business that was, Mr. Andrews!"

"I believe you, ma'am," he answered. "I was really sorry for that child, just as though he had been my own."

"His bucket has been picked up, with his poor mother's name in it," said Miss Jemima.

"And what might it be, ma'am?" said Mr. Andrews.

"Henry Neville, was written inside that bucket," replied Miss Jemima, severely.

"That is like enough, ma'am."

"Then it was the name?"

"Oh, yes, ladies, the name is right enough, only it wasn't the child's own bucket; he borrowed it from another little chap—another Henry Neville."

Miss Jemima looked at Miss Flora, and the latter lady rubbed the point of her nose thoughtfully.

"Here is my missus at last, ladies," cried Mr. Andrews, joyfully.

"Mary, my dear, here's two ladies want to know if you have got any Cochin China eggs for sale?"

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Andrews. "I have four, and you have them at sixpence-a-piece."

"Oh, thank you," said Miss Jemima, hastily. "We never get of giving more than three-pence."

"Then you shall have them at your own price," said Mrs. Andrews, who was a woman of action. "That will be a shilling," she handed four eggs in an old paper bag to Miss Flora, and put her hand for the money.

"You are sure they are Cochin eggs," asked Miss Jemima, as she was crying as she drew out her purse.

"Sure?" retorted Mrs. Andrews defiantly. "I should think we are sure, Andrews and me—why, Andrews was all through the war; wasn't you, Andrews?"

"As sure as eggs is eggs," said the veteran.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

THE evening train which conveyed the Misses Jenkinson from Winchester to Leigh, started without numbering either Mr. Neville or Bugge, the policeman, among the passengers. The fact was, Mr. Neville caught sight of the Misses Jenkinson on their way to the station, and determined to walk back to Leigh. Mr. Bugge always intended to do so, as the road led through a part of the parish which he was bound occasionally to visit. It was very satisfactory, therefore, to Bugge to note that the curate turned off the path to the station, and started on the high-road for Leigh. Bugge was not exactly a sociable man; but he was fond of any, particularly when he could lurk behind his companions unseen himself, and watch their deviations from the right way. There were at least, three beershops between Talminster and Leigh, and it was possible that Mr. Neville might enter them all; very probable that he might refresh himself at two; and, all but certain, as he were a practised hypocrite, that he would have something to drink at one. Then again, Mr. Neville might smoke when he was left himself alone. Not that it was any harm to smoke; but there was a certain kind of connection between smoking and conversation, which made him hope that Mr. Neville would smoke the whole way. The people, too, to be met with on the road would give some clue to Mr. Neville's habits—Mr. Neville might get into conversation with them. It would be interesting to observe whether he inclined particularly to the society of the ladies. Altogether, Mr. Bugge foresaw every prospect of a pleasant walk to Leigh. But it was not so agreeable as he had intended it to be. In the first place, it was a very hot July evening; and secondly, Mr.

Neville walked too fast. In fact, it was Mr. Bugge who wished to stop at the first beershop, judging by the wistful look he gave at the sign-post as he hurried by to keep the clergyman in sight. Not content, too, with this rapid progression, Mr. Neville availed himself of short cuts; and Mr. Bugge, although a powerful man, was not adapted for leaping.

"What a begger he is to jump!" he sighed, as he missed his own footing, in an attempt to get over a muddy ditch, which the curate had taken flying. "I'm all of a mess,—that chap's a nice spiritual guide! I wonder who taught him to go floundering through these dirty paths. I'm blessed if I must not stop a minute or two to scrape my boots; but I'll catch you up, my lad, and catch you out, too, before I've done with you." And Mr. Bugge rested while, with the help of an oyster-shell which had strayed into the neighbourhood, he removed half a pound of sticky clay from the soles of his highlows.

While Mr. Neville was marching some four miles an hour towards Leigh, Miss de Calverly had been employed in strolling at the rate of half-a-mile an hour away from it on the Talminster road. She had taken a little sister with her, and the pair had amused themselves by picking wild-flowers and ferns. They were now three miles from Leigh, and Florence had wanted to start homewards for some time past; but Nelly would not come. There was a dear little snail to watch, that kept her stationary for a quarter of an hour, and then a butterfly came staggering along the road, to her infinite amusement.

"Now, Nelly dear, you must really come," said Florence; "it is getting quiet dark."

"Could you tell a poor chap the time, Miss?" a whining voice inquired over her shoulder.

Florence started, and turned round. The man who had addressed her was a miserable tramp, villany was written on every feature, and pervaded every movement of his body. But it was a sneaking, slimy kind of villany. There was a greasy, deprecatory smile stamped on his face, just as though he were about to ask to be let off this once—"only this once, your honour!" and there was a crawling suppleness about his figure which could only have been gained by long practice in hiding when policemen were in sight. He had a companion with him of a different stamp. A savage-faced, muscular man, who looked as if he had never had any cause to love the world, and, in addition, like one who would have preferred to hate the world, however it might have treated him. He did not look at his worst when Florence saw him, for he was amused with the grimaces of his partner.

"Perhaps the lady can't tell the time," continued Shifty Jim,

he was playfully called by his own chosen companions. "May I take the liberty to look for myself?" he continued, grinning as he held out his hand. "The lady would like us to drink her health, wouldn't she?" he continued. "Did you say 'Here's a shilling, my good man,' or was it a shilling a piece?"

Florence had grown as white as a sheet, and clutched hold of little Nelly, who began to cry.

"Here are two shillings," she said, as she opened her portemonnaie. Unluckily there was gold in it, and it caught the ruffian's eye.

"Here hand it over, and be done with it," he said roughly. "It's much ours as yours. Where did you get it? give it up, you doll, I get more where you like. You know how, with that face of yours, with all your mock modesty, d——n you." He caught hold of Florence roughly and chucked her chin with his dirty fist, and sneered in her face. Florence was desperate, she raised her free hand and struck the ruffian full on the mouth. A ring upon her finger cut his lip, and it bled. The man wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and saw the blood; it seemed to madden him.

"B——t you!" he cried; "I just wanted this. I've been asked and hunted from post to pillar by all your cursed lot of gentlemen and ladies, eh? well, I never had my revenge yet; but now——" and here he swore a terrific oath, "I'll have it now! Take the cursed child away!" he shouted to his weaker partner in crime.

Little Nelly clung to her sister with all the energy of childish terror. The bold ruffian seized the little creature with one hand, and tore her away. He was mad with drink, and lust, and murder; but his more habitual demon, the devil of destruction, gained the day. His mad impulse made him hurl the little creature to the earth; and she fell stunned, and apparently lifeless. Perhaps the outrage was the saving of Florence. She had been paralysed with terror when she dimly recognised the devil that beamed in the ruffian's eyes when he seized her; but her senses returned, when she saw her little sister lying apparently dead at her feet. She tore herself from the grasp which the brute still kept with his other arm round her waist; and with a piercing shriek she threw herself across her sister's body.

"Let it be," whined Shifty Jim—"let it be, Bob; she will lose the country!"

He might as well have spoken to the stones. The madman he addressed did not even hear him. He placed both his arms round Florence and lifted her from the ground. The girl looked in his face, gave one sob with her white lips, muttered: "Lord Jesus, save me!" and fainted.

"Bob, look out!" cried Shifty Jim, as the ruffian was staggering

with his lurchen from the roadway towards an adjoining field. "Here is a cove running this way! drop it, man!" he shouted. "D——d if I stop to be hung," he continued, as the new-comer approached at a furious run, and, in another moment, Shifty Jim disappeared through the hedge, which actually seemed to open to swallow him. In another moment, Florence lay senseless in the road as the savage turned upon his pursuer. No need of words to pass between them—in a moment they were at each other's throats. Neville, was the weaker man of the two; but although his antagonist threw him, and knelt upon him, he could not make him let go his hold. Suddenly the ruffian drew a clasp knife from his pocket, and opened the blade with his teeth, up went the arm, and down came the knife on Neville's chest; he gave a groan and his hold at last relaxed. The arm was raised once more; but before the blow could fall, the murderer fell senseless at the feet of his intended victim. Mr. Humphrey Bugge was just in time—not only in time, but just at the very time he would have chosen; just when some crime had been all but completed, and when he could take the criminal all unawares and unsuspecting of his presence from behind. Mr. Bugge was strong, and so was his truncheon, and between them the vagabond Bob had come to utter grief. He lay stunned and senseless, and the policeman feared the man would die before he had brought him before the magistrates. No wonder his first attentions were paid to the criminal. He handcuffed him, to be sure, like a prudent man; but then he undid his neckcloth and made him as comfortable as he could.

"This is as complete a business as ever I see," said Mr. Bugge, complacently. "Are you hurt, Miss?" he continued, addressing Florence, who was nursing her little sister in her arms, and seemed almost unconscious of all that happened. She looked wildly at Mr. Bugge and cried, "Spare us! oh, for the Lord's sake, have mercy!" And then she turned again to Nelly, and took no more notice of the policeman. "Hush, dearest!" she muttered, as Nelly began to cry; "don't fret, love! I will say, 'Our Father,' " and the poor girl wept and prayed, and yet tried to smile to soothe the little one.

Mr. Bugge scratched his head.

"She's *non compos*," he said. "I'll try the curate,—I don't think he was in this business; but it might have been a plant for all that. "What can you tell me about this job?" he asked as he approached the clergyman. Neville could tell him nothing, he had fainted from loss of blood. "No good asking that chap," said the policeman, looking at Bob. "I suppose, however, I may as well.—Look here, my good man, I warn you that anything you

ly will be given in evidence against you. Now, then, what were you after with that young party?"

Whisper, was the reply.

Humphrey Bugge leaned over his prisoner to receive his confession, and very nearly got much more than he intended. The officer made a furious blow with his handcuffs at his captor. Humphrey Bugge, as it was, received a most unpleasant abrasion of the skin of his nose. He was but mortal, and his temper became a little roused.

"I think he could bear a little tap more," he said to himself, and Bob did receive a gentle whack from the truncheon, which effectually prevented him from replying to any further questions just at present.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE VICTIMS.

MR. BUGGE was not left to his own devices very long. The very first person to arrive was the Doctor in his dog-cart, who had been visiting a patient in the neighbourhood.

"Is he killed?" said Mr. Bugge, as Dr. Jerningham completed his examination of Mr. Neville.

"No," he replied, "fainted from pain and loss of blood, perhaps; he's been stabbed, but the knife has glanced off the rib, and it won't much signify."

"Then it ain't a case of murder?" asked the policeman.

"No."

Mr. Bugge looked at Bob with infinite disgust.

"How about the young lady—is she hurt, sir?" he inquired, as Dr. Jerningham returned after a brief examination of Florence and her sister.

"The lady does not seem much hurt," said Dr. Jerningham, "only hysterical; but the little girl has got a broken arm."

"That's good!" replied Bugge.

"Why?" asked the medical man.

"It's an aggravated assault, any way, on two parties out of three, don't you see?"

"But surely you are not glad of that; better there had been no assault at all, I should say."

"If that broken arm wanted an amputation, it would be a most interesting case—wouldn't it?" said the policeman.

"Yes; but what has that got to do with it?"

"Why, just this, Doctor Jerningham—this is my case, and I like it to be interesting too. We're both professionals, and we are both paid by the job."

"A very coarse fellow!" said Dr. Jerningham to himself.

"How about the man?" continued Mr. Bugge.

"Skull's broken," said Dr. Jerningham.

"But he won't die, will he, Doctor?"

"That is doubtful; he will want great care."

"Don't you spare trouble or expense, please, Doctor; he's is a valuable life just now. There has not been a case like this not for fifty years in these parts."

"It certainly is most interesting," replied Dr. Jerningham, comminuted and depression! "It will be a long business if he does recover."

"Fourteen years, I should say!" replied the policeman.

"Not so long as that, my good fellow; six months, I should say."

"Six months for an aggravated assault! one party stabbed and a broken arm!"

"Bother your assaults!" said the surgeon testily. "I'm speaking of the prognosis."

"Oh," replied Mr. Bugge superciliously.

"Quite a little crowd had collected by the time the medical examination had concluded. A big boy of twelve halted the fourteen cows he was driving home for the night. The baker had stopped in his spring cart, and the butcher in a covered van. Dr. Jerningham got some hay from a rick and a made a comfortable bed for the insensible Bob, and prevailed upon the butcher to drive the policeman and his captive to Talminster, which was provided with a union and infirmary. He himself took charge of Miss Florence and Nelly in his own dog-cart, and the baker accommodated Mr. Neville with a seat among his flour sacks. In a few minutes the scene was deserted, except by the boy with the cows, who stood staring at the blood spots on the roadside until it was too dark to see anything. He came back very early the next morning and removed the stones which bore the deepest stains, and presented them with great triumph to the farmer's wife, who placed them on the mantelpiece in her Sunday parlour, where they still continue among the most prized ornaments. The less-fortunate neighbours were obliged to content themselves with far less valuable relics. The hole in the fence, through which Shifty Jim had crawled, became wide enough for an ox, with the constant passage of excited spectators, and a yard and half of a neighbouring fence was carried away as a trophy, on the strength of a red smear which turned out to be paint, after all. But if the rustics living between Leigh and Talminster were excited, what words can paint the state of mind of the people of Leigh? The only comfort was, that the ruffian, Bob, was an utter stranger to the neighbourhood, and the

haracter of the Leigh population was not in jeopardy; but even so, it was a bad business and likely to do the place harm.

Mr. Pallby was of opinion that Bob was a Chalkton man, and had been solely moved by a diabolical wish to injure Leigh. Mr. Gripes put it down to drink.

"It was murder, or near it," he said; "and we all know murder comes from drink."

"Was Cain drunk when he killed Abel?" sneered the landlord of the "Chester Arms."

"I'm blessed if you don't think it was drink drove Adam out of Paradise! which we all knows it was the apple," said Mrs. Moucher, who was having something in a mug, and naturally took the part of the publican.

"What is the juice of the apple, Mrs. Moucher?" said Mr. Gripes.

"Why, cyder," she replied; "every fool knows that."

"So did Adam," said Mr. Gripes triumphantly; "and when the 'Alliance' gets a translation of its own, you will know a little more about the fall of man, Mrs. Moucher."

The Rev. Moodle looked upon the matter differently.

"If people," he said, "will neglect the instructions of the Church, what can they expect? It was the eve of the festival of St. Swithin, when all right-minded people should have been at church. This ruffian, probably, was in one sense the least blameable of the parties implicated. He may not have heard of St. Swithin; but for others there can be no excuse. As soon as Mr. Neville has recovered, I must inquire his reasons for absenting himself on that day."

The Misses Jenkinson were dreadfully put out when they heard his sad story.

"It is most annoying!" said Miss Flora to her sister. "I suppose he missed the train. To think of his meeting her that very evening! We never seem to have luck wherever we go. Nobody ever rescued me; do you think those eggs will ever come to anything, Jemima? I don't believe they are Cochin China eggs at all. The girl broke one and it was awful."

"Oh, my! and we gave a shilling for them. Can't we send them over to Miss Penruddocke with our love?"

"Well, we might do that certainly."

Miss Penruddocke, who never suspected anybody, really considered it a most polite attention. Mrs. de Calverly was a good other, and there was nothing infectious in a broken arm; so she nursed her little daughter carefully and well; and Florence, who was no great favourite at home just now, was allowed to recover from her fright without unnecessary fuss, which was all the better



for her. But when she was about the house again, her father felt it his duty to remonstrate with her.

"I trust, Florence, my dear," he said, "you will at last take warning and try and restrain your extremely erroneous notions of independence. The insult you have met with, and your sister's injuries, are clearly to be traced to your persistent defiance of the rules of propriety. You wander for miles through a wild wilderness unprotected by either a male or female domestic, and expose me and your mother to the impertinent and offensive congratulations of a very inferior class of people. Perhaps, you will hardly believe, Florence, that a man of the name of 'Blades,' a butcher by trade, actually said to me this morning, 'Shake hands, General! I'm as glad as if it had been my own girl that the parson helped! It has come to this, that a butcher can call you a girl, and make me take his very greasy hand, by Jove, as an equal!'"

"Papa dear," said Florence, "I never dreamt of harm, and Nelly begged of me so to go a little way for wild-flowers."

"You should have sent the nurse, Florence; nothing of this sort could have happened then."

"Papa dear, she might have met—" and Florence turned pale at the thought of what it was she herself had met.

"These people, my dear," said the General, "never do meet with those sort of things, or if they do they say nothing about it, which amounts to exactly the same thing. Don't you see that you have exposed me and your mother, and yourself too, to the annoyance of being talked about? Then there is the curate, Mr. Neville—what am I to do with him? Of course, the man, who, in my opinion, clearly overstepped his duty, and made matters worse by not waiting for the policeman—of course he will expect to be the friend of the family. That knife in his side will be an excuse for anything. I daresay he will drop in for a chat about that knife just about dinner-time, and take away the little appetite I have left. I should not wonder if he wanted to borrow a little money on the strength of it. Perhaps he would like to marry you."

The General had worked himself up into a white heat by this time, and his manners were remarkably spiteful, although he never raised his voice above his usual conversational tones. Florence was crimson from the roots of her hair to the frill of lace round her neck; but she never answered. The last words of her father stopped her utterly and completely. She had been prepared to speak out boldly and defiantly, when he pretended to suspect the curate of meanness; but a sudden revulsion of feeling made her dumb, when the General said, "Perhaps he would like to marry you." She was red before he said it, and she could get no rosier; but her heart never beat so thickly as it

did now; the words seemed to have a curious ring in them, and not to convey a clear meaning. She had been very angry before, she knew she ought to be more angry now; but, somehow or another, she felt her anger had passed away from her father, and she was angry with herself. A bewildered look passed over her face, and she grew pale for a moment; and then, as if to make amends, some spirit of evil, or of good, whispered something to her heart, and, rosier and more confused than ever, she stood with downcast eyes before her astonished father. The General was not a bad-hearted man; he had, in fact, no particular heart at all, except in the sense that he had a very regular organ, capable of propelling the blood through his arteries with satisfactory force; but he had rather a dislike to give pain, and an extreme objection to receive it; and it struck him that Florence was going to have a fit.

"Pray soothe yourself, my love," he said. "I do not mean all I have said; I only wished to draw a highly-coloured picture, to fix the matter more firmly upon your memory. I do not really believe that this Mr. Neville will give us any trouble, either as a visitor or in a pecuniary way; for Dr. Jerningham told me this morning that secondary hæmorrhage had set in from a divided interpostal artery, I think, or some word like it, and that serious consequences might yet arise. In fact, my love, I gathered from the Doctor that Mr. Neville is not long for this world! Good Heavens," cried the perplexed General, as Florence slid from the sofa, where she had now seated herself, on to the floor. "What is the matter now?"

It was no use trying to shake her, for Florence was in a faint. He rung the bell violently, and down it came upon his head. "D——n this place!" he cried; "there's a curse on it. Will nobody come here?" he cried furiously, as the nurse entered the room. "Please attend to this at once, and don't stand staring at me!"

"Nasty things! they are always dropping down," said the nurse.

"How dare you speak in that way of your young mistress?" gasped the General.

"My mistress? I thought it was the bell-rope. Please, sir, get some water—Miss Florence has fainted; but she's coming too nicely, poor dear." And in a short time Florence was in her own room, and Dr. Jerningham in attendance.

"Hum!" said the Doctor, feeling her pulse. Weak action of the heart, pulse small and feeble—skin cold; decidedly a case for stimulants. A little wine, if you please, nurse."

Florence took a glass of wine, and put her head down on the pillow again.

"Let her lie quiet for a minute or two," said Dr. Jerningham.

"Mrs. Cudlim ventured a question or two in a whisper.

"No danger, is there, Doctor?"

"Oh, no, none, I should say."

"How is Mr. Neville, Doctor? is he dying? The General told his lady that the postal arteries had bursted."

"The postal arteries?" inquired Dr. Jerningham. "Oh, perceive, the intercostal! Dear me, that is rich—very rich indeed! The postal arteries! I really don't think I ever heard anything better than that. Excuse me for smiling," continued the polite Doctor; "but Mr. Neville is in no danger at all. There was slight bleeding from the intercostal arteries; but not more than you had given your finger a slight cut. Now, then, suppose we feel Miss Florence's pulse again."

A wonderful change had been effected by that glass of wine. The patient's pulse was full and rather too rapid; her eye was bright, and her lips red. Nurse gave a queer look at her, and Florence turned her head away.

"That shows the effect of a judicious stimulant, Mrs. Cudlim!" said Dr. Jerningham, triumphantly. "The resources of art are manifold, Mrs. Cudlim!"

"Yes, Doctor," said the nurse; "and nature's nature!"

"What nonsense these old nurses do talk!" thought Dr. Jerningham.

"He's as blind as a bat!" thought Mrs. Cudlim.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### CONVALESCENCE.

"Mr love," said Mrs. de Calverly to the General, as they sat at dinner, "did you hear that Mrs. Neville, the curate's mother, has arrived? We ought to call upon her at once."

"Yes, I suppose so. What is she?—a humble sort of body I suppose?"

"I don't know: she posted here from Talminster, with two horses, my maid says, and she had her own servant with her."

"Decidedly, then, we ought to call. I think the servant has been to inquire after Mr. Neville?"

"I really forget. I know he was told to do so; but these country servants never think of attending to their duty, and, I daresay, he has never been. Do you know, Jones, whether Baker called every day to inquire after Mr. Neville?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am! quite regular! He asked me if he ought

bring the answer to you, and I thought you would not like to be bothered."

"Quite right, Jones; so long as the man went, that is all that necessary. I understood he was dead or dying yesterday; but have not heard anything more. I suppose it was not true?"

"I saw him out in the garden this morning, ma'am," said Jones.

"Then, decidedly, we ought to call. Would you like to go, Florence?"

"If you wish it, mamma," she answered.

"Well, I hardly know. I suppose you ought to say something to General?"

"I think so," he replied. "It can all be got over quietly; and even, if we meet out of doors, there need be no fuss. I suppose we shall be constantly thrown together, for there is no getting away from here until after the Assizes at Exeter."

Florence and Mrs. de Calverly called on the following day on Mrs. Neville. She was a quiet, elderly woman, tall and thin, with an extremely winning manner. There was a touch of melancholy about it; but it was relieved by a pleasant smile, that told not of a light heart, but something of a spirit that had grown sadly but sweetly at griefs once thought unbearable.

"I am glad," she said to Florence, "that my son met with his accident in your service. He could not have had a better excuse for his unprofessional exertions, and I almost think he could not have had a fairer one. Kiss me, my dear," continued the old lady; Florence, nothing loth, put her arms round her neck and, unlike tears stood in their eyes as they sealed their friendship. But it was the only sign of "gushing" which gave Mrs. de Calverly uneasiness. Nothing could be more correct than the conversation which passed between Mrs. de Calverly and Mrs. Neville. Some chance allusion to travel elicited the fact that Mrs. de Calverly had been in the East Indies, and that her husband had been the staff of a Governor-General.

"Will you not stay a minute longer," said Mrs. Neville, as Mrs. de Calverly prepared to take her leave. "I am sure my son will be directly?" and almost as she spoke he entered the

room, looking pale, but in capital spirits, and his manner, usually so gloomy, was bright and lively.

"I am so glad to see you, Mrs. de Calverly," he said, "and I am glad, too. I shall quite consider her as a comrade now, and I shall look for her when I next go to battle."

He tried to smile: she would much have preferred to see him do nothing, because she knew

then. Mrs. de Calverly prevented any pause in the conversation.

"You will be quite a hero when you make your appearance in public, Mr. Neville. I am sure the ladies should have a meeting, and present you with a testimonial."

"I have had more than one, I can assure you, already. Fourteen pairs of beautiful slippers, three smoking caps, and an illuminated pair of braces! But I think some of the slippers must be meant for Mr. Bugge, they are so large, and he certainly is the man who ought to have them. I know that knock! that is our vicar, Mr. Moodle; and, please, don't go away just yet, for he is going to pitch into me; and, perhaps, politeness will restrain him when so many ladies are here.

"What have you done, my dear?" inquired his mother.

"I forgot St. Swithin's, mother; but it was the Saint's own fault, for he forgot to rain."

Mr. Moodle did not come to scold. He was a kind-hearted man, and seldom found fault unless his digestion was out of order. When that was pretty good he only moaned in secret over the backslidings of his curates and the rest of his flock. His presence diverted the conversation from the topic of the highway assault and robbery. This was a relief to every one, excepting Florence. She was dying to say some word of thanks, and yet quite unable to find an opportunity; but it came at last.

Mrs. Neville thought her visitors had talked too much, and had tired her son; so, as they rose, she said—

"Sit still, Walter; our guests will excuse you, and I will do the master of the house on this occasion, and you shall be the old woman!"

So Walter did as he was bid, and shook hands with Mrs. de Calverly and Florence, and the Vicar.

At the street-door Mrs. de Calverly missed her sunshade.

"Run back," she whispered to Florence; "it's on the back of the sofa."

In another moment Florence was in the drawing-room.

"Mamma's parasol!" she said in explanation to Mr. Neville and, having got it, she stood silent.

"Mr. Neville," she said at last, while she dropped her eyes, "I have not thanked you; but it is because I cannot find words."

"Please, say nothing," answered the curate. "I ought to thank you."

"Me?"

"Yes; do you remember telling me that we ought to forget as well as forgive?"

"Oh, Mr. Neville, have you not forgotten that?"

'No; not one word of it; but I have altogether forgotten you Frank's sister!' and Walter Neville raised her hand and lightly touched the tips of her fingers with his lips.

There was nothing of gallantry in the manner of the curate. He once looked at him, half doubtful whether she ought not to withdraw her hand instantly, and yet afraid of seeming prudish; the curate was hardly looking at her, he seemed to look beyond and to see something not visible to other eyes, and not pleasant to his own.

'I fear you are still ill?' she said, timidly.

'No; but you have set me thinking.'

'There is some one coming!'

'We are always friends,' he said, hurriedly. 'Is it not so?'

'Always,' she said, firmly, and then she hurried off with the sol.

'What a time you have been!' said Mrs. de Calverly.

Florence seldom contradicted anybody, and she was not going to begin now.

'Neville?' said the General, when the ladies talked over their tea. 'Neville? why, of course, I remember the man—he was at Waterloo! A first-rate officer—quite one of the old school—before they went to the devil. He played a beautiful rubber of whist, there was not a man in the army dressed in better taste. If they are the same Nevilles, my dear, you can be as civil as ever you like, for Jack Neville was a man of good family, and had a nice property, too. But who on earth could have thought of that boy's son turning out a parson! Enough to break his poor father's heart, if he had lived. For all we know, he may be looking at you on him with sorrow.'

'He may have to look up,' said Mrs. de Calverly.

'Eh?' said the General.

'I mean, if Mr. Neville rises to be an archbishop, or a bishop or a cardinal.'

'Oh!' said the General, 'I beg your pardon, my love; I thought you were alluding to my old friend Neville's present position—and it gave me a momentary shock.'

'You ought to know me better, General. I never speak of domestic matters out of church.'

'I apologise, my love. But about the young fellow, Neville. He is the only son, and there should be any property in the family, don't you think——?'

'Florence is very pretty, General, and she might?— —'

'True; but, you know, I shall hardly be in a position to make provision for the girl. Frank, you see, is deucedly expensive, I don't see that Florence could do better than—eh?'

"The best thing, my love, is to let things take their course. There is no need for us to see anything, I suppose?"

"Decidedly not, my dear; I should not dream of such a thing; but if any little attachment should occur while we are obliged to stop in this wretched place, why, you know, we are not bound to anything; and Florence can look about her for a year or so, without any entanglement."

"I quite agree with you, General; and we can safely dismiss the idea at once from our minds."

"Decidedly, my love. Indeed, any conversation on such a subject must be painful to parents; and, unless we are positively obliged to recur to it, we may consider the matter as not deserving further consideration."

"What an interest, my dear," said Mrs. Neville to her son, "those Misses Jenkinson take in you. You have certainly managed to make yourself popular with your parishioners. I perceive that they call you Walter! Indeed, one of them called you dear Walter?"

"Oh!" groaned the curate.

"Ah, Walter! are you groaning in the flesh, or in the spirit, you naughty boy? Do you know that they kiss me? Miss Jenkinson did it before I was aware I was to be embraced; but I was too quick for Miss Flora, and she only got the tip of my nose. They are so anxious to see you settled! Such temptations, they say, for an unmarried man! Do you feel tempted, Walter?"

"Very much, mother, to put on my hat and walk out, when the Misses Jenkinson come in."

"Oh, you ungrateful boy; after that beautiful smoking-cap, too!"

"Do be quiet, mother. You are quite as bad as the Misses Jenkinson."

"Well, I won't tease my poor little child any more; only, you know, Walter, I think they are right so far, that a married man is safer than a single one."

"I shall never marry, mother."

"Never, Walter; that is a long day;—why should you not! Do you place so high a value on that long form of yours? or are your whiskers too precious in your eyes?"

"Mother, dear, you laugh at everything so."

"Do I, Walter? Perhaps it is because I am old, and have not laughed enough in my time. But you are young; take warning by me, my dear,—laugh now, and enjoy your life while you can. Did you never see the woman you could love?"

"I will not say that, mother; but the woman that would love me is more to the purpose."

"And why should a woman not love you, silly boy?" I begin to think you are too modest, now. Other men are loved well enough; and my son is not worse than others, I think," said Mrs. Neville, as she took Walter's hand, fondly.

"But, mother, suppose the woman I loved did not love me?"

"Well then, she would refuse you;—that need not break a man's heart.

' If she will not smile on me,  
What care I how fair she be?'

that is what a rejected lover should sing."

"I could sing that very well, mother; but suppose that I find it out too late? Suppose she could not keep her secret, and I discovered it? Suppose that every kiss had been a lie, and that I find it out at last?" The curate's face was black with emotion, and the words dropped from him, as though he were speaking to himself.

"Walter?" cried his mother, frightened, "what are you saying? Why talk of such horrible conduct? what are you dreaming of?"

Neville grew suddenly cool, and his manner lost all trace of passion.

"I was thinking of, mother dear, what I must not repeat,—a woman's confession."

"Walter! You do not mean to tell me that you hear confessions?"

"Mr. Moodle, my dear mother, advocates habitual confession; but, between you and me, once in a way is quite enough."

"It is an unwholesome practice," said Mrs. Neville; "it taints the minds, deepens the impression of the favourite sin in the memory of the penitent, awakens the sleeping counterpart in the mind of the confessor. You are an example! I talk to you of marriage, and your mind goes wandering upon broken vows. Listen to the confession of a woman, my dear Walter; but let it be a pure English girl, who will tell you, once for all, that she returns your love, and don't be afraid. She will have nothing to confess afterwards, unless you give her cause."



## P A N S I E S !



"THERE'S Pansies,—that's for thoughts," ah, what can rise  
To fairer beauty, than a loving thought  
In pride's rich purple drest! that's fairy-wrought  
To keep the cold out of the world's surmise;  
Sweet thoughts and fond remembrance stay the sighs  
Our dead bear from us, and each voice thus sought  
Will answer from its grave, "that Death is nought;"  
While Life and Love are wedded majesties.  
So, if I falter from my place of old,  
And tread a shorter journey, as did She  
Who cast the flowers to utter words of gold  
Upon a tomb's long silence, set me free  
From shroud and bond, and queenly I shall live,  
As thoughts of love, life's benediction give.

E E.

## SHORT PAPERS ON MANY SUBJECTS.

## VI.

BY DR. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

## I.

COMPETITION.—One of the worst features of modern English society is the competition which pervades every branch of commerce, every grade of professional life. Now, by competition I do not mean the legitimate exercise of energy, the straining of every nerve to reach the goal, as might be the case were a number of men to enter a fair and open race along the high-road, where success would depend on wind and muscle, on careful and sufficient preparatory training, or eager interest in the race itself. I have rather in mind something resembling what takes place in a game at football, where the winners are not necessarily the fastest of foot, the strongest of limb, the most generous and courageous; but those who have most thoroughly mastered all the artifices of the game, who have the keenest eyes, who are eagerly looking out for any chance that may, well used, place victory within their grasp. Such is the competition as we see it around us. Who will dare to say that success awaits all those who deserve it, or that it will not come to those who are unworthy?

It is the same in professions as in trade, and it will long continue to be as it is now. There is no calling in which the endeavour to curry favour with the influential and powerful does not consume a amount of time, which ought, were life what it should be, to be given to useful, honest work, and which might then increase largely the sum of human happiness. There is no man living, high or low, who does not devote much thought to conciliating those inferior and less deserving than himself, so that their applause may gratify his ear, and their approbation fix him more firmly in his seat. But, worse than all, who will pretend to estimate the value of that time and labour given to keeping others down, to retarding those who are a little ahead, and whose place it seems necessary to occupy?

Who, in an age like this, can rely alone on merit and honest effort? Who, that hopes to leave his mark on the people around him, will venture to base his claims on their confidence and respect and on his generous and devoted labours for the good of man.

kind? They tell us that these are better than the times that are gone before, that there is less corruption now, that there is more generosity, more true religion. Living in this age we are bound to hope so, to say so; but when we see what is daily done and endured around us, when we see the greed for riches, the waste of time and thought, the ungenerous, cruel, heartless competition separating classes and fellow-workers, and are asked to believe that things were once far worse, what must we think of the irreligion, venality, and lawlessness of the evil days of our ancestors? "Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun."

## II.

THE PASSION FOR RESPECTABILITY.—The love of respectability—or, more properly, the passion for what the world chooses to call respectability—is, in many cases, the ruin of a young man. His parents, if somewhat better off than the majority of people, are almost sure to despise trade, and cannot permit him to enter on any walk in life, which, though perhaps affording every prospect of earning a good livelihood, is not gentlemanly. Those who ought to know better send him into a profession, and are delighted with what they have done to advance his interests, as they call it. Is there anything more hopeless than to enter a profession, unless a man has influence, or money, or abilities far above the average? What spectacle is more distressing than a penniless curate of small talents, who plods on wearily fifteen or twenty years, never earning more than a hundred and fifty a-year? What career is more laborious, less honourable, more hopeless than that of a surgeon's assistant, who, at the end of twenty years of hard work, finds himself with a hundred a-year, and no hope of anything better? The passion for respectability has consigned thousands of men, during the last ten years, to hopeless servitude—life-long beggary.

Parents are sometimes quite delighted at getting one of a regiment of sons into a bank, or into a highly respectable public office, where he begins with fifty pounds a year. At the age of forty, after nearly five-and-twenty years' close attention to his work, he may, if steady, earn a couple of hundred a year, beyond this he cannot get. Acquainted only with the dull routine of the little office in which he has passed his life—sometimes very imperfectly with that—he cannot throw himself on the world again, and begin anew. If very energetic and trustworthy, he may, per chance, after many years of assiduous service, be selected for a more responsible post somewhat better paid. Influence, however, is

generally all-important when a large salary is attached to a post. Merit alone must wait long, and is generally altogether overlooked. In some great public offices not one man in fifty has any reasonable prospect of decided advancement in the world. The higher and better-paid posts are few, the candidates many, the vacancies very rare.

### III.

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.—Probably the most important moment in a man's life is the one when he or his parents decide on the work he is to follow. The choice may be attended with numerous difficulties; but it has to be made, and generally once made it is for life. There are few people who have a second opportunity of selecting an occupation for themselves or for their children. Yet the choice of a profession is, generally speaking, something like drawing a ticket in a lottery; the prizes are few, the chances of failure many.

Not less important than the inclination of the son for one calling to the exclusion of all others ought to be the prospect the selected occupation holds out of a competence. What chance, moreover, does it give for the display of superior abilities? It is perfectly true that every occupation is honourable, that there is no calling which does not afford men of really commanding ability countless opportunities of working themselves up into a distinguished position. All this may be conceded. But the tastes, the habits, the temperament of a boy ought to be taken into consideration; nor, in some cases, at any rate, ought his physical strength to be disregarded. In addition to these matters, the pecuniary rewards of different callings ought to be attentively considered. The emoluments of some occupations are at least ten times as large as those of others. Some professions hold out splendid prizes, for which really talented men may offer themselves, and which one in ten may hope to obtain, though the more numerous the candidates the greater the chance of disappointment. There are callings so notoriously overstocked, so lamentably uncertain that, unless there is a passionate fondness for them, no parent ought to let his son follow them, except as a source of honour, which one man in a hundred may reap.

Who, for example, that truly and unselfishly loved his son, would consent to his becoming a painter, unless he had an ample fortune or possessed abilities of no common order? Who would approve of his boy selecting the profession of a sculptor? Anyone will perceive the folly of allowing sons to choose callings such as these, because the failures are well known to be many, and the

chances are confessedly small that any particular boy, after years of close application, will be able to turn out work having any saleable value in the market. Nothing is, undoubtedly, easier than to cover canvas with a few layers of paint, having some general resemblance to a bright green landscape, or to a sky vividly blue. There are few things, however, requiring more heaven-imparted genius than to paint nature as she really is. The painter has only to produce the originals before him, to approach as near to it as he can; yet what a tax this is on his ability! What seems easier than to copy accurately; what in reality is harder than to be perfectly natural? Who, again, would like a son who had to earn his bread to take to literature? Every man fancies that he can say something which the world would like to hear, or that some of his thoughts are of great value; but, as those persons know to their cost, who have had much to do with editors and publishers, this opinion is unfortunately shared by tens of thousands of would-be authors and writers. Very hard is it to write something which anyone, except the writer himself, cares to read; it is still more difficult to write well enough to deserve or obtain remuneration.

#### IV.

THE IMPORTANCE OF NAMES.—How much there is in a name! As long as professional men are universally admitted to be gentlemen, but tradesmen are—well, only tradesmen—who that respects himself and has a proper feeling for the family honour will allow his son and heir to enter a trade? The mere mention of such a thing would be degrading and appalling. It is, perhaps, remarkable that, as every professional man is *ipso facto* a perfect gentleman, there is not a more eager rush to obtain that cheap patent of nobility which being in orders or at the bar confers. What have character, reputation, or ability necessarily to do with the matter? The physician, in the eyes of the world, must be a gentleman, for is he not a member of an honourable profession? As for grocers and drapers, they may be worthy men in their sphere; but then they keep shops, and when was a gentleman ever known to keep a shop?

There is something which, were it not so painful, would be almost ludicrous in the way in which a wealthy builder or merchant will refuse to admit that a schoolmaster is a gentleman, because he is not a professional man. If reminded that many eminent schoolmasters have been raised to a bishopric, and that a bishop is not only *ex officio* a gentleman but a nobleman, which is a great deal more—though princes and noblemen are not always

ntlemen, by the way—the indignant reply is extorted that Bishop nes or Archbishop Smith never was a schoolmaster. He was, it true, head-master of Rugby or Winchester, but he was not a schoolmaster—a remark unhappily too well borne out, though in a ferent sense, by some recent instances—and the truth of which one can question. The head-master of a very great public school may be less fitted to fill the post to which he has been elected through favour than the national schoolmaster in the same town.

So little common sense is shown in judging of what is or is not gentlemanly occupation, that were the old universities to add two or three superior faculties to those already existing, and to confer the degrees of Doctor in Housebuilding and Doctor in Cabinet-making, there would probably soon be a rush into the new professions. The doctor in housebuilding would forthwith look down with supreme contempt on the architect, whose plans he was carrying out, and on the fruit of whose genius he was absolutely dependent.

In Italy the term profession is used with considerably more laxity than in England. Fancy the amazement and disgust of an Englishman, on learning that all the relations of an Italian friend were members of professions, and on making inquiries as to the nature of the professions to which his friend's relations belonged, finding that six were proficient in the profession of an "ebanista"—that is to say, were workers in ebony—in plain English cabinet-makers. The Englishman would not care to press his inquiries about the remainder. In Scotland the word is used with as much laxity as in the south of Europe. North of the Tweed the professions are very numerous. Besides medicine, divinity, and law, there are stone-masonry, carpentry, and many others.

Professors are without exception right in claiming to be professional men. *Cela va sans dire*. And, if this be so, "Signor Guarino, from Genoa, Professor of Ice Creams," who was during the past summer seen daily parading the streets of a large midland town industriously selling his wares at a halfpenny the glass, might make good his right to take a high place among professional men and gentlemen.

## V.

**HISTORY.**—Comparatively early in the development of literature, history attained some excellence and occupied the pen of able and brilliant scholars. Not so fiction; which, unless in the form of poetry, was treated with unmerited obloquy and unjust disgrace. This may in part have been due to the fashion of the times. Thus we find that though Greece in her halcyon days produced Thucydides

and Xenophon, and Rome Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus, neither numbered among her sons a single second-rate writer of genuine prose fiction.

The province of history has been marvellously extended as it has risen from its once humble position, as the record of ill-digested and badly-arranged tissues of semi-mythical exploits, until it has attained its present high rank as one of the most accurate and important of sciences. Long after history had asserted for itself a place in the van of the world of letters, it was held to be the perfection of historical composition to give a mere unadorned and fairly reliable account of the principal events occurring from year to year. Livy, Thucydides, and Sallust strung together as concisely as possible the important and noteworthy events of the year, and divided their histories into yearly portions.

It was long before attempts were made to trace the rise and progress of political institutions. Few words were wasted—as it would have been called—in describing the condition of the humbler classes, few stirring flights of eloquence were interspersed in the midst of a dry recital of unvarnished facts. There were some exceptions. Cæsar's graphic "*Commentaries*" are clearly written, and throw considerable light on the manners, customs, and institutions of the Germans and Gauls. Yet, after all, such a work as Sallust's "*Jugurthine War*," more strictly comes within the definition of a typical history than the historical dissertations of George Grote, James Anthony Froude, and Lord Macaulay. The latter are nevertheless incomparably more interesting, picturesque, and truthful, and better serve the higher objects the historian ought always to keep in view.

A perfect history in the days of Livy would have consisted of a long string of disconnected chapters, each recording the events of a year. Each chapter would have related the occurrences of a year in as concise, unimpassioned, and terse a manner as possible. Instead of relieving the weary succession of extraordinary and important events with brilliant pictures of the life and condition of the people, with telling sketches of the characters of the great men of the day, and with valuable dissertations on the tendencies and peculiarities of the thought, literature, and morals of each generation, it would have contented itself with drawing attention to the facts worthy of being remembered. The reader would have been left to draw his own conclusions though the data on which he would have had to base them would have been meagre and unsatisfactory.

When history had advanced another step, and the invention of printing had made it much less necessary to eliminate every word

that could by any possibility be omitted, historians attempted something more. Then, for a long time, a history was thought perfect if it recorded the life of the king and his ministers, if it gave a sketch of wars and insurrections, and if it wound up with a dull enumeration of the principal laws enacted in each year or reign.

We now care exceedingly little for king and ministers as such, and literally nothing for a dreary catalogue of bloody wars and barren victories abroad, and of turbulent dissensions at home. We much prefer to trace the progress of national development, to behold the causes, objects, and results of wars and rebellions, and the changes which imperatively called for fresh laws, and to watch the way in which these laws operated when public opinion had wrested, from the reluctant hands of tyrannical rulers and unjust counsellors, unwilling concessions.

No man, alive to the claims of humanity, and remembering that the rich and the poor, the great and the lowly, are of one flesh, and are sprung from one ancestor, would any longer wish to be only into the homes and family circles of the great and rich. He would prefer to penetrate into courts and alleys, factories and prisons, and to learn something of the daily life of the tradesman in his shop, of the weaver at his loom, and of the merchant in his office.

Only a century ago Robertson feared to degrade the lofty dignity of history into a narrative tenfold more interesting and picturesque than the life of the people. He delighted to describe gorgeous pageants and panoramas; he saw little besides the king upon his throne, with his robes of office around him, a jewelled crown on his brow, and a golden sceptre in his hand. Macaulay better understood the value and uses of history. He gave us the fireside of the people, the life of the great universities, of the inns of court, and of the useful middle classes. Robertson was in his element when describing brilliant pageants and heart-stirring victories, but Macaulay saw such an event as the central point only in a succession of important causes and great results. Did the world enjoy happiness and experience sorrow only as the king tastes of the one and the other, then Robertson would be the better historian. But, fortunately kings and nobles are few in number, while the people are many, as a brilliant court and a haughty and luxuriousocracy may co-exist with wide-spread poverty and ignorance, with heart-rending want and deplorable vice, with dissensions at home and war abroad; it must be better to be told of the many, of whom we form an integral part, than of the few with whom we have little, perhaps nothing in common.



## VI.

THE MODERN HISTORIAN.—In one most important respect the modern historian enjoys an advantage almost denied to his predecessors. In a history of our country we now demand stern impartiality and uncompromising accuracy. No patriotic motive is considered to warrant misrepresentation and misconstruction, much less is it permitted to justify baseless assertions and false accusations. Come what will, we demand the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The strongest party bias is not allowed to justify intentional inaccuracy when that inaccuracy is palmed off as sober history. Causes, motives, and events must be frankly laid bare; the secret life of nations and statesmen must be impartially exposed. The victorious general may be consigned to infamy for the vices of his private life; the astute statesman may be pointedly censured for secret crimes; the scholar, who has inculcated lessons of morality and high principle, may be condemned to eternal contempt for the viciousness and duplicity of a life displaying few of the fruits of his own moral teachings. National injustice is openly denounced, and disgraceful military reverses are impartially exposed.

Englishmen are naturally proud of the acumen, truthfulness, and impartiality of Sir William Napier's "*History of the Peninsular War*," though even some of *his* criticisms have been severely criticised. They feel no animosity against Macaulay for his intrepid exposures of the good and bad, the successful and unsuccessful. But a Greek or a Roman who, personally unbiassed by political ties and predilections, had set himself to write an impartial history of his own land, or of his own times, would have thought himself a traitor had he frankly laid bare both sides of every question. At the outside he would have glossed over the ill deeds of aspiring and unscrupulous statesmen, and lightly touched on the terrible tale of national defeat and disgrace, which he could not altogether ignore. He would certainly not have thought himself required to do his country's enemies full justice. To have generously praised them would have been to depreciate his own countrymen; to have warmly admired their institutions would have been to condemn those of his own country; and though he might sometimes have alluded to their virtues and successes, he would seldom have actually ventured to praise.

The change that has come over history is delightful. Truth is ever preferable to falsehood. Partiality and misrepresentation, even under the specious guise of patriotism and benevolence, are odious

and indefensible. Unless a nation can rely on the records it possesses in history, how can it hope to profit by the experience of the past? how attempt to avoid error in the future? how know in what way to remedy defects in its government? A spirit of union and generosity are fostered among nations, who perceive that they each possess sufficient candour and probity to award to foes and rivals praise for what is noble, and blame only for what calls for reprobation. Men were once citizens of a little town, and frankly admitted that their sympathies did not extend beyond the not too distant boundaries of their little community. Now the feeling is spreading that men are citizens of the world, and that kindly feeling and sympathy must extend to the whole world. The ties of kinship and nationality are perhaps loosened, but the ties of humanity are extended so as to embrace all races and conditions of men.

## VII.

**MISAPPLIED KNOWLEDGE.**—It is not enough to teach people to read and write. Such knowledge, invaluable in its place, does not always suffice to keep them from wanting the necessaries of life; it may certainly co-exist with unbridled passions, bad habits, confirmed idleness, reckless extravagance. All knowledge has its uses, but book learning alone is not the sum-total of education. Moral training, if one is to be happy and wise, is more important than reading and writing.

Mental training, though it expands and strengthens the intellect, and teaches how to think, may leave the moral faculties uncultivated; nay, it may pervert them. It is not always found that the man whose mind is most full of knowledge is the best, the truest, the most upright.

A friend of mine, a distinguished medical graduate, had occasion some years ago to enter one of the foul and miserable garrets of Edinburgh. The floors had been burnt, the doors destroyed, the panes of glass replaced by pieces of dirty brown paper; even the balustrades had wholly disappeared. The room itself boasted no furniture, and its occupants were clothed in rags. In that den of vice and misery was a woman of good education teaching a half-naked child to read. Parallel cases are said not to be infrequent in the garrets of the worst parts of the principal Scotch cities. In them live persons so enamoured of learning as to teach their children the elements of that education which had not been of any service to themselves. In spite of possessing a liberal share, they become thieves, drunkards, and spendthrifts.

Still more in point than the case just quoted, we have Iceland,

containing the best-educated peasantry in the world. Its literature excites the wonder and delight of the scholars who can understand it. What are its practical fruits? We are told that the Icelanders live in the midst of filth and wretchedness which would be loathsome to any Englishman; nor does it appear that their moral tastes are highly developed. Education, or at least book-learning, has been a passion with them for years. But it does not appear to co-exist with what are fully as important for the temporal and religious prosperity of a people—good moral training, industry, manliness, a high and refined tone of society. We have no wish that our countrymen should be transformed into average Icelanders, were the learning of the latter twice as broad and deep

### VIII.

DEVONSHIRE LANES.—The beauty of Devonshire lanes is proverbial, and no wonder. Branching off from the high roads are narrow lanes, often from four to eight or ten feet below the level of the adjoining fields, winding irregularly for miles, something in the manner of rivulets, through the surrounding country. These lanes are generally hemmed in on both sides by interminable rows of tremendously tall elms, running up almost as straight as masts. The hedges, not always remarkable for their height and fulness—at least they would not be were they growing on the top of ordinary banks—being perched on the summit of the deep defiles forming the lanes, have a peculiar effect; and, as they sometimes stretch right over the narrow lane and interlace, a kind of leafy tunnel is the result. Sometimes, looking down into the entrance of one of these beautiful lanes, one could half fancy that it was the way into a cavern, penetrating far under the low hills which make the scenery of Devonshire so charming and varied.

The high roads of this county are, of course, straighter and broader than the lanes, but they are also very often fringed by rows of superb elms, so that they form avenues of trees as fine as those which in some parts of England are only to be seen in the parks of men of fortune. A Devonshire high road is not perhaps more shady and beautiful than the lanes of Warwickshire and Worcestershire, but it is more likely to astonish the stranger on account of the magnificent trees fringing it.

The vegetation of a Devonshire lane is very beautiful and luxuriant. From the warmth and dampness of the climate and the fertility of the soil, the trees and shrubs are larger and finer than in other parts of England. The difference on comparing a few ferns and foxgloves gathered in a Devonshire lane with those

rowing in a less-favoured locality may not seem great, but when Devonshire bank or hedge is compared as a whole with a Worcestershire or Gloucestershire one the contrast is startling. The intensely vivid green of the foliage of the former is another attraction it possesses, which must be seen to be appreciated.

Charming lanes and roads are common enough in all parts of England, even in the northern districts of Lancashire and Yorkshire; but it is in Devonshire that they are found in the greatest numbers and of the greatest beauty. In Devonshire it is possible to walk for miles along roads and lanes so shady and lovely that they remind one of fairy scenes. In other parts of the kingdom the same thing is very rarely possible. There may be beautiful glades, angled woods, leafy lanes, extensive landscapes, fine rows of trees; but for one mile through such country one has to go three through uninteresting and unattractive fields and lanes: the proportion in Devonshire would, perhaps, on the average be reversed.

Those who wish to see in the greatest perfection fields, lanes, and woods of the rich, verdant, typical English kind, who want fresh air and a thinly-inhabited country, can find them all in almost any part of Devonshire. Those who prefer great towns, lofty mountains, or extensive plains teeming with life and populous villages, must go elsewhere.

FINIS.

## ON GARLOCK.

OUR black yacht floats upon a sea of glass,  
 Like Mah'met's coffin hung 'twixt earth and sky—  
 Say, rather, 'twixt two heavens, which, through that glass,  
 Look at each other with a loving eye.  
 For azure vault and sunny peaks on high  
 Are over us ;—and, see! are under foot ;  
 And woods and golden sands around are nigh,  
 And waterfalls, that tinkle like a lute,  
 And trilling birds, whose notes we hear with rapture mute.

Soon from its placid sleep the ocean wakes ;  
 Its bosom heaves,—so like a human sigh,  
 Then dimpling waves—(it seems a smile that breaks  
 From syren lips)—breathing a lullaby  
 That tempts poor men in their embrace to die.  
 The sea no longer calm's a mirror still,  
 Dim, it is true ; but in it I descry  
 Her perfect features, look where'er I will,  
 Ah, haunting face, and eyes whose glances through me thrill !

I see a fairer face than nature's own,  
 With eyes more liquid than the azure sea—  
 Is she an angel straight from heaven flown ?  
 Her hair more lustrous than the light we see,  
 Her smile more rippling than poor waves can be ;  
 Sure she's a princess from some land unknown !  
 I dare not lift my eyes to such as she ;  
 And all my dreams from mad ambition grown  
 Must fade away, I fear, and I wake sad alone.

Her undulating gait has all the grace  
 Of billows moving at the west wind's call,  
 Like spray flung over is the shadowy lace  
 That half reveals the bosom's rise and fall.  
 O voice, than rills or birds more musical,  
 O presence like the sun's own glorious face!  
 Thou gild'st my chains, I glory in my thrall !  
 Whose form is this that everywhere I trace ?  
 Ah, *si tu sarais*, thou wouldst pity my sad case.

T. S. B.

MASTER MARTIN,  
THE  
OPER OF NUREMBERG AND HIS MEN.  
A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

[From the German of E. T. A. Hoffman,]

BY J. LORAINÉ HEELIS.

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CHAPTER XI.

*In what manner Reinhold left Master Martin's House.*

R MARTIN'S workshop was now as gloomy as it had for-  
seen gay. Reinhold, unable to work, remained shut up in  
m. Martin, with his wounded arm in a sling, incessantly  
at the awkwardness of that rascally workman. Rosa,  
en Dame Martha, avoided the scene of the recent mad act ;  
Frederick's work went on with the dull and hollow sound of  
odcutter's axe in a lonely wood at winter time, for he must  
aboriously enough, finish the big cask by himself.

s gloomy state of things soon began to affect Frederick's  
for he now thought himself fully assured of that which he  
ig foreboded. He had no doubt that Rosa loved Reinhold.  
ly because formerly every kindness and many a gentle word  
ddressed to Reinhold alone ; but now it was a sufficient  
aat, as Reinhold could not go to the workshop, so Rosa no  
thought of doing so, but preferred remaining in the house,  
ss to be able to care for him.

Sundays, when everybody went out, bent on pleasure, when  
Martin, now almost recovered from the effects of his wound,

Frederick to accompany Rosa and himself to the Aller-  
he declined the invitation, and, quite overwhelmed with  
nd unrequited love, he hurried away alone towards the  
and the hill where he had first encountered Reinhold. He  
himself down among the grass, and as he thought how the  
star of hope, which had shone before him on his homeward  
, had now suddenly vanished when he seemed to have  
l the goal, and how the enterprise resembled the vain efforts  
amer who stretches forth his eager arms to grasp a shadowy

vision, tears started to his eyes and fell upon the flowers of the field, which bowed their tiny heads and seemed to bemoan the bitter grief of the young workman.

Frederick himself could not tell how it was that the deep sighs which came from his surcharged breast became words and sounds. He sang as follows :—

FREDERICK'S COMPLAINT.

" Where hast thou fled  
My hope's bright star ?  
All trust is dead,  
Thou art so far.  
Thy light for me has ended,  
For others has ascended.

Rushing evening winds arise,  
Wake death's torments in my breast ;  
Mix your breathings with my sighs,  
Let me never more have rest  
Till my heart, with tears of blood,  
Overflowing like a flood,  
Burst with longing for love's food.

Tell me why the dark trees moan ?  
Why the gold-fringed cloud looks down ?  
Show me my grave ;  
That is the haven  
Which I would crave."

As it happens that the deepest sadness, if it can only find tears and words, melts into a gentle melancholy, and, perhaps, even a faint glimmer of hope illumines the soul, so Frederick felt wondrously strengthened and elevated when he had finished singing. The evening breeze and the dark trees, which he had invoked in his song, rustled and whispered as though with comforting voices ; and, like sweet dreams of happiness, streaks of golden light appeared in the milky sky. Frederick rose from the ground and descended the hill towards the village. It seemed as if Reinhold were walking next to him as on that evening when they first met. All that he had then said came once more to his recollection. But as he thought of Reinhold's story of the contest between the two friendly painters, it seemed as if scales fell from his eyes. It was quite certain now that Reinhold must have seen and loved Rosa before. It was this love alone which had drawn him to Nuremberg and to Master Martin's house ; and, by the contest between the two painters, he meant to prefigure the wooing of the fair Rosa by Frederick himself. And Frederick seemed once more to hear Reinhold say : " True friends should be only the more

by a generous emulation. No place should be found in minds for petty envy or malicious hate!" "Yes," he said "I will speak to Reinhold himself, and learn from his own all hope for me has vanished."

The sun had long risen when Frederick knocked at Reinhold's door. As all was quiet within, he pushed open the door, which was not locked as of old, and entered the room. The sight which his eyes rivetted him to the spot. A handsome life-size picture of Rosa, in the full glow of grace and beauty, and lighted by rays of the morning sun, stood on a small easel before him. A candlestick lying on the table, and the wet colours on the palette showed that the picture had but just been finished. "Oh, Rosa, Rosa!" sighed Frederick.

At this moment Reinhold came into the room behind him, and caught him on the shoulder asked, smilingly,

"Well, Frederick, what do you say to my picture?"

Frederick, embracing him, exclaimed—

"You noble fellow, you great artist! Yes, now all is clear to me. It is you who have won the prize for which I, poor wretch, was impudent enough to contend. What am I in comparison with you? What is my art compared with yours? Alas! I too had an ambition, don't laugh at me, Reinhold. I thought how grand it would be to mould a statue of Rosa in the purest silver; but that was only a childish undertaking; but you—you! How she smiles at you in the gentle glow of her beauty! Ah, Reinhold, you noble fellow! Yes, it has turned out as you once said. We have both been triven and you have conquered. You must conquer, and I will still continue hearty friends. But I must leave my house: I cannot bear to see Rosa again. Forgive me, my dear friend. To-day, this minute, I must flee away—away into the wide world—wherever my grief, my inconsolable misery may lead me!"

With these words Frederick would have left the room; but Reinhold held him fast while he gently said—

"You shall not go, for all may turn out quite contrary to what you anticipate. It is now time I should tell you all I have hitherto concealed. You must know, then, that I am a painter and not a tradesman, and I hope this picture may warrant that I am not to be reckoned among the smaller artists. In early youth I went to Italy in quest of art, where I was so fortunate as to be taken by the hand of the great masters who nourished with living fire the spark that glowed within me. Thus it happened that I soon elevated myself, and my pictures became celebrated throughout Italy, and the mighty Duke of Florence invited me to his court. At that time I knew nothing of German art, and talked about the dryness,



the bad drawing, and the harshness of your Albert Durer, without having seen any of your pictures. But one day a picture dealer brought a Madonna, by Durer, into the Duke's gallery. This picture had such an effect upon me that I quite changed my mind as to Italian pictures, and determined to see the masterpieces of Germany, to which my inclinations now turned. I came to Nuremberg, and when I saw Rosa it seemed to me as if that Madonna, which had so strangely affected me, were bodily before me. I felt like you, dear Frederick, my entire existence was ablaze with the flames of love. I only saw and thought of Rosa; all else had vanished from my mind, and even art was only of any value, because I could draw and paint Rosa hundreds and hundreds of times. I thought of approaching the maiden in a bold Italian fashion; but all endeavours were fruitless. There was no way to make myself known without ceremony in Master Martin's house. At last I thought of suing for Rosa in marriage, and learnt that Master Martin had determined to give his daughter to no one but a doughty master cooper. So I came to the adventurous resolve to learn the cooper's handicraft at Strasbourg and then betake myself to Master Martin's workshop. The rest I left to providence. You know how I carried out my resolve; but you have yet to learn that Master Martin told me a few days ago "that I should become an excellent cooper, and he would gladly have me as his son-in-law, for he had noticed that I strove for Rosa's favour and that she liked me."

"Can it be otherwise?" cried Frederick with emotion; "yes, Rosa will be yours. How could I, poor wretch, hope for such happiness?"

"But you forget, my brother," continued Reinhold, "you forget that Rosa has not yet confirmed what sly Master Martin says he has noticed. It is true that Rosa has shown herself very pleasant and friendly towards me; but a loving heart betrays itself in a different fashion. Promise me, my dear brother, to stop three days longer and to work in the shop as before. I, too, could work again now; but, since I have painted more diligently, the vile handicraft out there has become unutterably distasteful to me. I cannot take a mallet in my hand again, let what will come of it. On the third day I will tell you openly how matters stand between Rosa and me. Should I really be the happy one for whom Rosa has a liking, then you may depart, and learn that time heals even the deepest wounds!"

Frederick promised to await the result.

On the third day (Frederick had carefully avoided Rosa's sight) his heart thrilled with fear and sad foreboding. He moved about in the workshop like one in a dream, and well might his awkward-

give Master Martin reason to rate him surlily, which it was his wont to do. It seemed as if something had occurred to put Master Martin in a bad humour. He talked a great deal about deceit and ingratitude, without declaring more clearly to what he referred. At length the evening was come and Frederick rode to the city, when, as he approached the gate, a horseman came towards him, whom he recognised as Reinhold. As soon as Reinhold perceived Frederick he cried out—

“Well met!” and, springing from his horse, he wound the reins round his arm, and seizing his friend by the hand said—

“Let us walk together while I relate how it has fared with me.”

Frederick perceived that Reinhold wore the same clothes he had worn at their first meeting, and that the horse carried a portmanteau. Reinhold looked pale and distraught.

“Good luck! brother,” cried Reinhold almost savagely, “good luck! you can hammer away now as bravely as you please at your work. I leave the place to you, and have taken leave of the fair and Master Martin!”

“What!” said Frederick, quite astonished at this information, “are you going away when Master Martin wants to have you for a son-in-law, and Rosa loves you?”

“Dear brother,” replied Reinhold, “it is your jealousy that has made you think that. It is now certain that Rosa would have taken me as her husband as a matter of duty and obedience; but a spark of love glowed in her ice-cold heart. Ha, ha! I have been a doughty cooper. On week-days I might have made hoops and polished staves with the young ones, and on Sundays might have accompanied the good wife to St. Catherine’s. Sebalde’s, and in the evenings might have walked with her on the Herwegh from one year’s end to another.

“Don’t jest,” Frederick interrupted Reinhold, who laughed aloud, “don’t jest at the simple, harmless life of the honest man. If Rosa does not love you that is not her fault.”

“You are right,” said Reinhold, “it is only my stupid way that my affections are wounded to cry like a spoilt child. You suppose that I talked with Rosa of my love and the good will she had for me. But tears started to her eyes, her hand pressed mine, and with face averted she lisped, ‘I must submit to my father’s will.’ That was enough for me. My strange dream may give you an insight into my innermost feelings, and I must grant that the struggle to obtain Rosa’s hand was a passion which my insane mind prepared for itself. When I had seen Rosa’s portrait my mind became tranquil, and I was often struck by the strange impression that Rosa was the picture, and the

picture itself the veritable Rosa. The vile cooper's work filled me with abhorrence, and, as this dislike to a common life grew upon me, so the idea of becoming a master cooper and getting married seemed like the anticipation of being shut up in a prison and chained to a block. How could that heavenly child ever become my wife? No; she ought to glow in eternal youth, grace, and beauty in masterpieces of painting, which my genius shall create. Ha, how I love, how could I ever be disloyal to, the divine art? I shall soon bathe once more in thy glowing perfumes, glorious land, the home of all art!"

The two friends had now come to the spot where the road, which Reinhold intended to take, diverged to the left.

"Here we will separate," said Reinhold, who, pressing Frederick long and warmly to his breast, swung himself on to his horse and rode away.

Frederick stared after him, unable to utter a word, and then walked slowly home, a prey to contending feelings.

## CHAPTER XII.

### *How Frederick was driven from the Workshop by Master Martin.*

THE next day Master Martin worked away at the great cask in surly silence, and Frederick too, who now first began to feel Reinhold's departure, could not bring forth a word, much less a note of music. At last Master Martin threw down his mallet, folded his arms, and said in a low voice—

"Reinhold, too, is gone now—he was a great painter, and made a fool of me with his coopering. If I had only foreseen that, when he came to my house with you, I would soon have shown him the door. Such an open, honest face, and so full of deceit and lies! Well, he is gone, and now you will stand by me and the craft faithfully and honestly. Who knows how much more closely you may become connected with me. If you turn out a good master cooper, and Rosa—Well, you understand me, and may sue for Rosa's favour."

Having said which, he again picked up the mallet, and worked away lustily. How it was he could not say, but these words of Master Martin filled Frederick with a strange feeling of anxiety and cast a gloom over the brightness of his hopes. Rosa once more appeared in the workshop, but quite absorbed in thought, and (as Frederick noticed with grief) her eyes red with weeping. She has been weeping for him; she loves him after all, he said to himself, and he durst not lift his eyes to her whom he so madly loved.

The big cask was now finished, and Master Martin, as he sur-

ved the successful piece of work became jovial and good humoured once more.

"Yes, my son," said he, clapping Frederick on the shoulder, yes, my son; it's agreed, if you gain Rosa's favour and make a good cask you shall be my son-in-law. Then you can join the noble guild of the Master Singers, and gain great renown."

Master Martin's work now accumulated beyond all measure, that he was obliged to engage two journeymen, good workmen at coarse varlets, made coarser by frequent change of place. Instead of much cheerful discourse, you heard now in Master Martin's workshop vulgar jests, and Frederick and Reinhold's pleasant songs had given place to ribald ditties. Rosa avoided the workshop, so that Frederick saw her but seldom, and then only for brief space. When at such times he gazed upon her with sad longing and sighed—"Ah, dear Rosa, if I could but speak to you again, if you would but be as friendly as you were when Reinhold was here," she cast down her eyes bashfully and whispered—"Have you anything to tell me, dear Frederick?" then Frederick would stand still as though petrified, unable to utter a word, and the fair vision disappeared like a lightning-flash, which illumines and vanishes in a moment, almost before it is noticed.

Master Martin now insisted upon Frederick beginning his masterpiece. He, himself had selected the finest oak—without joints or seams—which had already lain for five years in the wood-pile, and no one was to assist Frederick but old Valentine. More and more distasteful as the cooper's craft had become to poor Frederick through the behaviour of the workmen, his gorge rose at the thought that now the masterpiece was to decide his fate forever. That strange feeling of anxiety, which he had experienced when Master Martin had extolled his fidelity to the craft, took now a more and more definite shape. He now knew that he would fail in a pursuit to which his thorough liking for art was so opposed. Reinhold and his portrait of Rosa never left his thoughts. But his art also dawned upon him once more in all its glory. Often, when the distracting feelings caused by his mean occupation had overcome him at his work, he would leave the workshop under the plea of indisposition, and hasten to St. Sebald's church. There he would gaze for hours at Peter Fischer's wonderful monument, and exclaim in ecstasy—"Oh, God in heaven,—to conceive and carry out such a work! Can there be another so splendid on earth?" And, when he was obliged to return to his staves and hoops, and thought that Rosa was only to be won by these, he felt as if his bleeding heart were lacerated by glowing talons, and that he should lie away hopelessly in this terrible torment. Reinhold often

appeared to him in his dreams, and brought him strange drawings in which Rosa's form was introduced in a wonderful fashion—sometimes as a flower and sometimes as an angel with wings. But there was something wanting in all these drawings, and he perceived that Reinhold had omitted the heart in Rosa's conformation which *he* himself added. Then he fancied all the flowers and leaves moved, and sang and breathed forth sweet perfumes, and the precious metals showed him Rosa's likeness in a glittering mirror: as he stretched forth his longing arms towards the beloved one the likeness seemed to vanish like a dusky vapour, and the gentle Rosa herself seemed to press him to her heart.

As his position as a cooper became daily more and more painful, he at length determined to seek counsel and comfort of his old master, Johannes Holzschuer. Master Holzschuer allowed Frederick to begin a small work in his workshop which he had designed, and for which he had saved up the wages he had received from Master Martin for a long time, so that he might procure the gold necessary for making it. Thus it happened that Frederick, whose deathly pale countenance warranted the pretext that he had been seized with a wasting illness, now hardly worked at all in Master Martin's workshop, and months passed away without his making the least progress with his masterpiece, the great two-fudder cask. Master Martin insisted that he should work at least as much as his strength would permit, and Frederick was obliged to return to the detested chopping-block and to wield the axe once more.

As he was working one day Master Martin came up, and looking at the staves which were finished, suddenly turned round quite red, and cried out—

"What's this?—Frederick, what work! Are the staves made by a journeyman, who wants to become a master, or by a stupid apprentice who has only been in the workshop three days? Frederick, bethink you. What devil can have got into you to plague you? My splendid oakwood, my masterpiece! Oh, you unskilful, thoughtless fellow!"

Overcome by the mental torments which burnt within him, Frederick could contain himself no longer; throwing down the axe he exclaimed—

"Master, it's all over now. Yes, and if it cost me my life, if I perish in nameless misery—I can do no more. I can no longer work at a vulgar trade when I feel drawn towards my art with irresistible power. Ah, I love your daughter, Rosa, with unutterable devotion—as no one else can love her. Solely on her account have I followed this detestable vocation. I have now lost her—I know it. I shall soon die of grief; but for all that, I shall return

to my glorious art and to my worthy old master, Master Johannes Holzschuer, whom I shamefully deserted !”

Master Martin’s eyes flashed fire. Almost speechless with rage he stammered out—

“What—you too? Lier and deceiver? I have been betrayed! Vulgar trade? Coopering? Get out of my sight, shameful scoundrel! Away with you!”

And so saying Master Martin seized poor Frederick by the shoulders, and bundled him out of the workshop. The mocking laughter of the journeymen and apprentices followed him. But old Valentine, folding his hand together, while his countenance assumed a thoughtful expression, said—

“I have observed that the good youth carried something in his mind grander than our casks.”

Dame Martha wept much, and her children cried and sobbed after Frederick, who had been accustomed to play with them, and had given them many a toothsome cake.

### CHAPTER XIII.

*Shows how the Prophecy of the old Grandmother was fulfilled.*

ANGRY as Master Martin might be with Reinhold and Frederick, he must confess that with them all joy and pleasure had disappeared from the workshop. The new journeymen caused him endless vexation and annoyance. He was obliged to look after every trifle, and had the greatest difficulty in getting the smallest order executed to his mind. Quite overcome by his daily troubles, he would often exclaim sadly—

“Ah, Reinhold and Frederick, I would that you had not deceived me so shamefully, and that you had remained doughty coopers!”

At last he had often to combat the thought of giving up business altogether.

He was sitting in his house one evening in this gloomy state of mind, when Jacob Paumgartner and Master Johannes Holzschuer entered quite unexpectedly. He felt sure that Frederick would be the subject of their conversation; and, in fact, Master Paumgartner soon began to speak of him, and Master Holzschuer praised the youth in every possible way. He maintained, that with so much diligence, and with such abilities, Frederick must surely become, not only an excellent goldsmith, but also, as a founder of statues, must walk in the footsteps of Peter Fischer. Then, Master Paumgartner began to condemn violently the unworthy treatment which the poor fellow had suffered at Master Martin’s hands; and both

insisted that when Frederick had become a good goldsmith and statuary Martin ought to give Rosa to him to wife, if she should be favourable to the suit of the love-stricken Frederick. Master Martin let them finish speaking, and then he removed his cap, and said smilingly—

“Dear sirs, pray espouse the cause of him who has so shamefully deceived me. However, I will forgive him; but do not ask of me to change my fixed determination on his account.

At this moment Rosa entered the room pale as death, her face bedewed with tears, and placed drinking glasses and wine on the table in silence.

“Well,” began Master Holzschuer, “well, so I must give way to poor Frederick, who wants to leave his home for ever. He made a beautiful piece of silversmith’s work in my workshop which he wishes me to give to your daughter Rosa as a memorial. Only look at it!”

With that Master Holzschuer pulled forth a small, very artfully-worked silver goblet, and handed it to Master Martin, who, as a great admirer of costly furniture, took it and viewed it from all sides with evident satisfaction. Indeed, you could scarcely see handsomer silversmith’s work than this vessel. Delicate tendrils of vines and roses entwined themselves round the goblet, and beauteous angels looked forth from among the roses and the blushing buds, and inside, on the gilt ground, were carved sweet angelic faces. When wine was poured into the goblet it seemed as if the angels were diving and floating sportively.

The thing is indeed very prettily made,” said Master Martin; “and I will keep it if Frederick will accept twice its value in good gold pieces.”

Thus saying, Master Martin filled the goblet and raised it to his lips. At the same moment the door opened gently, and Frederick, his face deadly pale with the mortal pain of eternal separation from the one dearest to him on earth, entered the room. No sooner did Rosa perceive him than crying out in heartrending accents—“Oh, my dearest—dearest Frederick!” she fell half lifeless on his breast.

Master Martin set down the goblet, and descriing Rosa in Frederick’s arms, opened his eyes quite wide, as if he saw a ghost. Then, taking up the goblet again without a word, he looked into it, and finally starting from his chair he cried out—“Rosa—Rosa, do you love Frederick?”

“Ah!” murmured Rosa, “ah! I can no longer conceal it; I love him as my life. My heart was near breaking when you drove him away.”

“Well, then, embrace your bride, Frederick. Yes, yes, your bride,” cried Master Martin.

Paumgartner and Holzschuer, quite overcome with astonishment, looked at each other; but Master Martin, holding the goblet in his hand, went on—

“O, good Lord in heaven, has not everything turned out as the old lady predicted? ‘He shall bring a glittering little house, in which flow streams of spicy wine, bright angels sing therein. Thou wilt take unto thine arms him who brings the little golden house into thy home. Thou needst not ask thy father if thy bridegroom loves thee.’ Oh, I was a stupid old fool! This is the glittering little house, here are the angels in it. The bridegroom—ha! ha! Well, gentlemen, now all’s well—all’s well! The son-in-law is found!”

He who has ever been distracted by a terrible dream, in which he believed himself to be lying in the blackest darkness of the grave, and then suddenly awakes to the fragrance and sunshine of spring, and she, she who is to him the dearest upon earth, comes and embraces him, and he looks into the bright heaven of her kind face, such an one may imagine what Frederick’s feelings were, and comprehend his exceeding happiness. Unable to utter a word, he held Rosa in his arms as though he would never leave her, until she gently released herself from his embrace and led him to her father. Then, at length, he cried—

“Oh, my dear master, can this be really so? Do you give me Rosa to wife, and may I go back to my art?”

“Yes, yes,” cried Master Martin; “surely you may believe it. Can I act differently, now that you have fulfilled the old grandmother’s prophecy? We will say no more about the masterpiece.”

“No, my dear master,” said Frederick, his countenance beaming with happiness, “if you don’t mind I will finish the cask with pleasure as my last piece of coopering, and then go back to the melting-oven.”

“My good and brave son,” replied Master Martin, whose eyes sparkled for joy, “finish the masterpiece, and then we’ll have the wedding.”

Frederick faithfully kept his promise. He finished the two-budded cask, and all the masters declared that a finer piece of work could not easily be made; at which declaration Master Martin was highly pleased, and roundly asserted that Providence could not have given him a better son-in-law.

At last the wedding day was come. Frederick’s masterpiece, which was now filled with good wine and wreathed with flowers, stood in the entrance-hall. The worshipful masters of the Guild, the counsellor, Master Jacob Paumgartner, at their head, were all present with their wives; after them came the master goldsmiths.



Just as the procession was about to start for St. Sebald's Church the sound of trumpets was heard in the street, and the neighing and stamping of horses was heard before Master Martin's door. Master Martin hastened to a window which jutted out over the street, from whence he beheld Herr Heinrich von Spangenberg in a gorgeous gala dress, and some paces behind him a youthful knight, with a glittering sword by his side and tall feathers in his helmet, which was studded with precious stones. He was mounted on a very spirited horse. Next to the knight Master Martin descried a beauteous dame, also splendidly dressed, and seated on a palfrey, whose colour was that of new-fallen snow. Pages and servants, in many-coloured dresses, formed a circle round this group. The sound of the trumpets ceased, and old Spangenberg cried out—

"Hey, hey, Master Martin! I don't come here on account of your wine-cellar, nor yet on account of your gold pieces, but because it is Rosa's birthday. Will you let me in, my dear master!"

Master Martin, who well remembered these words, felt rather ashamed of himself, and hastened down to receive the squire. The old gentleman got off his horse and entered the house. Pages now sprang forward to assist the lady to dismount, and the knight offered her his hand and followed the old gentleman. But so soon as Master Martin looked on the youthful knight, he bounced back three paces, clapped his hands together, and cried—

"O, Lord of heaven! it's Conrad!"

"Yes," said the knight, smiling, "I am, indeed, your journeyman, Conrad. Forgive me for wounding you—I might have killed you; but now everything has turned out quite differently."

Master Martin was quite puzzled, and said it was rather better that he had not been killed, and that, as for the slight scratch with the axe, he thought nothing of it.

When Martin and the newly-arrived visitors entered the room in which the wedding guests had assembled, every one was astonished at the striking resemblance between the beautiful lady and the bride who were as like as twin sisters.

"Allow me, dear Rosa," said the knight, politely, as he drew near the bride, "to be present at your wedding. I am sure you are no longer angry with the wild, thoughtless fellow who so nearly caused you great unhappiness."

But, as the bride and bridegroom and Master Martin looked at each other quite puzzled, old Herr von Spangenberg said—

"Well, well, I must help you out of the dilemma. This is my son, Conrad, and here you see his dear wife, whose name is the same as that of the pretty bride—Rosa. Do you remember our

versation, Master Martin? When I asked you if you would  
use to give Rosa to my son, I had a special reason for proffering  
request. The youth was quite madly in love with your Rosa,  
I persuaded me to abdicate my position and become a match-  
maker. But when I told him how disdainfully you received my  
posal, he foolishly introduced himself into your workshop as a  
per, in order to pay his court to Rosa and elope with her. Well,  
I thoroughly cured him with that thump on the back. I thank  
for it, since he has found a gentle damsel who may, after all,  
be the self-same Rosa he had in his mind's eye from the first."

The lady had, meanwhile kindly and courteously greeted the  
de, and had hung round her neck a handsome necklace of pearls  
a wedding gift.

"See, dear Rosa," she said, taking from among the flowers in  
a bodice a withered nosegay, "there are the flowers which you  
gave to Conrad as a prize. He preserved them faithfully until  
saw me, when he proved himself unfaithful to you and gave them  
me. You will not be angry with me on that account?"

"Ah, dear lady," said Rosa, with heightened colour, and cast-  
down her eyes, "how can you talk like that? Could the  
young gentleman ever fall in love with a poor maiden like me?  
He only loved me, and it was only because I am called Rosa,  
I resemble you, that he loved me, but only thought of you."

The procession was a second time about to start, as a young  
man entered, clad in Italian fashion, in a suit of black satin, with  
elegant lace collar, and a rich gold chain of honour round his  
neck.

"Oh, Reinhold, my dear Reinhold," exclaimed Frederick; and  
the young men embraced each other.

The bride and Master Martin were equally delighted at this  
expected arrival, and cried out with glee—

"Reinhold! our brave Reinhold has come!"

"Didn't I tell you," said Reinhold, after he had embraced them  
with ardour, "didn't I tell you, my hearty friend, that everything  
would turn out well for you? Let me assist at the celebration of  
your wedding—I have come a long way on purpose; and, as a per-  
petual memorial, I shall hang up in your house the picture which  
I have painted for you, and have brought it with me.

With these words he summoned two attendants, who brought  
into the room a large picture, in a magnificent gold frame, repre-  
senting Master Martin and his journeymen, Reinhold, Frederick,  
and Conrad, in his workshop, working at the great cask, and the  
bride Rosa coming in. Everybody was in raptures at the truth and  
brilliant colouring of this work of art.

"Ha," said Frederick, smiling, "that is your masterpiece as a

cooper—mine is down there, in the entrance-hall ; but I shall soon make another."

"I know all," replied Reinhold, "and call you happy. Only be faithful to your art, which can, perhaps, put up with more domestic affairs than mine."

Frederick sat between the two Rosas at the wedding banquet ; opposite to him sat Master Martin, between Conrad and Reinhold. Master Paumgartner filled Frederick's goblet to the brim with wine, and drank to the health of Master Martin and his lusty men. Then the goblet went round the board, beginning with the noble Squire Heinrich von Spangenberg ; and after him all the worshipful masters who sat at the table emptied it to the health of Master Martin, the cooper, and his men.

THE END.



## RELIGION AND SCIENCE:

## A PLEA FOR A PROGRESSIVE RELIGION.

o age so markedly as in the present has the keen desire of man  
attend and test the furthest bounds of his knowledge been more  
lly exemplified, or more energetically manifested. The epochs  
ought prior to our own day stand to the present age in this  
act very much as the depths of the shore at the inflow of the  
do to the shallow flats left at its ebb. But a little while ago  
e same depths were hidden by the waves, and the most  
nturous of explorers might in vain have attempted to sound the

Now we may venture out without fear, mark with precision  
imits of the tide, and place our feet in safety where formerly  
as uncertainty and doubt.

By the light, thus, of modern research we can now explore  
s from which but a short time ago the waters of ignorance  
ly barred us out. The misty regions of the yesterday in science  
ar clear enough after the ebb of that tide, which discovery bars  
from a fresh inflow; and problems of life and of force, of  
er and of mind, once obscure or completely concealed, are now  
ily enough discernible to the explorer's eye.

So far the parallelism between the flowing of the tide and the  
ch of inquiry appears clear enough. But it may, without  
ning, be pushed to further limits still. Beyond the lowest  
to which the tide may ebb, extending beyond the furthest  
dary-line at which we may deter its fresh inflow, there still  
ain the greater limits of sea—the great undefined, impassable  
n of the unknown and unknowable, which only bewilders and  
uses us as we attempt to form some conception of its extent  
area. Nor can we say that all is clear and patent even with  
shore-bound tract that our efforts have set apart. There may  
much that is still confused in the little space we have consecrated  
the efforts of mind from amid the water-hidden depths. And  
the voice of true wisdom which calls to us to cease from gazing  
ss the waters before us, in the vain hope of attempting to see  
shore beyond, and which advises us first to seek fully to know  
understand the portion at our feet, and that which lies nearest  
ready to our hand.

So far as this extension of knowledge is concerned, there is every  
son for the heart of mankind truly and fully to rejoice. Know-

ledge and wisdom are ever excellent, and their pursuit is inculcated upon us by every law and precept of religion and morality. The war against ignorance is a duty enjoined upon all; and no one can refuse to enlist under the banner, the watchword inscribed upon which is "Forward!" and which sends us onward to all good works whereby man's condition may be bettered and improved. But if we inquire into the details of this work and progress in knowledge, we shall find that very many and disturbing elements appear to enter and to participate therein. To select but a single example, and one lying near our present subject, we thus find that certain aspects of scientific thought or discovery become, or at any rate appear antagonistic in their nature to those ideas regarding the Deity, Primal Cause or Principle, which, in whatever form expressed, constitute the basis of a religious system of one kind or another. Hence arises a controversy which, from the nature of the conflicting elements, becomes one of no ordinary or feeble kind. Assumed truth represented by the religious, or rather the theological side in the battle, fiercely opposes truth under a like aspect on the scientific side; and the belligerents, firmly convinced of the worthiness of their respective causes, resist each other to the death. So far, indeed, from the matter being purely argumentative, it becomes a bitter and vehement strife; and in many cases the original points of disagreement, appear to be wholly lost sight of as the aspects of the combat shift about, and as the protracted fight drags out its weary length. From time to time the fires of combat may appear to pale and grow dim; but ever and anon the combat is renewed, and theologian and scientist brace their armour anew, and, nothing daunted by the defeats of yore, manfully gird up their loins once again for the fray.

The peculiar bitterness of this curious warfare is a matter to find which the inquirer need not seek very far or very deep. It were wonderful indeed were the aspects of the belligerents otherwise—viewed, at any rate, as to the theological side of the controversy. It cannot be regarded as a light matter in any sense, that the tenets of any system of belief firmly rooted throughout all history perhaps, in the minds of its professors, and handed down amongst the most precious of heirlooms from generation to generation, should be rudely shaken or disturbed, or apparently in some cases completely overthrown. On the contrary, an essential and primary characteristic of belief in a religious system of any kind, appears to be a tacit adherence to its tenets, and an idea of horror at the thought of these tenets being proved unworthy of belief. I believe this idea will be found to hold good and true of the vast body of adherents to any theological system. A blind faith—I speak in no slighting terms—in the tenets and creeds of the system

characterises the vast body of worshippers in all religions ; and this faith gathers and retains its strength chiefly, if not entirely, from it unquestioning nature.

To disturb such beliefs, then, I repeat, can be no light matter, either as regards the power of the disturbing elements, or the effects produced on the adherents of the system. A primary result of the disturbance is seen in the proverbial rushing to extremes, exemplified by the minds acted upon. If the history of religious revolutions points to one effect of their action as characteristic beyond another, it is that exemplified by the rush from the placid waters of orthodoxy to the troubled depths of heterodoxy. The godly when disturbed, are disturbed indeed; and the "godless deep" of Tennyson, is the refuge to which the formerly staid adherents of a shaken faith most frequently rush, in the tempestuous and maddening doubt which succeeds the attack of philosophy. Just as in nature the disturbed boulder leaves its hollow plain and apparent, to mark, perhaps for ever, its former seat, so displaced and dethroned beliefs of the human mind leave a void not easily filled up, and not to be occupied by every chance substitute, or by the first likely object that comes to hand; and as after actual revolutions, the mental atmosphere not only of the individual, but also of the nation at large, may be thus disturbed and agitated throughout lengthened periods of time.

It may be naturally enough inquired, if the particular attitudes of theologians and scientists have had no effect in modifying the hostility which the antagonism between them has provoked. Has there been no endeavour by either party to seek to amend their differences, and to work together and amicably, for the advancement or discovery of a common truth? Here, again, however, the nature of the theologian's aspect makes the case a peculiar one, and, in a manner, prevents the exercise of investigation and co-operation with the antagonistic science. The belief in, or fatuous adherence to, tenets and creeds, already remarked, thoroughly precludes all overtures of real harmony between the belligerents. No flag of truce under the circumstances is permissible; and thus the state of active warfare, merges into one of passive and chronic hostility, and presents us with a scene with which modern philosophy is but too familiar.

The attempts at reconciliation between religion and science may be classed under the two heads of overtures from the theologian, and from the scientist respectively. As the Duke of Argyll in his "Reign of Law," remarks, "We see the Men of Theology coming out to parley with the Men of Science—a white flag in their hands, and saying, 'If you will let us alone, we will do the same by you. Keep to your own province; do not enter ours. The Reign of Law

which you proclaim, we admit—outside these walls, but not within them:—let there be peace between us.' ” And his Grace continues, “But this will never do. There can be no such treaty dividing the domain of truth. Every one Truth is connected with every other Truth in the great Universe of God. The connection may be one of infinite subtlety and apparent distance—running, as it were, underground for a long way; but always asserting itself at last, somewhere, and at some time.”

On the other side, also, we may behold the men of science from their side sometimes endorsing the opinions expressed by the Duke of Argyll, whilst, not unfrequently, the exercise of apologetics in both science and theology is brought into play, in the hope of effecting a reconciliation between what some are pleased to term “revealed truth” and the “facts of science.” A last method, practised sometimes from the scientific camp, is that of simply considering science as entirely separate from religion—“A doctrine,” says the noble author of the “Reign of Law,” “offering many temptations to many minds,” and one “grateful to scientific men who are afraid of being thought hostile to religion,” and “to religious men who are afraid of being thought to be afraid of science.”

But all such means of reconciliation, it appears to me, are simply bound to fail from the very nature of the opposing circumstances they endeavour to unite. If science should have nothing to do with religion, or *vice versa*, then why the disagreement? It is an easy matter to quench a ferment or quarrel which is baseless in its nature, or which is founded upon no essential or stable grounds. And religion and science should, therefore, never disagree, if in their nature they are distinct. The fact is, they are both too closely bound up, their interests are too nearly identical, to admit of separation in fair weather or foul. And it is one of the most powerful and convincing arguments against any feasible or natural divorce between science and religion, that disagreement so bitter and deep should exist between them. Scientific philosophy and method enter too largely, however unrecognised, into systems of belief, and participate too intimately in the mental affairs of mankind to passively suffer divorce when, as between near relations, disagreements arise. The deeply-rooted principle in man's mind, to accept the good and the true, would of itself lead him to investigate closely such discrepancy, and, in the end, either to satisfy himself of the fallacy involved on one side or other, or else to avow himself puzzled, and unable to solve the problems which his faith, on the one hand, and his reason on the other, combine to present to his intellect.

Again, admitting the mere fact of religious belief, are we to

any correlation whatever between that belief and a man's as of physical and natural phenomena, causation, effects, and rations? Are we to maintain that any intelligent mind, with ate beliefs concerning the Deity, will rest content with simply ing the natural and material world around it, and amid which lf is set, stand apart and entirely separate from its recognition investigation? Were the mind even inclined to act thus, we ht reasonably doubt its ability to carry its intentions into effect. religions, indeed, as is now generally admitted, take origin from are based on a material substratum, in which man's position in world, and his assumed relation to the powers that rule and ain it, play the chief part. The idea of religion, in fact, reduced ts ultimate and elementary phase, is merely that of the expres- of man's avowed obedience to the all-powerful forces or ciples which he conceives to be of supernatural kind, through se power he has been called into being, and under whose govern- tal sway every interest of himself and his fellows is directed. ruder and more primitive the religion, the nearer does it roach to this expression of a simple belief in powers co-ordinate, ven identical, with the universe itself. The worship of fire and he sun, of trees and animals, and through these of spirits, or acies operating through storms and lightnings and other natural omena, are of one essential kind, and partake of one nature, with higher and more advanced ideas of Christianity itself. And the gorical and metaphorical references to natural objects and powers n which the Bible, viewed merely as the record of the Jewish ef in God teems, point to the same predominant idea of an indis- ble connection and unity between the Creator and the works or tions, through which man has gained his knowledge or ideas of former.

The unity and dependence of religious ideas, and man's inter- ation of the facts and laws of the material world, are thus rly traceable in the history of systems of belief, and in their rth from their primitive state, to that in which ideas from other ces have been largely imported into them. As beliefs grow the advance and culture of a nation, the same infallible orical guide points to an essential difference, which soon becomes eptible between the methods pursued in the search after religious scientific truth respectively.

The religious or theological mode of research is one in which s, frequently of themselves insusceptible of any proof or verifi- n, are accepted and enrolled amid the tenets of the system w reading or interpretation of a long-known tenet or belief, or tirely new idea drawn inferentially from those already com- d within the system, may thus be, without questioning, added



to the tenets already held by the adherents of the system, and in bringing with the elements of simple *belief* in certain ideas of 1 new aspects, directly or indirectly bearing on those principles which are continually being brought forward and received as part of the religious system. The very growth of philosophy and metaphysics, and the ever-widening bounds of criticism, extend and change the matter of course and frequently insensibly, the ideas embodied in the creeds, the skeletons of which are represented by the principles of the founders of the creed. Thus theological science in general is one in which belief must represent the chiefest element, and must be strictly *relative*, in that, whatever new elements are introduced into any one of its aspects, it must bear due relation to the previously accepted tenets. And these latter, we must remember, are accepted primarily and in the beginning, as matters of unquestioning belief.

The method of true science is so far different from that of theology in that its facts bear a strictly definite relation between the known and the unknown. In scientific research, too, that element of superstition so largely incorporated with the most advanced theology is absent, and facts and laws are investigated fearlessly without that restraint which seems necessary to be exact in theology to save the investigator from the charge—in the eyes of the often made—of impiety and irreverence. Unquestioning belief in true science counts for nothing. Theory takes its place, and, rightly used merely states a belief which is avowedly liable to be either elevated into fact, or to be set aside at any moment. Theology thus has no inexorable creed to defend, save that which she holds upon her votaries the search after strict fact and truth. Scientific beliefs have thus only one vital test—namely, the truth, obvious or implied.

Thus the methods of pursuing theological and scientific research are obviously different, and in these variations we shall find the chief elements of the controversy which has arisen between the two aspects. Thus the men of science, to use the Duke of Devonshire's appellation, have avowed their discovery of certain facts, and given forth their interpretation of them to the men of theology. "These facts," they say, "we have discovered from careful investigation of nature." The men of theology retort, "We cannot accept your facts; they are at variance with revelation." It may be remarked, with mere beliefs and innate ideas of God and His relations to man, ideas which vary with each sect and age. Therefore," continue theologians, "your beliefs must be of no value and unworthy of credit."

Now mark the standard by which the facts of science are judged. We are presuming, of course, that these facts are

unvarnished statements of natural appearances, objects, or structures—of which facts, at variance with some view of theology or other, there is no lack of examples. Each school of theology says, "Belief in my own and especial reading of God's Word, and in my human interpretation of God's ideas and aspects to man, is my touchstone by which I shall discover good from evil in your science." The standard of judgment is therefore simply that of human interpretation of the Divine Will and Mind; and this standard is exactly the same as that the man of science asserts his right to use, but which the theologian again maintains is inapplicable to religious beliefs, on account of their self-evident or assumedly true nature; that nature which we have noted to be part and parcel of our belief from its first origin. Religious belief, in short, begins from the beginning with this awe-struck unquestioning faith, if we may so term it; and throughout its progress this faith is dogmatically retained as its chief characteristic. Hence it is that from the very nature of the modes of research, science and theology cannot agree. The "proving of all things" is incompatible with blind faith—in so far as that faith commands its votary to accept traditions and beliefs, which another aspect of mental inquiry shows to be incompatible and at variance with the existing order of nature. From this order of nature, it must be borne in mind, the religious beliefs first sprang; and when theology refuses to receive any but the old interpretation of this order, it comes to blows with the newer interpreters, who, in the natural order of things, and in the person of scientists, appear on the scene.

Let it be clearly noted that we do not in any sense impugn the ideas on which any given system of theology may rest. We are dealing with these ideas as lawful and natural inferences of the presumed Divine order of nature, which although admittedly insusceptible of direct proof, yet form, as already stated, an innate part of man's mental nature and constitution. To say that these ideas of God and His works are fixed and unalterable, is to maintain the absurd statement that beliefs have from the first been similarly immutable. This statement we all know to be untrue. Even the ideas of theologians have, apart from all external influences, been changed and altered from their primitive state as time has rolled onwards. No one would dream of arguing that the theology of to-day, is the same theology as that of even a few centuries back. No. The ideas of belief have themselves, slowly perhaps, but surely altered, and in its aspects theology is progressive, if in a sense somewhat different from other branches of inquiry.

Then, again, to what influences, if not to different readings of

the principles of belief, are we to ascribe the multiplication of sects and creeds, even among any one section of Christians? No one can regard the many-coloured diversity of modern beliefs of purely religious kind, without perceiving that differences in opinions and variations in ideas regarding either the Deity Himself, or the aspects under which He is related to man, lie at the root and foundation of the diversity. Thus in the active practice of religion, in the open, everyday avowal of beliefs, we see continual kaleidoscopic variety and change. And this variety and change is of all degrees and shades—ranging from an almost imperceptible or indefinable variation, to a difference almost Antipodean in its character. These differences are merely so many expressions of progress. Why should one sect separate out from another of essentially similar creed on doctrinal grounds, save that its members conceive that they have attained to a higher idea of religious truth, or to a better and truer aspect of religious belief? And thus even within theology and religious science itself there is an innate desire for progress, manifested actively by minds bursting the bonds of their creed, and making an exodus from an unsatisfying Egypt to a Canaan more liberally provided with satisfying meats. But in any case the belief at first assumed by the founders of the primary religious system is still as spontaneously received in its new phases, and as unquestionably retained as in the beginning. Religious progress is thus, as already remarked, of one especial kind. Although the circle widens, there are still faith-defined limits that, so long as belief is belief, can never be overstepped. There are still cords binding the most errant of its members to the primeval ideas which constitute religion. And whether we worship now or as did our fathers; whether in temple, mosque, or forest; whether we bow down to idols, or kneel in suppliance before the ideal presence of the higher and more cultivated faith, we bear testimony to the same fundamental idea of religion, which like the single thread running through the woven rope, marks the unity of the whole, and finds its simplest expression in the word, "I believe, therefore I worship!"

It is no part of our present purpose or intention to argue for the causes and reasons of this primary idea of beliefs. We may dismiss this question with the remark, that to unfold it fully would be tantamount to discussing the original nature and qualities of man's mental constitution. Metaphysics, pure psychology, and physiology would seem to point to the moral sense of right and wrong in some fashion or other, as an inherent and characteristic part of man's nature as distinguished from that of the lower animals. Out of this sense the idea of religion arises; the "right" in time finding its expression in the Deity, and the "wrong" in that

nevil principle. Belief is thus intuitive, and appears as an initial part of man's nature, from whatever sources that nature may have been derived. This much we may affirm with safety; for the lowest races evince some idea, however rude, of a Deity or fetish, and share that idea with the highest state of civilisation. Religion and its practices form, in fact, the highest and most characteristic expression of the mind of man. With the origin of these beliefs, however, we have nothing at present to do. And we may next, and lastly, proceed to note in what way this belief in its highest expression, and when antagonistic to belief of another kind, may be conceived to be capable of being brought into unity with the other.

Reviewing the position to which our thoughts have led us, we may find that religious beliefs and theological views become naturally antagonistic to scientific inquiry, when the latter displaces or tends to disprove the preconceived notions or ideas on which these beliefs were founded. Then, secondly, we have sought to show that not only is this disagreement a proof of the inter-dependence of science and religion, but from a historical point of view also, the origin of religious beliefs and the beginnings of a scientific method may be seen to be similar and identical. Science, in short, is the expression of the facts of nature as those facts simply present themselves to man's mind and faculties of observation. Religion in this view, on the other hand, is the expression of man's observation of nature, viewed in relation to the Founder and Sustainer of the universe and its phenomena. And starting from that innate belief in a Deity or principle, characteristic of man, religious ideas have thus progressed in their distinctive and cumulative manner, and have come to vary more or less completely with scientific views, according as the march of ascertained fact has revealed phases of law and order at variance with the preconceived ideas and assumed truths of the religionist. Then, lastly, we have noted that in theologies and religions themselves, variations and evolutions of the ideas of God, and of fresh phases of belief, are continually taking place. Sect multiplies sect; and what to the one is law and gospel is to the other heresy and abomination. Religious truth thus appears under the most hydra-headed of aspects. The Bible of the Protestant and the infallibility of the Papist, each including within themselves multifarious diversities and readings of belief, are familiar examples of two leading variations in the beliefs of Christendom in the present day.

The honest and sober-minded man who sets himself to survey the subject before us, can have but one desire, expressed or not, namely, to see the barriers thus set up between religion and science broken down and for ever down away with. It is almost impos-

sible to conceive of any one, either from the side of science or from that of theology, who, animated by all honesty of purpose, can think or desire otherwise. The vast majority of men know too well the high value of a religious faith of some kind or other, to set little store by anything that would disturb or undermine it. And the most ardent votaries of science are just those who are most alive to this value, and to the need of feeling that there is something yet higher and more infinite than the mere powers of mind, and a something compared with which all knowledge here is of the most limited and finite kind. The scepticism and atheism with which the men of science are so lightly charged is in truth but the expression in them of that unwillingness which the candid mind feels to subscribe to any creed-defined belief, which in virtue of its creed would curb and limit the powers of that mind; and which creed would decide according to its narrow lights and narrower interests, what and how much we should and should not accept from the store of scientific research. To any such limited system of belief, exercising the functions of a special pleader in seeking what is suitable to its own purely human notions, and rejecting that which is unsuitable, instead of gladly welcoming true additions of every kind to the stores of mental wealth, the honest mind naturally refuses to give allegiance. And hence science and religion part company; the last farewell of the religionist being generally given in the light of a dirge over those who were drifting away from the only sure haven of spiritual sweetness and light. God and righteousness in this view are the property of sects and creeds. To the broader view of the worshipper by the light of a nature-revelation, they are tied to no people or belief or tongue, but are seen wherever wealth of life and being are found, and wherever the thankful heart and eye may seek.

So long, therefore, as religion is taught to us as a stable, immobile collection of beliefs, without progress or adaptation to the advancing life and civilisation of years, centuries, and epochs, so long will science be at variance with belief, and so long will men turn from the religion that satisfies them not, in search of fuller comfort and a broader and wider spiritual life. If the future casts amid its forebodings or warnings, any one more clearly to be discerned than another it is surely this, that religion must progress with arts, sciences, and humanities; that newer and higher ideas of God must supplant the old time-worn aspects in which Jew and pagan represented the Lord of All; and that religion must recognise science as her true helpmate, desirous to unite with her in the demonstration of the true, and of that fulness of wisdom of which the Deity Himself is the great type. Who among us will maintain in the face of common sense, and of the evidences

of active, every-day life, that the religious systems and theologies of centuries ago, and the usages, customs, and life of to-day can armonise? True, the essentials of belief remain the same—eternal and unchangeable in their nature—to most of us. God alters not; and His laws, which partake of His unvarying character, are only now being made known to and discovered by us. Who will accept the Scriptures for that which God never meant them to serve—namely, as perfect guides to the knowledge of His laws and science? And who, after the wranglings of theologians, and the disputations of religionists wresting and twisting the Scriptures, often to their own destruction, can refuse to science the right to interpret by the evidences of nature those less obvious evidences of the relations of God to man?

Let common religion beware of what will be the consequences to her deepest interests if she adopt an obstructive policy in these days. In days of old the Reformation stirred up new vigour, and gave new readings and new life to old texts and views; and can there be anything less hopeful or glorious in the prospect of a more radical and more advanced reformation in our ideas of God, and of His works and laws, which shall bring a lingering and backward theology abreast of the times, and armed fully to meet unbelief, because of her leaguering herself with true science—the only effectual silencer of scepticism and doubt?

I know of no more fearless utterance, or nobler expression from the theologian's side in favour of these views, than that of the rev. H. R. Haweis, who in his "Speech in Season," earnestly beseeches the Church not to ignore "the new influences of civilised times—the influences which stir and move great men"—"the great philosophical and scientific influences of the time!" Mr. Haweis preaches a sermon which should never be out of season to his brethren in the Church, and to the congregations to which they minister. "The Nemesis of the Church," he tells us, "in the rejection of these things is written in the page of history. In every age the Church has been influential just in so far as it has been able to appropriate and express the new thoughts and feelings of each new generation. And whenever the religious sects have withdrawn from the irresistible onward current of progress, that stream has swept by, and left them, like the waifs of the high tide, rot upon the sands of time. Judaism rejected Christianity. Where is Judaism as a religion? . . . Protestantism, in one shape or another, has become the religion of all the most civilised countries. But the old Protestantism is nearly as well worn out as the old Roman Catholicism, and at such a time when a cry for renewal goes forth, and the trumpet is sounded, the chief officers of the Church step forward, like the Jews of old—they lay hands once

more on the Christ that has come to them in another form. . . His voice is crying upon the mountains, in the streets of our cities, in our laboratories, aye, and in our studies and our public lecture-rooms." Well may we re-echo the cry of this outspoken man with regard to all Churches, that if they resist "the voice of God as it comes upon the wings of a new science and a new aspiration," what will become of them? The clear answer is that they will cease to fulfil their functions as teachers of righteousness and good; their refusal will multiply the ever-increasing army of scepticism's sons; and the ruin of a nation may wait upon that people, whose religious teachers shut their ears to the increase of that knowledge which with the poet we may wish should—

"Grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster."

To obey such commands, enjoined by every good precept and religious thought; to run after that knowledge which fools hate and the wise and prudent seek; to use such knowledge as an aid to and as one with the knowledge of higher things—yea, even of God Himself—such are the aims to which a united science and a progressive religion should lead; and such the guides which point towards that light which, shining with ever-increasing effulgence, shall at last brighten into the "perfect day."

ANDREW WILSON, PH. D.

## TWEEDDALE COURT:

A NOVELETTE.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE,

Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds,"  
"The Water Tower," &c.

## CHAPTER V.

HE'S NO CANNY!

NEW Year's Day in the old city of Edinburgh, in the year 1806, was ushered in by a piercing north-east wind, and a slight sprinkling of snow, the cold being too intense to allow much to fall. In spite, however, of the severity of the morning, the town was all stir, and the closes and wynds, buried in semi-obscurity, the dim light of the winter day only just penetrating their gloom, were thronged with a noisy, eager, vociferous crowd.

Blackfriars Wynd was one of the widest of the ancient, steep, and very narrow closes, or alleys, that diverge on each side from the High Street; indeed, it might be sufficiently wide to permit a single cart or vehicle to pass along it.

On this day the wynd was as full of uproar and tumult as any other quarter of the Old Town.

Strange scenes and contrasts its blackened walls have witnessed of ages gone by: the fierce sanguinary conflicts of the rival Earls of Arran and Angus, contending for the regency during the minority of the young king, whose father had fallen on the disastrous field of Flodden; the keen struggles of the factions of the Earl of Bothwell and Sir William Stewart, when the latter received his death-wound from the sword of his rival. Then the scene changes, and instead of the shouts and rush of contending retainers, the clashing of swords, the gleaming of armour, and the cries of the wounded and dying, we see a picture to ourselves, peaceably passing backwards and forwards, up and down this steep ascent, the Friars Preachers, as these sons of Saint Dominic are called to this day,—for this wynd formed the approach from the city to the Monastery of Blackfriars, which they used to quit to go forth into the highways and preach at the foot of a cross on the green-hill side, or under the dim shadows of



some church or cathedral; here, in their monastery they lived in peace, until the fierce tide of the Reformers, headed by the Earl of Argyle and the Congregation of the Lord swept over their beloved home and levelled it with the ground, and scattered the brethren far and wide; and now, on this New Year's Day, the noisy crowd throng up and down, and everywhere about wynds, and streets, and closes, where once the old fathers, clad in their black woollen cloaks and hoods, took their recreation, amidst the trees and shrubs of their beautiful gardens, whose shady foliage extended from the Cowgate on one side, and on the other overshadowed the Potter Row, and the fatal spot known as the Kirk-of-Field, memorable by the violent death of Darnley, and its connection with the woes and sufferings of the ill-fated Mary Stuart, or meditated on eternity, or prayed for the dead in their cemetery, now the site of the Old High School Yard.

Once one of the most aristocratic districts of the Scottish capital, Blackfriars Wynd yet retained, even in 1806, much of its picturesqueness. These lofty old stone tenements, over which the fierce north-east wind sweeps in such wild blasts, are relics of ages long past. The walls are solidly built, though now they are crumbling to decay. The gable-ends, adorned with the crow-steps, so peculiar to the old houses of Edinburgh, stand out against the murky sky, and below, there are ranges of moulded windows divided by stone mullions. Here and there, too, may be seen some ancient timber-fronted buildings of more irregular height, with story overhanging story, another relic of the past.

One of these old stone tenements had a projecting staircase, which formed the approach from the public thoroughfare to the different floors, or flats, as they are called in Edinburgh, of the building. Over the doorway of this staircase was a sculptured lintel, with an armorial shield in the centre, on which were carved three stars, with a plain cross, and on either shield was cut, in large old characters, the inscription—

MISERERE MEI, DEUS.

Many persons, on this New Year's morning, had mounted up this steep, narrow, turnpike staircase; for on one of the uppermost floors, some six or seven stories high, in a room shewing something of the nakedness and desolation of the Stable at Bethlehem, the followers of the Old Faith had sung their Christmas hymns at the great winter Feast, and had now met to consecrate the New Year to God.

A poor and humble temple this for the Most High!—the sole place of worship for the Catholics in 1806,—and in the very wynd, too, in which princes and prelates of the Catholic Church had resided in days of yore, when that Church was in all its splendour.

poor and humble as the place was, nobles and men of ancient ent were wont to worship there.

The fierce wind drove particles of half-frozen snow against the dim of glass in the large old casements of the room. A bare, poor-ing room it was: no veils and frontals for the altar, no windows only-coloured glass, bearing pious legends; the only relief from blackened walls and ceiling was the end where the altar stood, ned with evergreens, and a waxen taper or two, which flashed like stars from the dusky foliage, and lighted up the altar-  
e—no great work of art, only a rude painting of the Patron it of Scotland.

At a little distance from the altar, two ladies, one much nced in life, the other young, were still kneeling at one of the wooden benches. Apparently, the younger had finished her tions, and, possibly, wished that her companion had achieved same object, for she continually changed her position, looked rds the door, and at length gently pressed the old lady's arm whispered something in her ear, which caused her to rise and : the church.

The two ladies descended the projecting stone staircase outside ancient tenement, and so reached the wynd below. They led themselves more closely in their ample plaids of fine ted, as the keen, biting wind drove the scattered snow flakes in air faces. Spite of her weight of years the elder lady tripped mbly over the rough stones, that paved the wynd, as her com-on; but their journey was much impeded by the vociferous ds in the thoroughfare, whose noise and tumult offered a strong ast to the peace and stillness of the scene they had just quitted. e were young and old, women and children, all making their in different directions, some entering the tall old houses, others ug out. They carried with them bottles of whiskey, and s of shortbread, wherewith to regale their friends, as was the m. Over and over again, the two ladies, as they passed up wynd, had to stay and shake hands with some mere casual aintance, and return the salutation, "I wish you a gude New !" Great as the tumult then was, however, it was slight ared to the uproar of the previous night, at the witching hour elve, when, indced, there reigned a clamour and confusion, made the old city resemble the Tower of Babel. Then was lutation, "I wish you a gude New Year," echoed and red by a thousand voices. Every person shook hands with every person, and the frosty night air was laden with the fumes of int, a mixture of ale, whiskey, eggs, and sugar, with which bours hurried into neighbours' houses, that they might drink to

the prosperity of the coming year, and be, what they call, *the first foot*.

A very old custom is this, of making your visit at as early an hour as possible after the New Year commences, and a lucky or unlucky visitor is looked upon as, in some measure, the good or bad fortune of the coming year. Hence, the crowd in the streets, as the stroke of twelve ushers in the new year; and woe betide the woman who should have the hardihood to be out of doors on that night, for she would be subjected to the penalty of a salute, exacted in no very ceremonious manner.

At length the two ladies reached the top of the darksome wynd, where the heavy, yellow-looking sky was only just visible above the roof tops of the tall old houses. Dreary-looking abodes now, little suggestive of those far-away days when Cardinal Beaton entertained Mary Stuart and her nobles in one of these self-same houses, then his palace, looking into the Cowgate; and in another of them the Earl of Orkney held many a brilliant gathering. Memory calls before us these visions of the past, when, centuries ago, scattered amongst these closes and wynds, were beautiful gardens, and shady foliage,—when the interior of these ruinous old houses was splendidly adorned and inhabited by great and powerful lords and noble ladies. Like the scene in a dissolving view, the outline becomes more dim, the figures confused, and then the present gradually emerges from the shadows of the past. The picture is now a sad and mournful one. Swarms of tattered, squalid children, desolate-looking, ominous houses, and the stamp of poverty and decay all around.

Traversing the High Street with a little less difficulty than the narrow wynd, the ladies soon reached Tweeddale Court, where at the door of the British Linen Banking Company stood Alick Begbie, who had watched their approach from the window—for these ladies were his aunt, Janet, and his daughter, Marion.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting long for your breakfast, nephew," said the old lady, as they entered a spacious room, looking out upon the court, well and handsomely furnished, with a blazing fire of sea-coal in the ample stove, while richly-printed cotton curtains, partially drawn over the windows, increased the atmosphere of warmth and comfort; "Marion," she added, with a smile, as she proceeded to disencumber herself of her plaid, "was minded to stint me in my devotions a little, as she was rather fidgetty towards the last; but she is a good child at church, and the prayers of the young and innocent rise like incense to the very footstool of the Almighty. You will never regret, Alick, letting your child go with her old aunt to her Popish place of worship; it's

ly like her prayers are more acceptable to God than ours; for you are young, my Marion, and earth's stains have not yet clung to thee as they have to one, who, like myself, has trod its miry ways for well nigh fourscore years," and the old lady placed her hand caressingly on the girl's head as she spoke.

"Oh, aunt, I wish I were only half so good as you!" exclaimed Marion, as her cheek flushed, and her eyes filled with tears. "I am so bad sometimes, and I know I give you and my father a great deal of anxiety; but I shall mend I hope," she added, smiling through her tears. "Give me your plaid, auntie, and I'll take it to my room."

As if wishful to hide her sudden emotion, Marion hastened out of the room, her father calling out after her—

"Make haste, bairnie, or the breakfast will get cold," and Begbie prepared to seat himself with his aunt at the well-spread table, where figured a dish of steaming oatmeal porridge, flanked by a jug of new milk, coffee, scones, plates piled up with oat-cakes, barley bannocks, Finnon haddocks, smoked salmon, and all the adjuncts of an excellent Scotch breakfast. "I have often told you, Marion, that Marion will never go far wrong,—she loves her father and her old aunt too well. She is giddy, and rather too fond of company, but her heart is sound."

"I know that, Alick; no one knows better than myself the various good qualities of the sweet bairn; but she is easily influenced, especially where she loves, and that very pliability of disposition is what I fear. God keep her from all harm."

"I had a visitor just after you left home, aunt: you had not been gone two minutes, I should think; you must have passed him. Guess who it was."

"I am not good at guessing, nephew, so pray satisfy at once my curiosity. I hope the visitor was a friend whose heart echoed his salutation his lips pronounced on this auspicious morning?"

"Well, it was David Mackoull," answered Begbie, in a slightly embarrassed manner, for he knew that this announcement of his would not be pleasant to his aunt, who cherished with her Highland extraction many of the old Scotch superstitions.

"Eh, Alick?" exclaimed the old lady, setting down untasted her cup of tea, which she was just raising to her lips, her countenance expressing marks of the deepest concern, "he was the First Earl of Tweeddale. Well, I would sooner it had been any other person in the world than David Mackoull. I feel assured that some evil will come of it. I do not like that young man,—he is fair and false. His face and form are the perfection of beauty; but his heart, Alick, is hollow and corrupt. The expression of his eyes, at times, tells me to the very heart. The man's no canny." And the old

lady uttered the last words in a sad and tragical tone—words that have a peculiar meaning in Scotland, and signify a person with a spice of the devil, or something as bad in him.

“My dear aunt, I really would not make myself uneasy about such a trifle; besides, the young man is no enemy of me or mine; on the contrary, he came here this morning with good wishes and words of congratulation on his lips; therefore, why should his visit be prognostic of evil? I do not much admire David Mackoull; but still, you go rather too far. We do not know positively any great ill of him. He will not apply himself to any business; he contracts debts, he does not choose very good company; but in these respects I do not know that he differs greatly from other young men of his age.”

“Alick! you cannot have failed to notice that Marion is much changed since this man came to Edinburgh. She was always fond, poor lassie, of gaiety and pleasure and fine dresses; but now, she is miserable unless she is, night after night, at the theatre, or a dance, or some other merrymaking; and as for dress and ornaments, why nothing pleases her unless it is of the most expensive and richest kind. I am not blaming the poor bairn—she is young and ignorant and thoughtless: but who has given her the disgust she feels, if she does not express it, for our quiet home and simple ways? why, who but this man, whom you are trying to excuse? He pours all sorts of tales into her ears about fashionable life in London, till the poor lassie is well nigh crazed, and wants to be one of the mad troop he has spent his life amongst. Mad with wickedness, I am sure they must be, if you may believe all he says of them. And this man—this hard, selfish, callous libertine—for I tell you, Alick, he deserves all such epithets—is making love to your innocent Marion. He pours his venomous discourse into her ears, day after day, and she listens, and will soon give up her whole heart to him, if she has not done so already. You know all this as well as I do; and, knowing it, is it possible that you can think of giving him any encouragement? Has he thrown his glamour over you also? or the glamour of his father's gold, I should say.”

“My dear aunt,” exclaimed Begbie, rather indignantly, when the old lady was compelled to pause for sheer want of breath, what can have made you take such an idea into your head? I give encouragement to David Mackoull? Such a thought is the farthest removed from my mind.”

“A tailor's son! a man who has worn a thimble!” exclaimed the old lady, in a tone of sovereign contempt, choosing to believe that the London beau had a practical knowledge of tailoring.

“Come, come,” interposed Begbie, with a smile; “say, *Army Clothier to the King*.”

"Army Clothier to the King, forsooth!" replied Aunt Janet, with a sneer; "I should rather say, Breeches maker to the Hanoverian usurper. Marion's grandfather, I would have you recollect, was a leader in the van of Prince Charlie, at Culloden, and fell covered with wounds, fighting for his king like a hero—God rest his soul!" and the old lady crossed herself devoutly.

It was some time before Begbie could convince his aunt that he nourished in his heart no such iniquitous thought, as that which she had imputed to him. But though this fear was removed, she still continued to lament Mackoull's visit, and to murmur to herself at intervals, the mystic words, "He's no canny!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

THE new year was wearing on apace; March, with its fierce, blustering gales had given place to April, with its showers and its gleams of fitful sunshine, nature's tears and smiles.

High up on the sills of sombre old houses in narrow closes and wynds, from gable ends and mullioned windows, shone forth patches of bright colour, the floral treasures, cherished with such care by the inmates of those abodes of poverty, who welcomed with joy the starry flowers of the pale primrose, and the gold-coloured petals of the more brilliant crocus.

There was also a grand show of flowers in the window of the bank, where we first made acquaintance with Aunt Janet. Here she is again on this pleasant morning; but this time she is busy amongst the flowers in the wire stand, placed in the recess of the large window. Marion is very fond of flowers, too, and the loving old aunt has enriched her with all her fragrant bright-coloured store; but she still occasionally looks after her old favourites, and gives Marion the advantage of her superior horticultural knowledge.

The hand of time has pressed lightly on the old lady. Her hair, it is true, is white as snow; but her large dark, hazel eyes are keen as ever, her slight figure is perfectly erect, and her step firm and elastic. In person and face she showed plainly her Highland extraction, being short of stature and dark complexioned.

The warm sunbeams of the spring morning shone full upon her, as she moved about amongst the flowers, clad in the black dress she usually wore, with a little shawl of bright-coloured plaid on her shoulders, and her pleasant face shrouded under large cap borders. She was one of the old school, a link between the present and the past.

On this morning Aunt Janet snipped off the dead leaves with unwonted energy, nay, with something almost of irritation, possibly due to the fact that David Mackoull was an inmate of the apartment; and though both put a certain degree of restraint on their feelings, the sentiments the old Highland lady and the son of the army clothier respectively entertained for each other fell little short of those which, in days of yore, and even then, Gael felt for Sassenach. Begbie had found it impossible, without unkindness and a breach of friendship with his old friend, to exclude David from his house. The two families had become very intimate. Old Mackoull, lost without his business, was constantly coming to Edinburgh, to pass away some of his time with his old friend; and the latter was compelled often, by good nature, to return his visits, and solace him with his company, in what seemed, at first, to the whilom busy trader, a very cheerless and dreary life. The Misses Mackoull also often found their way to Edinburgh. Against them Aunt Janet had nothing to say—indeed, she rather liked them, for, unlike their brother, they were unpretending girls, not spoilt by any over-indulgence of their father, and so they were allowed repeatedly to take Marion back with them to the country. Thus it was, that one way or another, the young girl was constantly in David Mackoull's society; for, as he declared, he could not exist in the country, he had lodgings in Edinburgh, and was always certain to make his appearance, upon some pretext or other, at least two or three times a week, at Tweeddale Court; and so sure as Marion was at his father's house, so sure would he turn up there also.

Of late Marion had appeared more indifferent to his attentions. Begbie was deceived, and thought that she had not really formed any attachment for the young man. Not so Aunt Janet; she believed the indifference feigned, and saw in it a stronger cause for fear, as hitherto Marion had always been open as the day, and concealment in her, implied some strong motive.

Pleasing in manners, as he could be when he liked, and well educated, David Mackoull at times made a favourable impression on Begbie; but on Aunt Janet never, and all the vials of her Jacobitical wrath were poured out daily in commune with her nephew, on the head of this Hanoverian breeches maker, as she styled him.

Mackoull had been detailing to Marion, as she sat putting a stitch or two, now and then, into the sewing she held in her hand, an eloquent description of all the fashionable entertainments he should shortly take part in, as he intended paying a visit to London.

"'Pon honour!" he said, stretching himself lazily in his chair, "some of our bucks will hardly know me again, with the air of

in rusticity upon me, which I have acquired in this land of mud and porridge. I feel seriously oppressed with the idea that my conversation, gait, and appearance must have become frightfully different from contact with semi-barbarity in the Lowlands, and wholly savage in the Highlands. No; they certainly will not show me at Brookes's and Almack's."

"It's a pity you were ever in such company as that of your noble friends in London, Mr. Mackoull," said the old lady, coming and seating herself near to the young people. "You had never known them it would have been better for your manners and morals; and as for any change in your appearance your abode in Scotland make, don't regret that; it may liken you, at least, to your ain kith and kin in Glasgow, whom I knew in my young days. Honest, God-fearing, straightforward they were; who did naught they had cause to blush for, and you might be proud to resemble, though your grandfather, who ate porridge and lived on a top flat,—which you, I suppose, have not had set foot in."

"No; replied Mackoull, emphatically, "if I find a man lives in the second flat, I renounce his acquaintance at once; what are his qualities, nothing, to my mind, could compensate for his gross impudence in expecting me to drag my legs up one of our common staircases, say, to a fifth or sixth flat. 'Pon my word, I don't want to hurt your national feelings, ma'am; but for dirt and foul smells, these staircases resemble an Augean

stable. In ascending one, I do assure you I am compelled to rub my nose between my thumb and first finger, and being thus exposed to a hand, and in danger of slipping on the greasy, dirty steps, I do not contemplate the consequences to my clothing."

"You can easily imagine that *you* are peculiarly sensitive on the subject of clothing and apparel, sir," exclaimed the old lady, smiling, and laying an emphasis on the word *you*, amidst the presence of her nephew, who had just entered the room, and of the two ladies, the two latter, however, being only diverted with Mackoull's strictures on the public staircases; "but better men than you have trod these steps, which so revolt your nicety,—men of noble lineage and high valour, and unblemished descent, who yet have minded as little a trip on these Augean staircases—the prick of a needle," added the old lady, with a sarcastic smile at Mackoull, as she uttered these last words.

"It's all very well, aunt," exclaimed Marion, who had seemed somewhat vexed at the allusion implied in the latter part of the old lady's speech, "for you to talk of those people who went up the stairs of these old houses ages ago; but I am sure it is folly for me to pretend to say that the stairs are not often in a nasty,



filthy state. Indeed, I think Scotch people must shock the by their dirty ways."

Aunt Janet looked in angry and sorrowful amazement young niece, who thus basely, in her opinion, decried her in the presence of one who was ever disparaging it. Being surprised, too, at Marion's eager haste to support what he had said, and the fear, often uppermost in his mind, recurred "Does she really love him?" However, he dismissed the singular thought, and said, laughingly to his aunt—

"I am afraid we natives of Caledonia cannot hold up cleanliness as one of our national virtues; you remember our old 'The clartier the cosier.'"

"Oh, I am quite willing to admit," replied Aunt Janet in a tone of supreme contempt, "that we Scotch are sadly wanting in the refinement, and elegancies, and fastidious niceties of the Southerners; but I do not envy them—nay," she added in a tone of enthusiasm, "I am proud of my country that I was born amongst its heathery hills, and that I still trust in God, draw my last breath under its skies. We are semi-barbarous, rude people, if you will; but brave, earnest in our purposes, intellectual; even the meanest peasantry and labourers are far above English clods, in intelligence and mental gifts, and, in my eyes, are far more gentlemen than many of your English who lay claim to the title!"

"Aye, there it is," answered Mackoull, who now prepared to raise another point of contest; "I never knew such a case as this. Here all are ladies and gentlemen. A snuffy old woman, evidently, from her appearance, holds soap and water in contempt, was ushered into my room a few weeks ago. She was to be my laundress; but on every occasion she informs me that she is a gentlewoman by birth, and that her twentieth cousin, such remote relative, is laird of that 'ilc. But, i' faith, the joke was, when I was in the Highlands not long since, I was on my way to the inn one day, whilst passing through a wretched hamlet; a half-clad fellow told me, with a supercilious air, that he could direct me to the *change*, as they call an inn there, as it was kept by a gentleman named Duncan Mackean. This *change* was the most black-looking and horrid hovel in the whole village. The approach to it was over some stepping stones, spanned an awful abyss of filth, the odour from which haunted my nose weeks. My host came forward, and, in his quality of gentleman, expected to be invited to sit down with me to dinner. We were cooking a couple of fowls, which were served up, event black as my hat, and greased with rank butter, there was

confusion at the door. A Scotch lord had arrived with some unpronounceable name, and, 'pon honour! there he was, taking hold of the ale-house keeper by both hands, and complimenting him, as if he had been a brother peer! because, i' faith, he was of good family, and his father, to be sure, was a laird, so he must be a gentleman! 'Egad, a fine gentleman! a retailer of whiskey,—with a tattered plaid, a swarm of naked children, and a mud cabin, his sole inheritance!'

"Now that ye have done, Mr. Mackoull," said Aunt Janet, as the latter paused and laughed at his own recital, the only sharer in his mirth being Marion, who vouchsafed a faint smile, "I will say a word or two about the poor barbarous people, whose pretensions afford you so much merriment. You evidently consider the poor master of the inn a fit subject to be held up to scorn and ridicule, because, being of good birth, he chose to call himself a gentleman. Let me first, in my turn, express my unqualified contempt and detestation of *your* gentlemen. You have given us your definition of the Highland gentleman, let me give you mine, gleaned from your own remarks, of what you call a London gentleman—a *fine fellow*. He is one who can drink three bottles of wine, who pays all his debts of *honour*; that is, his gambling debts and tavern bills—and evades all his honest debts; who interlards every other word with an oath or imprecation, even before ladies; who ridicules religion and morality as folly and hypocrisy, but is ever talking of his *word of honour*, and who will tell the most audacious lies with unblushing effrontery, and yet send his friend a challenge, and blow his brains out for even hinting the slightest doubt of his veracity. These are your gentlemen, David Mackoull, these are your friends," added the old lady, with a sad and touching energy. "God send they may not lead ye into courses that may bring down your father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. With all their show and fashion, and splendour, they are corrupt and rotten at heart; dissolute, dishonest, false, and treacherous. Such men, in the hour of temptation, would stoop at no crime, not even that which would mark their brows with the brand of Cain. Give me the poor, attired, squalid, half savage Highlander;—with him you may safely traverse alone trackless moors and mountain defiles, far from human habitation, or sign of life, with wealth untold in your possession; not the faintest whisper of treachery or robbery against such an one has ever been heard of, and these starving and destitute beings are the men who guide the rich English stranger amidst the wild solitudes of their native mountains."

## CHAPTER VII.

## ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL

"ARE you going out, Marion?" asked Aunt Janet, as she entered the dining-room, where her niece stood near the window, equipped for a walk. "The clouds look heavy and dark, and the wind is very high. I am sure we shall have another storm."

"I do not care, aunt; I am sick of being shut up within doors so long. We have had a whole week of this horrid weather, and I must have a little fresh air. I am not going far; I shall soon be back."

The old lady sighed deeply, as Marion hastened out of the room, eager to escape further questions or remonstrance from her aunt.

"The poor lassie! she is changed in looks, changed in temper, changed in all things. A fatal day was that which brought David Mackoull under my nephew's roof-tree!" and as the old lady mused aloud, the tears trickled down her withered cheeks.

Meanwhile Marion sped rapidly down Canongate, passed by the old palace of Holyrood, and began to ascend the hill leading to Arthur's Seat.

A few months' had certainly wrought a great change in beautiful Marion Begbie. Her step had lost its lightness and elasticity, her form, its roundness, her cheek had become thin and pale, and her bright sunny hazel eyes were often dim and heavy. She ascended the hill, keeping partly the path towards the Salisbury Crags; then she paused, and turning towards the town, stood for a few moments looking down on the old city. She threw back, with a gesture of impatience, a few scattered ringlets of her beautiful auburn hair, which shone like red gold in a passing gleam of sunlight, and said, half aloud—

"I ought to be ashamed to be here, stealing out on this stormy afternoon, to wander about on the Crags, or at the ruins, till he shall choose to make his appearance; and he has been in Edinburgh a whole week before I hear tale or tidings of him! How base and mean I seem in my own eyes! and yet I cannot help it. The very sound of his voice will be sufficient to revive all my former folly and madness. I cannot struggle against what seems my fate. I am unfortunate enough to love him; and let him do what he will, I cannot tear that love out of my heart."

Reasoning thus, as many of her sex have done before her, and will do to the end of time, in the idolatry of their love for, perhaps, a worthless object, Marion stood buried in thought, her hands locked together, and gazing vacantly at the grand features in the scenery around her.

Broad flashes of sunlight, gleamed out, at intervals from the herto darkened sky, now showing patches of a deep intense blue, emanating with storm-clouds, hoaped up, and forming strange and varied forms. Over some of the tall old houses in the ancient city beneath, the black clouds hung like a pall, while, behind the stile, the sky shone like burnished gold, and the huge and massive masses of blue whin-rock, on which it is built, stood out in strong relief against this brilliant background. The grey walls of the crenelated Palace of Holyrood, and the green slopes of the Calton Hill, were still in shadow; but the sky above the Firth of Forth was clear and bright and blue. Sunbeams sparkled on its broad deep waters, and on the white sails of a vessel near to Inchkeith, over fertile fields bordering this beautiful arm of the sea, on yellowed-up sheaves of corn, and on trees, whose dark bluish foliage contrasted with the golden treasures of the harvest crop. Like a beautiful mirror, encircled with green meadows, lay the waters of the Firth. At Leith, the many masts of the vessels in the docks, the clustering roof tops of the houses, and the dark curious cone-shaped chimnies of the glass works, were plainly visible against a sky of mingled lights and shadows. Black clouds still overhung the city, partially shrouding its piles of lofty dark-grey buildings, its monuments and its spires, conspicuous amongst which, the beautiful imperial-crowned tower of the old collegiate church of St. Giles, while in the distance, the gloom melted away, and on the opposite side of the Firth, the cornfields of Fifeshire glimmered in the sunlight, and the far-away hills of Lomond.

At last, roused from her painful reveries by the voices and laughter of a party of English sightseers, on their way to the top of Arthur's Seat, Marion partially retraced her steps down the ascent, and then struck off into a little beaten track, which led to the ruins of the ancient Hermitage and Chapel of St. Anthony. Passing St. Anthony's Well, a little rill of clear water stealing like a band of silver from under a huge boulder stone, Marion rambled up the rugged and steep ascent, till she reached the ruins. Here she seated herself on a ledge of rock, and waited with feverish impatience, to see whether Mackoull would visit this their favourite resting-place.

Large pieces of rock lay scattered about near the ruins, mingling with slopes of bright green turf and patches of dark purple heather. The high plot of rugged broken ground, on which the last crumbling remains of the once beautiful Gothic Chapel of St. Anthony stands, has, at all times, a singularly wild and romantic appearance; and on that afternoon, the storm clouds drifting across the sky, the wild gusts of wind that swept over the ruined chapel, and the mournful cry of the sea birds that skimmed over the solitary wall

with its vestige of an arch—all that now remains of the ruins,—seemed to harmonise well with the scene around.

Here sat Marion, her heart full of grief and anger, struggling with many doubts and fears, and vague forebodings of coming evil; here on this very spot, to which, in past centuries, came many a holy recluse from the ‘Abbey and Hospitall of Sanct Antonis besyd Leith,’ to pray and meditate, in quiet and solitude, far away from the clamour and strife of the busy town, beneath that green rocky hill side.

For a long time Marion sat alone and undisturbed, her thoughts full of one painfully engrossing subject. The spot doubtless suggested to her the beautiful and inexpressibly touching old Scottish ballad—“Oh, waly, waly up the bank,” a verse of which she began to sing in a low, sweet voice, full of harmony and pathos—

“Oh, waly, waly, but love be bonnie,  
A little time while it is new;  
But, when it’s auld, it waxes cauld,  
And fades away like the morning dew.”

“’Pon honour! a Catalani amongst these old ruins, where the monks pattered their paters and aves in Popish times. I had little hope of finding you here, my fair angel, this stormy afternoon, and I felt little inclined to brave the angry elements; but love prompted me, and bore me on; and though the wind has skaken all the powder out of my hair, and my shins are half broken with the confounded stones that lie all about this delectable spot, behold me here at your feet! Love surmounts every obstacle.”

As David Mackoull spoke, he offered his arm to Marion, who had risen abruptly from her seat when he made his appearance, and now prepared to leave the ruins; for young and thoughtless as she was, she yet most jealously guarded that treasure she had in her sole keeping, her woman’s reputation, and if Mackoull wished to walk and converse with her, it must be where they might see and be seen,—nor had Marion ever hesitated on this point, even though she knew that she ran the risk of her meetings with Mackoull becoming known to her father.

“Love did not prompt you to be very eager in surmounting obstacles,” exclaimed Marion, in a contemptuous tone, refusing by an angry gesture, Mackoull’s proffered arm. “It is now a week since you returned to Edinburgh, and I have neither seen you nor your handwriting. Surely the path from St. James’s Square to Tweeddale Court is not so beset with difficulties, that you could not find your way there once in a whole week!”

“My dearest Marion, I did once sojourn in the Square you speak of; but I abide there no longer. The old Scotch termagant;

who poisoned my food by the snuff she managed to scatter over it, and nearly cut short my existence one evening, by planting that acme of all horrors, a haggis, under my nose, resented my being slightly in her debt, and applied to my father, who paid her, but, as a condition, he insists on my living with him for the future. I need not tell you that I have not the slightest intention of remaining under the paternal roof; but I have not had time to look about for fresh apartments yet, and hence have not been much in Edinburgh. As to my coming to Tweeddale Court, I am not likely to do so; I do not choose to meet your father."

"And why not?" exclaimed Marion, with a flushed cheek and kindling eye. "But it has always been the same; always some idle, paltry excuse, some petty deceit or subterfuge on your part, when I speak or hint at your seeing my father, and coming to an explanation with him. Why should you always refuse to tell him the secret of our love, when I do not shrink from his knowing it?"

"Your father does not love me," replied Mackoull, in a sullen and angry tone.

"Well, and if that were true, you are not the first man who has loved a woman whose parents loved him not. If you had one tittle, David, of the love I have for you, you would have told my father long ago what your feelings were; you would have tried to soften his prejudices, if he had any towards you, to win his heart by your solicitude and attention; but you have done nothing, you keep out of his way now, and you forbid me to say a word of our mutual attachment."

"Your father does not love me!" reiterated Mackoull, in a cold, measured tone; "we are antagonistic, Marion, and always shall be. In the future you will have to choose between your father and myself. But you will know your duty. All you Scotch Presbyterians have the Bible at your fingers' ends," he added in a sneering tone; "so you will know what it says about leaving father and mother, and so forth, for your husband."

"Wait till you are my husband," said Marion, in a tone of bitter scorn; but I think that will never be. I don't know why I have listened to your deceitful protestations so long as I have done; but to-day shall put an end to your false seeming and my folly, and henceforth our ways shall be widely apart."

As Marion ceased speaking, she walked hurriedly on. Mackoull lingered for a moment behind her, his handsome features distorted with rage; then quickening his pace also, he once more reached her side, and controlling his passion, he said in a soothing and persuasive tone—

"Nay, Marion; do not let a few angry words part us. If I have said aught ill of your father, blame my love for you as the

cause. I cannot help feeling jealous of the superior affection you entertain for him."

"Alas! my poor father! he has but little place in his daughter's heart now," sighed Marion, forgetting her resolve, to speak no more with Mackoull. "Since I have known you, David, I feel how changed I am towards him, though he, the fond, kind father, does not perceive it. When I am with him, in thought I am with you. I take no pleasure in reading to him, or working for him now. Your face haunts me by night, and throughout every occupation of the day; and I am ever dwelling on your words, stored up in my mind. And, yet you accuse me of loving my father better than yourself! I ought to do so, doubtless, for if weighed together, his affection for me far out-balances yours; but there is a madness in love. You are often sullen, and harsh, and unkind to me, the woman you profess to love so much, and torment her with your caprice; my father, on the contrary, has always kind looks and gentle words for me, his pride and his joy centre solely in his child. When I was ill of fever, through all the long hours of the night, and for many nights, he kept watch by my side, and when I was conscious, again and again I heard the earnest prayer on his lips, that God would spare to him his little ewe lamb: well, man has deprived him of what God spared, for well I know, David, that my marriage with you, will sever all old ties and affections, and place a vast gulf between my father and myself. I know you do not love him, the veil you throw over your real feelings is far too thin to disguise them; and, as for my poor old aunt, your dislike is plainly expressed without a shadow of concealment."

"Oh, certainly, as far as concealment goes, there is no attempt at such a thing, either on her part or mine," replied Mackoull, with a scornful laugh. "You are a sensible girl, Marion, and you must know, that though I may love you, I am not bound necessarily to love your relations, to put up with them and all their whims and defects."

"Oh, doubtless," replied Marion, quietly; "it is easier for a man to talk, in the language of love, of laying down his life for his mistress, and of passing through fire and water for her, than to show a passing kindness and consideration for those who have watched over the early years of the woman he loves."

"This is all very well in theory, Marion," answered Mackoull; but, in my case, I cannot reduce it to practice. Is it likely, now, that I should feel any regard for your proud, foolish old aunt, a confounded Jacobite in disguise, always sneering at my political principles, and boring me with long-winded stories of her ancestors, and of this gentleman and that gentleman amongst them, who was the soul of honour, and bravery, and generosity, and who would

consider such and such actions and words as base, and vile, and unprincipled—when, all the while, she is talking at me, I know, and very plainly insinuating that I am not a gentleman in her opinion? And what should she know of the fashionable world? She has lived nearly all her life in her native glens, amongst her bare-legged and bare-footed savage clan,—the wild Mac Ra's. I am bored to death with that rebel song of hers :”

“A’ the wild Mac Ra’s coming,  
Little wat ye wha’s coming.”

“You are very polite this morning,” replied Marion sharply ;  
“but you are not forced to come and listen to it.”

“I can afford to laugh at your old aunt’s animosity, Marion ;  
but your father I consider my worst enemy.”

And as Mackoull spoke, he clenched his hand in angry violence.

“My father has never wronged you in word or deed,” exclaimed Marion, terrified at the sudden vindictive look in her lover’s eyes.

“He has, I tell you,” replied Mackoull, in a harsh and repulsive tone. “He exposes my vices, as he calls them, to my father ; he is always pouring his warnings into his ears. I know the theme of their conversation whenever they meet. It is my extravagance, my dissipation, my debts ; and if my father has to pay a debt of honour for me, now and then, Mr. Begbie condoles with him in his affliction, and condemns the spendthrift son. Between them, the two lodging tradesmen would lay fetters on a man of wit and spirit, accustomed only to the brilliant society of the fashionable world. Your father is my enemy, and always will be. I could not turn away from my usual mode of life if I would. Excitement, splendour, fashion, are essential to my very existence ; without them life would be a blank. All other enjoyments are vapid. As well bid the opium-eater to exist without his beloved drug, as bid me renounce the world of fashion. And why should I? My father is rich, and can supply all my wants if he chooses ; if not, he must like the consequences. Here is the Canongate,” he added, as they reached the entrance to that thoroughfare. “I will not come further, I do not wish to stand the chance of meeting your father. Be at the ruins again to-morrow, love, and we will talk of more pleasant matters.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE THEATRE ROYAL.

ONE sultry evening, early in the month of September, a crowd of eager claimants for admission thronged the different entrances to the Theatre Royal—a plain building of unprepossessing appearance,



with a mean-looking portico attached to it, standing in a small square at the foot of the North Bridge, called Shakespeare Square.

Theatrical exhibitions had a very precarious existence in Edinburgh after the Reformation, and during the civil wars, in the time of Charles the First, they seem to have altogether expired. In the reigns, however, of Charles the Second and his brother James, players began to make their appearance. But Presbyterianism was not favourable to the drama, and it had to skulk about in obscure holes and corners, exposed, at any moment, to be expelled the city. For many years, the presbytery poured forth their wrath against such places of profane amusement, and admonitions and exhortations, without number, were fulminated from the pulpits against the dreadful crime of attending stage-plays and frequenting the temple of the *Father of Lies*, as they called the theatre, and supporting the sons of Thespis, who were denounced as the *Servants of Satan*.

But notwithstanding the antagonistic zeal of the ministers and even the interdiction of civic authority, the celebrated Scottish poet, Allan Ramsay, opened a play-house in Carrubber's Close, one of the steep narrow closes diverging from the High Street. The anger of the clergy, however, supported by the secular power, compelled the poor players to adopt different arts of evasion in order to escape entire banishment from Edinburgh. But there were still many enthusiastic admirers of the drama, and at last, in spite of every opposition, a small theatre was erected in a back area near St. John's Cross, in the Canongate. Troubles still visited the little theatre. Strange scenes were occasionally acted in it, not strictly belonging to the legitimate performances—political riots occurred in it; then, again, the parti-coloured gentry threatened to demolish and pull down the house when Garrick's farce of *High Life Below Stairs* was announced; and finally, to the no small joy of the non-playgoers, intestine dissensions, quarrels between the managers and actors, and their respective friends and adherents, led to a riot that effected thoroughly what the parti-coloured gentry had threatened.

However, it was again built up, and enjoyed comparative peace for a few years. As the drama now at last began to hold up its head, a new play-house was projected in the year 1768; but the choice of Shakespeare Square as the site for this building, was a cause of great heartburning amongst the more rigid of the ministers, for this was no other than the very ground on which Whitfield had stood when he preached to the people. It is said that when that devout itinerant divine was told that a theatre was about to be erected there, he expressed his anger in no very measured terms,

at Satan should have found a mouthpiece on the very spot where himself had formerly fed the multitude on the crumbs of holy doctrine.

On the evening we have mentioned two gentlemen, who had crossed from the foot of the North Bridge to Shakespeare Square, joined those persons waiting for admission at the pit entrance of the Theatre Royal. These gentlemen were Alick Begbie and Mr. Norton, Bella Mackoull's betrothed husband. The latter, being on a visit for a few weeks with his future wife's family, renewed the acquaintance of Mr. Begbie, and had come into town that day to spend an evening at the theatre with him, and enjoy the comedy of *Wild Oats*. The doors being now opened, the two gentlemen elbowed their way into the pit.

"Do you ever see David Mackoull here?" asked Norton, who had been taking a survey of the house. "He used to be a pretty constant attendant at the King's, in London; but I know he promised to be very critical in his tastes; so I imagine the performances would hardly meet with his approbation."

"I have not seen him for some time, Mr Norton. I know but little of his movements, but what I do know is not very satisfactory."

"As far as I can see," said Norton, "it was a wrong step Mr. Mackoull took in coming to Scotland. It has only enlarged David's sphere of action. He is head-over-ears in debt in two places instead of one; and he is still in London as often as he chooses, and more unfettered than ever, now that his family are not there. I don't know what the end will be, but David goes on from bad to worse; it is not only that he plunges recklessly into debt and dissipation, but his name begins to be mixed up with dishonourable transactions, and some of his chosen companions are tabooed in decent society."

"And it is the same story here," answered Begbie. "I try to make as light of his doings as possible to my poor old friend; but I am in fear, Mr. Norton, of that unhappy young man bringing disgrace and dishonour on his father's head. His associates here are of the worst kind."

For some few moments the two gentlemen continued to converse on this topic, till at length they became aware of an unusual stir and commotion in the house; voices raised rather loud at times, people standing up, whistling, the shuffling of feet, and discordant sounds and calls from the gallery.

"It looks as if there was going to be a row here to-night," said Norton to Begbie; "what can it be about? Do you see that box on the left? there are three or four fellows in there I should like to hawl out, for they seem to be eager to foment the raging storm."

held a crescent-shaped scaver or opera-hat, which he held under his arm.

"Why, it's David Mackoull himself!"

"You are right!" replied Begbie; "but I don't should have recognised him at this distance. I am sighted. Does he see us, think you?"

"If he did, he would not know plebeians, such the pit."

The noise in the theatre was now becoming louder and louder. Stentorian voices shouted from "Woods for ever!" and the incessant cries of "Music fiddlers!" drowned every other sound. The mem orchestra tuned their instruments in stolid gravity, ur the exhortations, jeers, or menaces of the noisy audito menced playing, sublimely indifferent to the yells from In due time the curtain drew up, and disclosed "John British tar, and his obstinate master, "Sir George Th supported their respective characters with great cre allowed to proceed quietly for a short time.

Norton, hearing only a few murmurs, thought th was subsiding—for it was raised, as he was told, by sitting at his right hand, in consequence of the man given to Mr. Fennel, a clever young actor, the part of Smooth," which had hitherto been played by Mr. the appearance of Mr. Fennel in the character of "Ep couvinced Norton of his mistake. Loud hisses were n different parts of the theatre, of which, however, the took no notice. and he commenced his part, add George:"—

ters of British tars by the defiant manner in which they faced  
isy, vociferous crowd in front of them. However, the uproar  
ed each moment. Men rose from their seats, and seemed to  
e an attack on the stage; ladies fainted, the manager came  
l to the footlights; but though he gesticulated violently, and  
idently talking in his loudest key, not a single word could be  
n the Babel that now reigned in the theatre. Trembling  
es, looking pale under their rouge, peeped from behind the  
and then disappeared, uttering faint shrieks of terror. "Turn  
! turn him off!" resounded from the gallery,—“Where’s  
?” vociferated eager partisans in the pit, “Woods!  
!” re-echoed the boxes. “Groans for Fennell!” was the  
nt demand from the gallery, a request which was at once  
d with by groans uttered in various keys, producing a most  
ly effect. Then, certain individuals, who appeared smitten  
udden blindness, shouted out, “Where’s the manager?  
r! Manager!” The cry was immediately taken up, and  
ery part of the theatre there resounded shouts of “Manager!  
r! Jackson! Jackson! come forward; Where’s Woods?”  
all the time, this very individual manager was standing at  
-lights, bowing, and imploring, and threatening alternately.  
ew of the audience, partisans of the obnoxious young actor,  
“Fennell for ever! go on Fennell!” but they were in the  
y. An attack on the stage, evidently meditated by the  
was suddenly precipitated by an accident which occurred to  
ll.

was still leaning forward, striving to increase the uproar by  
neans in his power, when one of his companions, in a spirit  
ul gaiety, abruptly pushed his friend over the box, which  
no great height above the stage. The manager’s speech,  
r it was, was suddenly cut short, for he sustained a momen-  
cussion from collision with Mackoull’s falling body, which  
l flying on to the foot-lights. The crash of the broken glass  
the sound of a war-trumpet to the belligerents in the house.  
rpt over the benches, sprang into the orchestra, from which  
the musicians fled in wild confusion, and so scrambled on  
tage, where a hand-to-hand encounter now commenced;  
ager, meanwhile, who was no coward, covered with dust,  
at clothes, and begrimed with lamp oil, belabouring  
l to his heart’s content, as he justly considered him the  
over in the riot.

ie and Norton made their escape under cover of the man  
ed the trombone in the orchestra, and who used his instru-  
a battering ram on the heads of all those who opposed him.

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## OCTOBER.

O 'ER hill and dale, now Autumn wends her way  
C areful to blend the tints with painter's skill,  
T o give the landscape still a richer hue ;  
O r like dissolving views, which, as we gaze,  
B lend each with each, till one is lost to sight :  
E ach month thus follows month, and leads us on  
R egardless of our loss, in that we gain.

M. A. B

## A KING'S HOLIDAY.

On the 23rd of June, 1789, "Everything," says the *Gentleman's Magazine's* current "accurate statement," "was in the most violent fermentation, both at Paris and Versailles. "An immense multitude of persons of all ranks assembled at nine o'clock at night, and, being informed that Mr. Neckar was about to depart for Switzerland, forced their way into the inner court of the palace at Versailles. . . . The alarm was inextinguishable in the palace; the princes, the Comte d'Artois particularly led to arms; the troops got together from all parts; but, when ordered to fire, refused to draw a trigger on their countrymen though before the very windows of the palace."

And so the "accurate statement" continues, revealing as far as a month allowed. And what, pray, was happening on the same memorable day, with our 'own royal personages in their semi-royal retreat at Windsor? To ascertain, is, indeed, to display another lantern-slide, and to look upon a vastly different picture. It is a happy contrast. There, paduasoes, tiffany-gowns, fringed coats made of "tabby;" some "satin;" some quilted; some *poult-de-soie*), night caps, night rails, undress-caps (with wings, with half-wings, with curls, leaving room for a small bag of hair behind), chip-hats, gloves, pocket-hoops, long mode cloaks—all feminine and masculine whatever—were being laid, as straight as their composition of cork, kram and furbelows and whalebone would let them, into every trunk, and box, and case that could be found available upon the English royal premises. Small hand-boxes, too, and dainty wicker-baskets, were in incessant requisition. These were being seen to be put into the hands of finer hands, with high-dressed heads above them; and into them were being packed powder, cushions, washes, scents, ruffles, fans; the best muslin aprons worked with gold or colours; the fine satin shoes, with roses on them, and edges of black lace. Then a corner was being found, somewhere, for a packet of Her Majesty Queen Charlotte's own especial snuff, mixed to suite her taste by her dear little waiting-woman, Fanny Burney; and other corners, too, for many a sheet of horrible, unglazed, Bath-post, gilt edged, cheap paper, on which the said clever little waiting-woman was obliged at any cost to go on setting down her diary. In short, from the inner quadrangle to outmost lodge, all was hubbub, pressure, anxious calculation; all was straining of ropes; all was hitching of

stubborn locks into exact position ; was kneeling on, and shouldering, and hazardous passage down steep back stairways ; during the whole, and any, of which, ladies'-women and gentlemen's-men were showing they had tongues as well as tempers, and that no gift was so safe to bestow upon them as elbow-room.

Why was all this? His Most Gracious Majesty, George the Third, was going a journey—right away to the sea—to Weymouth, in Dorsetshire, about as large an amount of travelling as any he ever graciously undertook and performed ; and with His Majesty were going Her Majesty, and the three eldest Princesses,—Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, Princess Elizabeth. “Only five persons, after all,” it will be said. True. And could these five persons have travelled as five persons, having post horses to await them at different stages on the road to Weymouth, by the means of which they could have simply driven there, it need not have been such a very mighty matter. But this could not be done ; with His Majesty and Her Majesty, and their Royal Princesses, was to go such a crowd of equerries, gold-sticks, ushers, masters, mistresses, maids-of-honour, ladies, dressers, women to these, and valets to the men, it changed the face (and foundation) of things utterly. They had to start, too, so cruelly early. Not on this very 23rd at nine o'clock at night, when, just merely across the Channel, there were terror and tumult under other royal windows, and the orders of military blood-princes were disobeyed by the paid soldiers under their command. No ; nor yet on Wednesday, the next day, the 24th. These were the twice twenty-four hours, during which was to be sounded the note, nay—the gamut, the whole chromatic scale of preparation. The real start was at seven o'clock of the morning of Thursday, the 25th, seven o'clock. Think of the horses for the long line of carriages ; of the men to attend to them ; of the wives to attend to the men ! Think of the ladies and maids having their hair frizzled and puffed and powdered, that they might fulfil their function of waiting and attendance on their royal mistresses, whilst *their* hair was being frizzed and puffed, and powdered, too ! Think, also, of the artistic men who had to friz, and puff, and powder, and how they had to have their own turn of toilette or breakfasting beforehand as well ! Think,—but this is a catalogue the rest of which had better be left to the imagination. An exhaustive re-print would only fill columns, and—there is metal more attractive.

The procession set out. The first incident (it is related in the diary of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which will be followed) occurred at Langley. Sir Charles Mills held the manor there from the King on condition of presenting His Majesty, whenever he passed through the forest, with a brace of white grey-hounds ; the grey-hounds

to have silver collars, coupled with a gold chain, and were to be led with a silken string; and on the approach of His Majesty, Charles presented himself, and performed the covenant. In manner, all the keepers, in their green uniform, with round plates placed with gold, decorated with ribands inscribed God save the King, met their Majesties at the entrance of the forest, and rode before them. Lyndhurst was the end of that first day's journey. The Duke of Gloucester had a house there, and received their Majesties at ten minutes past three,—eight hours after they had left Windsor. The Duke had the house brilliantly illuminated, and the course of people to line the road was astonishing. For, there must be no forgetting, the King had only three months before recovered from his first serious attack of insanity, and his subjects were letting him know how glad they were, and what real pleasure it was to see him.

Four days more were spent before Weymouth was reached. The first of these, Friday, was occupied by a visit to Southampton. It was here that the oft-quoted mayor lived, who had the wooden clogs and who could not possibly kneel to His Majesty, no matter how fervent was his loyalty, or how imperative were the whispers addressed to him. Saturday was passed at Lymington, where there were more illuminations and kissing hands by the mayor and oration. Sunday was a quiet day at home,—at the Duke's house, that is, at Lyndhurst; so was Monday. Tuesday, the 30th, the day of departure, and at four o'clock in the afternoon came the proud moment for which Weymouth had long been looking. Mayor and Aldermen, and Common Council, walked in procession to meet their Majesties, with colours flying and a band of music playing God save the King; a royal salute of twenty-one guns was given by two men-of-war lying in the roads, and returned from the royal battery upon the Esplanade; and there was the bay of Weymouth, with its gold sands and its glistening sea, and there was the gay June sun above with the bright fresh breeze blowing health and hilarity everywhere. The King was quite overcome. He exclaimed, says the Diary, "I never enjoyed a sight so pleasing!" The night was spent throughout the whole town with uninterrupted jollity.

Their Majesties woke up the next morning, the 1st July, at the little watering-place. They were dosed the first thing, according to routine, by the Mayor. That gentleman, helped by the Recorder, helped by the Aldermen, helped by the Common Council, waited on the King with an address. To receive this humbly, seems (naturally enough) to have exhausted the royal energies: nothing more on this day is chronicled. On July the 2nd, the entry is, Their Majesties walked in the evening on the



sands (a long s to sands looks like fands, and is, at first sight puzzling), attended by their suite, for more than two hours, and afterwards drank tea with Lady Sydney. On the 3rd the whole thing is wrapped up very small and tight. It says "nothing material." The 4th is more expansive. Being wet (the Diary tells domestic pleasures took place, in which their Majesties take great delight, literary conversation, and select parties at cards. This was Saturday. The next day the skies corrected their ill-behaviour and allowed a longer record. The words are—whatever they may mean—At half-past ten their Majesties walked to church attended by an immense crowd of people, whom the serenity of the weather invited from far, to partake of the pleasures of the town, which they had heard so much in the country. In the church, the Diary goes on to say, there was sung "God save the King" by several good voices; and in the afternoon the Royal Family walked a considerable time on the beach, to gratify the people.

What a picture it is! Hark, again: on Monday the 6th, short and bound in as once before; "nothing material." On the 7th, "His Majesty bathed in the sea for the first time, as did the Princess Royal on the day preceding." On the 9th, "the King, since he bathed, finds his health considerably improved. He usually rises at six, walks the Parade till eight, takes breakfast before ten, rides till 3, dines at 4, and resumes the promenade with the Queen and Princesses till late in the evening;" and so it goes on. Once it says, very grandly, it is on Thursday the 16th, after a visit to Mr. Pitt's estate near Dorchester, "a very elegant display of fireworks ushered in the night." Another day it descends again. It says, "spent in domestic pleasures." On one Sunday it sets down "His Majesty bathed in the sea, as did the Princess Elizabeth" (un-sabbatarian people!) a circumstance that is atoned for by the further notice, not only that the King and his daughter went to church afterwards, but heard an excellent sermon. Then there comes Monday, the 20th of July, when their Majesties went a little sea excursion. As the Diary puts it, they embarked very early in their boats, to go on board the "Southampton," which they accomplished about ten, though it blew fresh with a hollow sea. The King experienced little or no inconvenience; the Princess bore the rolling of the waves with astonishing firmness; but Her Majesty was very sea-sick, and it was with great difficulty that she kept from fainting till she reached the shore. Poor lady! And yet brave lady! For the next day, Tuesday the 21st, the Diary says notwithstanding Her Majesty's indisposition the day before, she was not so much daunted as to trust His Majesty's to the perils of the sea without her friendly care; their Majesties went again in their barges on board the Southampton," when she weighed and

took a pleasant trip of five hours in the Channel. This trip, too, so agreeably banished the Queen's sensitiveness, that the very next morning there she is with the King and the rest on board the favoured man-of-war again. And the frigate, the *Diary* says, soon weighed and put to sea, with a smart breeze at S.W., and there took place a cruise of several hours on an unruffled ocean; after which they put back by Her Majesty's desire, well-pleased and in high spirits. Alas, though, the unruffled ocean and the attendant Jack-tars (pig-tails and all) were not so enjoyable to one of the members of the Queen's suite. The Hon. Miss Townshend, it is gravely and yet admirably reported, was so extremely *sea-sick*, that she declared she was *sick of the sea*! She was evidently the wit of the party, and, if so, what of the rest?

More naval pleasures took place. One was to Luworth Castle, the ancient, hospitable, and delightful seat of Mr. Weld. The "Southampton" conveyed their Majesties, and carried them not over successfully; for the beating-up, as it is called, took six hours (poor Miss Townshend!) wind and tide being both contrary. However, the remainder of the day paid for all. After landing and driving two miles to the castle-gate, the royal family were met by the country-people for some miles round, assembled in sporting groups about the castle, with music playing, in the highest ecstasy of joy. On entrance there was the utmost politeness from Mr. Weld; and descending the steps were eight of the children, dressed in uniform, and placed one above the other, who joined in chorus singing God save the King. Their Majesties, highly gratified, stayed and partook of an elegant collation, and then were conducted to the beautiful chapel, where they heard an anthem performed in so excellent a style they could not help expressing their approbation of the performers, both vocal and instrumental. On board the "Southampton" again all also continued to go well. The return voyage took only two hours, and their Majesties were landed at the pier at Weymouth at a quarter after nine, in high spirits, having ate, drunk, and sung, the whole trip. Two days after, Thursday, August the 6th, the "Southampton" was in requisition again. The royal family were to take another cruise in her; and the weather being fine, the breeze gentle, and the sea a mirror, this day's trip gave their Majesties unspeakable pleasure; they landed from it about three in the afternoon, very hungry, but full of spirits. One or two little matters occurred to bring this last state about. The first was that the "Southampton" grounded and was successfully backed off again without the smallest injury. Another was that there was a ship in the roads—the "Magnificent," another of His Majesty's—as jealous as she could be of this proud thing, the "Southampton." She determined to race her, every league of her

tacking. The commander, Captain Onslow, would show the King that his ship, seventy-four guns though she might carry, could take an excursion as well as her smaller rival; and, says the Diary, this was a fine opportunity for the royal party to see a seventy-four gun ship in all her glory, going nine knots an hour. So it was; and by-and-by, when, at the King's wish, the "Southampton" pulled about and stood in for land, it must have had a charming effect, as it declares, to have seen the rivals passing each other at the same velocity, on different tacks, and almost brushing sides. Ha, ha! the "Magnificent" was magnificent then, and as her men saw the royal party on the "Southampton's" quarter-deck admiring her every one of them set up a cheer—hurrah! Besides, the "Magnificent" had a regular little performance to make yet; one that was the crowning incident of the day. It is known that in 1789 America no longer belonged to his English Majesty. It was just a little republic in its babyhood, seven years old; and one of its packets, steering near the "Southampton," showed baby manners. On seeing the King's pendant, the American should have lowered her top-gallant sails; it is simply the naval way of taking off the hat. The American was not going to be polite, though; not she. Wasn't her little country a very big country, and hadn't her good soldiers beaten the King's soldiers, and why should she, bub-bub-bub, &c. Very good! Then a naughty little child had to be taught that it *must* practise the courtesy of nations, if it wishes to occupy a *fauteuil* in the drawing-room of nations. The only question, on this hot August noon, out in the open Channel, was Which English ship should have the honour of doing the teaching? It was the "Southampton's" task, seeing it was the "Southampton" that had been insulted; but Captain Douglas, her commander, gallantly (and sensibly) did not wish the Queen and Princesses (and, perhaps, the Hon. Miss Townshend with her saucy tongue), to know anything about the commotion. Had he fired a gun, too (the only naval argument), there would certainly have been a scream and scene from the royal ladies, and most likely the Hon. Miss Townshend would have taken the opportunity to faint. Captain Douglas, therefore, hesitated. Did Captain Onslow of the "Magnificent?" No; he was not hampered with tiffany petticoats and chip hats (though he would have given a year's good service if he could have been!) and off he set. He—let it be put in the original words—altered his course a few points to take a slap at the American, as the sea-phrase is, with an eighteen-pounder, which presently made her comply; she did not only douse her top-gallant sails, but lowered her top-sails also. There! Rule Britannia!—and let the landing take place at Weymouth triumphantly, the royal party very hungry.

The "Magnificent" had its reward for this. Her captain (with Captain Douglas of the "Southampton") was invited the next evening to a select party,—it was the absent little Princess Amelia's birthday; but that was nothing. The sea-soaked timber of the good ship "Magnificent" herself was positively trodden by the royal people after all,—and on such a grand occasion. They attended Sunday service on her, and the yards were manned as soon as the Royal Barge could be discerned to heave in sight; the marine forces (on board) received the royal visitants under arms, and on his Majesty's approach there was cheering. The disposition of the congregation, continues the Diary, took place after their Majesties were seated, which was near eleven o'clock. The King, Queen, and royal family occupied the starboard side, under the quarter-deck awning; the larboard contained the *noblesse*; in the centre sat the officers of the ship, and behind them were placed the ship's company and marines, who formed themselves into a crescent. The great uniformity of appearance, the attention and solemnity observed on this *nouvelle* occasion, were awful, and did much credit to every man on board. The sovereign himself felt the full force of it. Could he help it? And, shortly, the sovereign's consort gave testimony of her susceptibility. The Rev. Mr. Clifton officiated, and gave a sermon so very applicable, and delivered with such a pleasing and respectful diffidence before the august auditors, that her Majesty could not refrain from expressing her feelings by her tears, in which she was followed by the Princess Elizabeth! At the conclusion of the service, the King and Queen thanked the Rev. Mr. Clifton, and Her Majesty expressed a wish to have his sermon transcribed. (Delicate this; the composition was not to be published; one copy was to be made just for the Queen's own reading!) And during these courtesies, and those subsequent, what became of the Princess Elizabeth? She had dried her tears and gone—depend upon it, the Hon. Miss aforesaid was with her,—with her wonted good humour and affability, to the foremost part of the gangway, for the curiosity of seeing the seamen's dinner served to them, and she remained there near ten minutes, seemingly highly delighted, diffusing her smiles to every tar who met her eyes!

On one day there was displayed, what the Diary calls, the most splendid naval exhibition ever seen in Dorsetshire. This was it. A little before five o'clock four barges, rowed by ten men each, and two cutters, manned with eight each, all in uniform, were seen coming from Portland Road to the pier in the bay, each commanded by an officer. At another time—this was at Plymouth, therefore not in Dorsetshire—something else occurred. A very handsome

cutter, rowed by six young women, and steered by a [seventh, all habited in loose white gowns, with nankeen safeguards, and black bonnets, each wearing a sash across her shoulders of royal purple, with "Long Live their Majesties" in gold, accompanied the royal barge till it returned to town. Was not this a sight *nouvelle* enough to engage royal attention? Or were fine young women in the habit then of rowing about in nankeen safeguards and black bonnets? Anyhow, it would be interesting to know what Princess Elizabeth and the Hon. Miss had to say about it. There was the grand naval review, too, at Plymouth. At this Lord Howe was present, so was Lord Hood, as were other admirals less known, and dukes, and earls, and the King's then host, Lord Boringdon. The view was beautiful beyond description, it is told. There were above a hundred different vessels, sloops, and yachts in motion, and the shore covered with spectators. For the sham-fight itself, the fleet formed into two lines. There was some manœuvring by the opposed ships, in order to bring each other to action, and then the engagement began with a furious cannonade, all speedily joining in the thundering festivity. Nothing, indeed, could diminish, according to the Diary's phrasing, the partiality of the Royal Family for sea exercises. One day (after getting back to Weymouth) they went on board the "Southampton," and, the weather proving favourable to their hopes, they continued to sail in the Bay till the contending passions were nearly exhausted, and that for the sea quite subdued (!). Soon after three they returned to Gloucester Lodge (their home at Weymouth), rejoicing in the victory. On the morrow of this inexplicable announcement, the passion for the sea again returned. Their Majesties, notwithstanding it shows for rain, and actually does rain a little, have ordered their boats, and are embarking. Little wind prevailing, the "Southampton" continued to ply off and on, without being able to make wind-way. The fondness of the Princesses for the water can hardly be concealed. Then, on Saturday, September the 12th, the Royal Family had to take leave of sea voyages for the season. The "Southampton" again had them all "chaired" up her sides, and treading her quarter-deck. Then His Majesty, having expressed his wish to enjoy as long as convenient the salutary effects of the sea-breeze, Captain Douglas, in contempt of danger, exceeded his usual limits, and kept his ship at sea till past six o'clock. Bold captain! having recompense next day, Sunday, (anti-Sabbatarianism again!) in receiving the honour of knighthood, and having had other recompense some days previously, during—speaking diarically—a *petit* cruise. An opportunity had been taken then by her Majesty of presenting him with a small gold medallion of his ship, telling him

give it to Mrs. Douglas, as an ornament to wear round her neck, giving him to understand that the ladies of her suite were in possession of the same.

But there were many hours during their Weymouth holiday that were obliged to be passed on land. Sometimes the King would "command" a play. He did once, and finding, through the unforeseen length of a sea-trip, he could not get to the theatre in time, he sent to order that a farce should be performed first, that the company might not languish for want of amusement. He went another time to Quick's benefit, Quick, as "Touchstone;" again Chalmers' *début*, Chalmers as "Marplot." The theatre at such times had three rows of boxes raised for the Royal Family's accommodation, over which was placed a canopy of crimson satin, richly edged with gold. Twenty-two seats were in tiers; and their jesties always seemed pleased with the exertions of the performers. Once they were more. They saw the Highland Reel, then the farce of the "Lyar," and seemed highly entertained. It was not bad, either, when there was a select party with a dance. A couple could be mustered, for Lords Westmoreland, Chatham, Esterfield, and Courtown, were allowed the honour of standing with the Princesses, and they would not break up till three in the evening. There came, also, the Devonshire tour to bring new measures. Honiton was visited among other places: and, as their jesties approached, they were surprised and delighted with the appearance of near four hundred girls, neatly dressed with white bands, headed by the young ladies of the boarding-school in the centre; a sight so *nouvelle* drew tears of sympathy from the eyes of Majesty and the Princesses. At Plymouth itself a day-light illumination at the Mayor's door, attracted even his Majesty's observation. The royal arms, with a star emitting a continued light, was the design, and it was placed in such a situation that the refulgence of the star immediately struck behind it, and rendered it so superior to anything that artificial light had hitherto produced, that it would be impossible to do it justice by any description. The visit to Mount Edgecombe was marked with uncommon magnificence and splendour. Sixteen young maidens, dressed in white, preceded the royal pair, strewing roses, carnations, and lilies. When they came to the steps that lead to the grand entrance, each maiden, on her knee, presented a curious flower to the Majesties, which was graciously received. In the several parks, particularly upon Maker Heights, the King was surprised and astonished at the vast magnificence of the scene. It had such a striking effect upon the Princess Royal that the involuntary tear ofapture stole down her lovely cheek. The visit to Marshlow Wood of Mr. Hayward, charmed in another way. The woods

belonging to this gentleman are described as being i  
 striking and romantic situations, in many places dre  
 pices, tremendously sublime; and their Majesties wer  
 hours in admiration of their beauties. There was Ket  
 ancient seat of the Mount Edgecombes. That had its  
 delight. There was a very propitious voyage to it, ir  
 the Tamar, which voyage was much enlivened by multi  
 natives of Devon and their Cornish neighbours, who line  
 of the river to see their sovereign. The noble owner, o  
 rable mansion received the royal visitants on their la  
 becoming dignity; the ramparts of his castle were occu  
 vassals, and he himself was attended by a chosen band  
 adherents, who shouted "God save the King!" Trium  
 with four wheels each, and two ponies, were provided  
 their Majesties and the Princesses to the castle, on re  
 outer gate of which twenty-one pateraroes (!) were  
 Exeter the welcoming again devolved upon the Mayor a  
 tion. At the bounds of the city these met the royal  
 with an excellent band of music and the invariable  
 Mayor presented the city keys to the King, who polite  
 them, saying, "They are already in very good hands;  
 royal family went to stay at the deanery, where, aft  
 themselves at the windows, to gratify the eager curio  
 populace, they partook of an elegant supper. They pro  
 morning to view the cathedral; of course, after the graci  
 of civic and cleric addresses. There the organ was touch  
 Jackson ("Love-in-thine-Eyes," Jackson), and the  
 Te Deum Laudamus in a masterly style. Was it Jackso  
 Deum? The Diary, it is a pity, does not say. It recor  
 that His Majesty was particularly struck with the n  
 painted window over the west door of the church; and  
 memory of man there never was seen so great a co  
 people as were assembled from all parts of the adjacent  
 this occasion. This does not end the loyalty of Devon  
 The King's holiday included a visit to Bridport. To ge  
 carriages had to climb the Chadwick and Charmouth hills  
 and his gentlemen kindly got out to walk. This, says  
 gave the country people a fine opportunity of approa  
 royal presence, which several of them embraced; w  
 nearest him the King talked familiarly, and on those at  
 he smiled graciously. Arrived at Bridport, the principal  
 walked before the King's carriage with music and flags,  
 body bore a canopy over it, with a handsome crown; in  
 too, there were three triumphal arches, on all of which  
 inscriptions; and it is computed that not less than 15,00  
 were assembled, .

After twelve days passed in Devon thus, there was the return to *Veymouth*. Walks here went on, as before ; upon the Esplanade, upon the sands, to *Slave's Assembly Rooms* (once on a Sunday, when their *Royalties* drank tea), to *Stacie's Rooms* (on a Sunday also), to *De La Motte's Library* to make purchases; and His Majesty held a *Privy Council* on divers weighty matters of state, and stayed indoors one day writing his despatches. The holiday was drawing to an end then; and there came the "petit cruise" upon the "*Southampton*," the last boom from the last battery, the last lingering look at the sea. *Windsor* was the destination; to *Windsor* the horses were heavily hoofing. There were three resting-places before its old towers were seen. The first *Longleat*, the seat of the *Marquis of Bath*, where two nights were spent; the second, *Tottenham Park*, *Lord Ailesbury's*, where the royal people were not less magnificently, nor less assiduously attended. The third stay is not accounted for. It was the night of the 17th of September—a few days after *Louis and Marie Antoinette* had been forcibly removed from *Versailles* to the *Tuileries*, after that terrible day when the troops and the populace had tried to fight their way into their Majesties' apartments to murder them, and there had been massacre upon the very stairs. On the morning of this 17th, our English royal folk left *Tottenham Park* about ten o'clock. Where they slept, as has been stated, is not recorded. The *Diary* only says, on the 18th their Majesties and Princesses arrived at *Windsor*, about three in the afternoon, in full health and joyous spirits, of which it is very pleasant and satisfactory to think. A cheer shall be raised for it, and the cheer shall be "*Vivat—Regina!*"



## TO INDIA AND BACK.

*Conclusion.*

I HAD hardly written [the words declining to give "further advice gratis," before I repented. I felt that I had no right to disgrace the medical profession. Have I not, like my brethren, been accustomed to advise gratuitously all my life; receiving few half-pence and many kicks in return, and why should I stop now? No; let me do my duty, come what may. The editor of this magazine, the public, nay, His Royal Highness the Prince, may object to my advice; but well do I know, as a professional man, that people invariably tiptilt their noses at the relaxing ipecacuanha, the soothing assafoetida, and the stimulating musk; when they first look upon the prescription—it is only when they have swallowed it that they perceive its value—I mean, of course, in a general way; for when it comes to "musk," I acknowledge that the patient is well able to go his own road without anybody's assistance at all. I will try to avoid any savouring of musk in the few remarks I feel it my duty to make, as the time draws near for the Prince's departure to the East. I have not said anything yet about the proper way to behave on board ship in time of danger. I know that Britons feel no fear, particularly on the ocean which they rule; but for all that there is an emotion, uncommonly like fear, which is apt to upset even the bravest landsman when he thinks his vessel is going down. If the vessel does go down, of course it is of no consequence, but if it don't it is awkward to have it remembered that expressions of dislike to drowning have escaped your lips.

I once knew a serious and well-disposed young man who injured his character as a fire-eating, devil-may-care son of a Sea-King Briton, by asking his comrades to say their prayers when the ship was going down. It comfortably happened in this case that the ship did not sink. It was a wild night, in truth; pitch dark, raining like mad, blowing furiously, top-sails close-reefed, no observation for three days, a rock or a dozen of them known to be about somewhere, the captain in a tarpaulin hat, coat, and leggings, the cuddy-table splashy with grog, which *would* jump out of the tumblers, even when you put them on the swinging-tray. It was a wild night, I repeat, when four gallant youths sat playing whist, unmoved amidst the howling storm!—perhaps I should say *apparently* unmoved, for nobody knows the heart—at least, we did

know the hearts or the other suits, for that matter. One of us, mechanically took up the tricks, but goodness knows who a them. Still, we did play; a revoke or two extra would take ce, when the poor ship gave a shudder as if the last roll had been much for her timbers; but the game went on. Our fifth com- nion never played cards. This night he was on deck, holding on some backstay, and, I think, saying his prayers. At last, just I took the king of diamonds with the knave of clubs when spades re trumps, our friend made his appearance. "Better," he said, or you to say your prayers than to play cards, for the ship is t!" "What?" the whole four of us shouted in chorus, as we ed our tumblers and threw down our cards; "who says so?" he captain," replied the solemn ensign. "I heard him say, Lord, O, Lord!" and he would not have said that if there had n any hope!" I hardly know what the result of this dreadful rmation would have been had not the captain himself suddenly eared. "Clearing up, gentlemen!" cried the nautical hero; e worst of it's over." "Why, captain," gasped one of the llers, "Gubbins told us we were lost, and you were calling out Lord!" "Me?" exclaimed the captain; "I never said Lord"—never dreamt of such a thing! I called out 'Let go topsail haulyards!' and, when I saw the worst of the squall was , I calls out, 'Old 'ard—old 'ard;' but I never cried, 'O, l.'"

It is thirty years ago since that squall, and looking back on time, I almost think that our pious friend upon the poop was ly and truly as courageous, and much more so, than the four eradoes who played whist, when they could not tell the colours e suits; still, for all that, *at the time* he ruined his character, we all felt a contempt for the man who said his prayers before e was any necessity for it—before, in fact, it would have been late to pray at all. It does not do for any one to wear his t upon his sleeve for daws to peck at; and my advice to His al Highness is *don't sing psalms in a storm unless you have mpathetic audience.*

I am glad to hear that a band of music will accompany the ace on his voyage; but even while I rejoice, I must put in a d of caution. *Don't let the musicians wait at table.* I once ed in a ship where the cabin stewards *were all musicians.* The who handed round the potatoes blew the cornet, the steward o filled your tumbler played the flute, the head steward who ied in the soup tureen struck the light guitar, and, indeed, ry cabin servant made a musical noise of some description. I t mean at meal times, but before and after. Fifteen stewards y played "The Roast Beef of Old England," and then in a

twinkling they pocketed their instruments, and you were waited upon by demure servants, with flageolets and fifes sticking out of their pockets, indeed, but bearing no other traces of their artistic pursuits. They were good waiters up to a certain point, and good musicians up to an uncertain point; and they must have been good men, for on Sunday morning they played us in to breakfast to the tune of "Awake my soul, and with the sun." But for all that, I don't think the dishes and tumblers were quite as clean as they would have been if the waiters had not been obliged to practice the overture to "William Tell;" and the overture would have been better if the musicians had not been obliged to break off in the middle to wipe out the soup-plates. I regret to say that the waiters in their capacity of musicians sent round a subscription-list; but I will not even suppose that the band of H.R.H. would think of demanding double pay, even if they waited at table. I take higher ground than that, when I say boldly, that no man can do justice to "William Tell" when he has twenty-four dirty plates, two greasy dishes, and forty-eight stained wine glasses on his mind.

There was a waiter once, and maybe he still lives, who was a waiter indeed—fresh and beautiful he lives in my memory,—and if the Prince could only get hold of *that* waiter I think he would prize him. I saw him on board a P. and O. vessel. He attracted my attention on the first day. My neighbour fumbled in his waistcoat pockets when dinner was half over. First he searched the right pocket, and then the left. My waiter at once came out in his true colours. "Perhaps, sir," he observed, "you have forgotten your toothpick; if so, allow me," and he produced a little silver instrument from his own pocket.

On the following day he gaily accosted a lady passenger,—“May I assist you to a little *jambon*?” On the third day he entered the cabin which I shared with two other officers, and addressed us solemnly, five minutes before the dinner-bell rang. I must mention that one of our party was named Cruets. Any one who knows the playful familiarity of a mess will guess at once that a gentleman whose name was Cruets, was called “Bottles” by his companions in arms. But how did this extraordinary waiter know it? I can't make up my mind now whether he did or did not; but this is what the waiter said—“Gentlemen, there's some new port wine to-day: don't you drink it; for, as the Catechism teaches us, *it don't do to put new wine into old Bottles*,” He fixed his eye solemnly on Major Cruets as he said it, and then he left the cabin.

Once again I met him, but no longer a steward of the P. and O. Company. Merit had promoted him to the head steward of a

isting Indian steamer. The ship was to sail next day, and I ne aboard sick the night before, and tumbled into my berth without any one knowing anything about it, excepting a half-caste cabin rant. I awoke at eleven, I heard the sound of revelry by night, and I peeped through the venetians,—supper was going on, and such supper,—tinned provisions of the best quality, Oxford sausages, lemon, preserved oysters ! The beer flowed freely and the half castes assed round one bottle of champagne. I heard my own waiter me out in his true character, no longer a ship's steward ; but an ator, a theologian, indeed ; next to him sat the engineer, a Scotch-an. " Niggers have got no souls !" exclaimed my waiter. " Weel," plied the engineer, cautiously, " I'd no say that preceesely." " I tell u," said my waiter, " they have not. *Heaven has been too good to m, and has given them something which does for a soul in this rld, and don't leave them responsible in the next.*" Now, this is a ry startling remark, and I beg to call attention of H.R.H. to it. ally if the natives of India—or as my waiter called them, niggers—we ve no souls, we might get rid of our Indian missions and escape ood deal of bother. Unluckily at this stage of the supper the lf-caste servant who had seen me come on board and go to my th, entered the cabin, the list of passengers was on board, and he aw my name and pointed it out to my own steward—a wondrous unge came over the man, in an instant he was a martinet terrible his ideas of discipline. " Gentlemen," he said, addressing the com-y. " Order must be maintained on board this ship ; it is time ut out the lights ; good night ! And, oh, by-the-bye, Frederick," continued, as he fixed the half-caste servant with his eye, " I want a to understand one thing. *To-morrow morning*, General Shuffles, . Buffles (i was Buffles), and the Bishop of Bombay will come on rd. Recollect, that neither the general nor the bishop, nor any ly else is to be served on board this vessel until all Dr. Buffles's nts have been attended to !" Until that voyage was over I never ntioned a word about the supper to a single human being. It's belief the wondrous head steward knew I would not, could not ch. I saw him once again ; he was running with two friends hard as he could along the high-road from Kurrachee to the bour. His vessel at the time was steaming steadily towards mbay. Will it is believed that the captain had sailed without a. He may be still in India, for anything I know, and I only e he may be of service to the Prince if they ever meet.

There is no doubt that our comfort in life depends principally upon the attachment and devotion of our humble dependants. rds in waiting are all very well ; but they don't wait. Spiritual stors are very good, but they have a tendency to preach moderation in the supply of the food we have set our hearts upon. Aides

de camp are synonymous with pickles in the East, at any rate, all these people, indeed, think too much of themselves. They are selfish, and shrink from the slightest duty that gives trouble or annoyance. Take punkah-pulling, for instance, it is absolutely necessary that somebody should pull a punkah over the Prince. I should like to see a lord in waiting squatting four hours at a time watch and watch with two other lords in waiting, day and night for three consecutive months, for the small sum of sixteen shilling each by the month. I never shall see it; the theory of feudal service would break at once. Religious profession, I fear, would not be put into practice where punkah-pulling was required. As for an aide-de-camp exerting himself to do anything useful, the idea is ridiculous! Now, the humble Hindoo will not only pull a punkah for sixteen shillings a month, but he has been known to pull one for many months, day and night, *for the promise of that amount of coin*. My idea is that a Hindoo servant has little faith, and not much charity; but he has to live a good deal in hope sometimes, and the exertions of a punkah-wallah who has a desperate hope of being paid some day are not to be compared with the idle, dawdling performance of duty by a man who is sure of his money. The latter is the man who goes to sleep when he ought to pull his punkah, and for such a man there can be no mercy. There is but one course to pursue, and I advise His Royal Highness to take it. The punkah will be above his bed, and the rope which pulls it, passes through a hole in the wall, and is tugged at by the native in the outside verandah or in an adjoining room. Just as the Prince may be dreaming of home, or of the baffled efforts of the mosquitoes to settle on the tip of his nose, he will wake with a start to find a mosquito on his nose. One glance will be enough,—the punkah does not move, and a gentle snore proclaims that the wretched native has had the bad feeling to fall asleep. If that happens a second time unavenged, the Prince may blame himself. Listen. Place your punkah-puller on a very high three-legged stool, he is sure to go to sleep all the same, then when you wake with a mosquito on your nose, mark the pendant curve of the rope which should be tight and straining at the punkah, rise stealthily from your bed, don't chuckle when you remember that the villain has the other end of the rope in his idle hand, draw in a deep breath and fling yourself bodily upon the bight of the rope, never mind the crash outside, that is the stool tumbling, and that thud is the gentle Hindoo toppling headlong; fear no unmanly wailing, in an instant the punkah-pulling will be resumed with a violence that might be due to a hurricane; and for the rest of that night the Prince may sleep in peace with a quiet conscience.

*I hope the Prince will take a native tailor with him as*

~~of~~ *of his staff.* Tailors are much the same everywhere, ~~g~~-enduring, patient, and civil. I never knew a native tailor ~~w~~ temper but once, and that was when a bandy-legged ~~p~~tain beat the tailor over the head with a misfitting pair of trousers just brought home; he certainly took a fearful revenge. He put his hands together in a deprecatory manner, and spoke these sarcastic words, "Suppose master no got proper legs, how poor tailor make proper trousers?" But this man was a disgrace to his cloth, and I still advise that a Hindoo tailor should be on the Royal Staff.

A Hindoo is ready for work at all hours. Now, I knew a man who was seriously misunderstood, just because no tailor could be found sober enough to work after ten o'clock at night. The gentleman was a governor and a representative of majesty. He had but just arrived in the colony, and, above all things, it was desirable that he should be courteous and affable when he opened the general assembly with a speech from the throne on the following day. I attended the ceremony—the governor entered with a stiff, solemn, constrained air; he bowed very slightly and only from the neck, and then he prepared to seat himself on his throne. I never saw such affectation in my life; everybody noticed it, and all were disgusted; he took ten minutes to seat himself, as though the throne had been dirty, and he crossed his legs slowly and ostentatiously as if nobody else had legs but himself. I must say he produced a bad impression, and we all put him down for a tyrant. Not a bit of it; never was there a kinder or a more amiable man. I found out afterwards that it was all the fault of the tailors! The fact was, that at twelve o'clock on the previous night he thought he would try on his official uniform. Whether he had grown stouter on the voyage or not, or whether it was the fault of the sewing machine, I cannot say; but the lower garments split from top to bottom, he had but the one pair, and he uttered a cry of grief. His household rushed to the door, he locked it! he would not let them in; he could not, in fact, with a due regard to decency. At last the tailors were sent for, but not a sober tailor could be found! Honour to woman! The ladies of the household repaired those continuations and he wore them the next day. All his constrained movements were due solely to the wish, not to be wanting in respect to the representatives of the people should the stitches give way! and yet he could not explain this, and had to be set down in popular estimation as a pompous aristocrat. All this would have been avoided if he had been blessed with a Hindoo tailor; and that is why I recommend that one should be attached to the staff of H.R.H.

When the Prince is all ready, tailor, punkah-wallah, bishop,

aides-de-camp, lords in waiting, and medical attendants, his path will not be so difficult as one might suppose. The newspapers have told him what to look at, and also what to think when he sees anything particular. When he looks at illuminated Bombay, for instance, he is to compare it to "a molten island of lava in a sea of fire." I hope H.R.H. won't forget that; it would be awful if he said a sea of lava in an island of fire! At Delhi he is to compare the present army of India *wish that which won the battle of Plassy*. The *Daily News* says so, and comparisons are odious, and this one comparison will be most excessively odious, for the Plassy men have been dead and buried for seventy years and more. When they rise again with forty mortal murders on their crowns, well may the Prince exclaim, "This is more strange than such a battle was." At Agra the Prince is to say to himself, "I am now near the territories of Scindiah. He is the descendant of Rao, whose power was broken by the "Sepoy general," as Napoleon called him, I will go and visit Scindiah—stop! I can't go on copying from the *Daily News*; the Prince can buy the paper of August 31st for one penny. I must come back to real practical advice: what I want to say is, *don't play billiards with Scindiah*. I saw him play a game once, and it was an awful business. It seems that it is considered politeness in the East, when a state game of billiards is played, *to try and lose*. I saw Scindiah miss hazards and cannons for three hours, during which a game of fifty lasted; and, unless his antagonist had knocked his own ball off the table five consecutive times, that game would have been going on now! I say nothing of the dreadful position of the courtiers looking on; it is the duty of Eastern courtiers to exclaim, splendid idea! wonderful miss! beautiful intention! when their sovereign makes a bad shot. They are used to it and it comes natural; but I confess I should not like to hear an English bishop, a lord in waiting, and a couple of aides-de-camp shout Bravissimo! when the Prince of Wales ripped up the cloth from end to end in an attempt *not* to pocket Scindiah's red ball. However, I am not a courtier; so I will hold my tongue on this delicate matter. I suppose Scindiah will offer a present to the Prince, and it is a dreadful thing to think of! I see by my *Daily News*, that the Prince will have to visit the principal centres of 190,000,000 people under the direct rule of the British Crown, and will receive the leading chiefs of four-hundred states acknowledging English supremacy. It is an awful thought I repeat, that all their centres and chiefs may insist upon making presents to the Prince. My advice is, *don't take them*. I know them well, too well—I used to get them every Christmas; they came in a tray carried by my head servant, and the rest of my domestics marched in procession

in the tray. I wonder how they could bear it? There was a fish, and such a fish! a river fish of wonderful hues, and a most extraordinary smell! Next to the fish was an unripe mango; on either flank a sour mango, and strewn over the rest of the tray a lot of dirty raisins which they called kissmiss, and of the smallest grocer in Whitechapel would have been ashamed. *le rigueur* that the Sahib *shall not accept* the presents—he ought to refuse them and return them—fancy touching that fish! My impression is that the natives imagine that Europeans may possibly break through the rule of non-acceptance, and that's the reason why the rule is so remarkably high. It seems the rule is to be relaxed in the case of H.R.H. the Prince; and my heart bleeds for him when I think of the loaves and fishes he will have to pocket, sweets to the ladies, and so on. Indeed! Yes; but not such raisins as those! As to what the Prince is to give in return I don't know what to say. He can't draw much out of the beggerly personal allowance granted to him; the only thing that comes into my mind, is that he might hand over to the Maharajah the tray he receives from Scindiah, and transfer the mangoes and fish he gets from the Nizam to Sir Jung Bahadur of Nepal. However, these are matters of state, and I have no doubt such a plan has been devised by Mr. D'Israeli. At any rate, I don't say the Prince should not accept a goose. A friend of mine turned "white with fright in a single night," like Marie Antoinette (I mean, his hair did), all owing to a present of a

The messman gave it to him; my friend was going to an important duty where provisions were scarce. He took a farewell walk at the mess, and towards midnight he was, let me say, dropped into his palanquin. About three on the following morning there was an awful row inside that palanquin; the bearers dropped the palanquin and prepared to run, the door flew open and out rushed my poor friend followed by the goose which had been placed inside the palanquin at the last moment by the messman, and quite without the knowledge of my noble brother in arms! That goose not having dined at mess, he fought with the morning sun and fought for dear life and liberty. My friend ought to have returned the goose, under the strict provisions of the law of the non-acceptance of presents; but in this case it was impossible; for the goose disappeared in the jungle. As regards all the castes to be reviewed by the Prince, I think there is nothing which will interest him if they are ever introduced to him; I am afraid they are not black enough; one is an outcast, and the other is a half-caste. I call the English soldier's wife the outcast, not from the treatment she merits, but from the treatment she receives. I don't want to sadden the Prince, nor is this the kind of matter to touch on serious matters; but there is no harm in



asking the Prince to see what can be done for European women and children in the Indian hot season. As for the half-castes, I wish H.R.H. would knight one or two of them. I think in more than one British regiment if the men might select a candidate, the choice would fall on the half-caste apothecary or steward of the regimental hospital.

Everything comes to an end, even my advice. Farewell your Royal Highness, and may every blessing go with you from England, and may you bring a fresh supply back from India!

J. T. W. B.

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### TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.

Joy is no false and golden-maskèd ghoul  
 On thee to prey, when swift thy feet are led  
 Into his spell-bright mansion, garnishèd  
 With perfect beauty ;—wherefore claimst thou dole !  
 The melancholy moonlight of a soul  
 Vestal to quietude, that may not wed  
 Light's noblest rapture, with his lofty head  
 Topping the clouds o'er mountains high that roll !  
 O, pluck the roses ;—if they perish soon  
 They glad thee in their radiant flush of morn,—  
 One hour of ripened bliss, accept as boon,  
 For youth of splendour is full quickly shorn.  
 Let thy heart beat with rapid hopes in tune,  
 Nor turn from lowly garlands, sad with scorn.

ELLYS E

GIRAUD DE BORNEIL.

AUD DE BORNEIL, who has been surnamed "The Master of rhadours," was born of poor parents in Excèdeuil, towards the end of the twelfth century. Different opinions are entertained as to the erotic nature of his character and compositions. While one critic speaks of his "dits subtils et ingénieuses pensées d'our," Hosbeadanus tells us that he boasted in his songs of not having been in love. Setting aside the improbability of such an assertion on the part of a professor of the gay science, we find the fact is not borne out by internal evidence. We have a good batch of his songs. Many of his pieces are addressed to a girl he calls "Fleur de Lis." The following is perhaps one of the best :—

FLEUR DE LIS.

C'est le nom poétique de sa maîtresse.  
*La Curue de Ste Palade.*

WHAT joy still lingers in my memory  
From her who holds my heart in durance dear !  
Lately I passed 'mid garden greenery,  
Where bloomed the flowers, where birds sang blithe and clear ;  
Where rested I, till presently there came  
She whom I dare my Fleur de Lis to name.  
Rapt were my eyes ; quickly my fond heart beat ;  
Since ne'er another can my fealty own.  
My love I give to her, and her alone.

For her re-echoes still my minstrelsy,  
For her I shed full oft a happy tear.  
Still do I turn me, like a devotee,  
To where first came her gentle presence near.  
Sweet Fleur de Lis ! queen of each other dame,  
Why vainly still my adoration claim ?  
Since none but thou to reign supreme is meet,  
If but to others as to me were shown  
Those charms, thy praise would ring from zone to

How happy might I dare thy bard to be,  
And spread thy many virtues far and near ;  
The universe my audience then shouldst be,  
And all in ecstasy my message bear.

But no, I dare not spread abroad thy fame,  
 Lest enemies may turn it to thy shame.  
 No lips profane that secret must repeat,  
 All who thy gentle name and lineage own,  
 Deep in my heart of hearts I'd gladly throne.

"See," say the mockers of my constancy,  
 "He proudly walks as though earth held no fear."  
 Aye, proud I am thy servitor to be ;  
 When thou art by none other see I near.  
 When far away still turn I to that same  
 Sweet spot from which thy happy radiance came.  
 Still with my heart I hold a converse sweet,  
 Could poet love as I, yet to his lone,  
 Fond heart *not* speak in deep affection's tone ?

In another sonnet he laments over the decadence of true love; and complains that the age appeared to him to have degenerated, because love and song held not the high place in the world's esteem they had formerly. Why the troubadour should write in this strain it is difficult to understand, as it is quite certain that, though morality might have been at a low ebb, the age of chivalry and troubadours was then at its height.

Giraud was in his very soul a troubadour. Not one of the fraternity followed his profession with greater zeal than he; none had the power of enlisting the attention of his auditory so completely as this one.

From the evidence of Peire d'Auvergne we learn that this poet established his reputation in 1180; and it must have been about this time that he visited Spain. Many of his songs are addressed to kings of that country, amongst others to Ferdinand III. of Castile, and to Alphonsus IX. of Leon.

Borneil's mode of living was very different from that usually pursued by troubadours. He employed the winter in frequenting the schools and in study. In the summer, accompanied by two jongleurs to sing his songs, he travelled about from court to court. What he gained by his labours he gave to poor relations, and made large presents to the church of Sideuil in his native country.

Dante, in his "*Inferno*," mentions this writer, and places him far below Arnaud Daniel.

AN AUBADE, OR DAWN SONG.

BY GIRAUD DE BORNEIL

' Il faut la supposer chantée sous la fenêtre de l'appartement où dort le  
lier en bonne fortune, par un ami de celui-ci, qui a passé la nuit en  
nelle."—FAURIEL.

AWAKE, comrade, from thy happy sleep !  
Here, where my weary watch I keep ;  
I see a radiance from afar,  
Which marks, I know, the morning star,  
The dawn will soon be here.

I seek thy sleep with song to break ;  
The world will soon once more awake.  
Within the wood, on every spray,  
The wild bird hastes to greet the day.  
The dawn will soon be here.

Forth from the casement look and see,  
How well I watch, and faithfully.  
Look how, before the light of day,  
The orbs of heaven pale their ray.  
The dawn will soon be here.

Brave comrade, in my zeal for thee,  
To Mary did I bend the knee,  
And pray that vigil I might keep ;  
Yet, still unheeding, thou dost sleep.  
While dawn will soon be here.

N O D A Y.

—

No night shall veil heaven's endless day ;  
Sweet, wouldst thou know the reason why ?  
Because, while there my footsteps stray,  
Thou, too, wilt be for ever nigh.

No night along the Golden beach,  
Or o'er the fields of Asphodel ;  
Ah, me ! our present feelings teach  
The secrets of the future well.

For bright though be the golden light,  
I heed it not if thou'st away ;

With thee there is for me no night—  
Apart from thee there is no day.

To-day the sun shines bright and warm,  
Yet, e'en in that life-giving ray,  
I fail to trace its wonted charm,  
Since thou, life's sunshine, art away.

To-morrow may be veiled in gloom,  
Yet I, by thy dear side may see  
The gleam that soon beyond the tomb,  
Shall steep my soul in ecstasy.

MAURICE DAVIES.



## LOVE'S EXTREMITY.

EDITED BY JAMES GILLIES.

"Truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love."

POLONIUS.—*Hamlet*, Act ii., Scene ii.

## CHAPTER I.

## INTRODUCTIONS.

DAY, just before noon, a shadow crossed the light, I looked up at the lesson I was giving the children, and saw Mr. Dalziel and second wife standing in the open doorway.

He is much altered, that complacency of wealth that clothed like a garment has slipped from his shoulders, and if you look deep you may see in him a discontented soul stripped of robe it prided itself upon. Changed or unchanged, he has yet as much passion enough left, for his angry words came like a snow-melted mountain torrent. He was sinking into calm, when he said to me, "I was the cause of the misery that had come to him, and vengeance would surely follow me, and called me 'the artful d of an over-speculative beggar.'"

Unjust as his words were, I heard them without recrimination. My troubles have taught me some forbearance; and I thought that was to silence the upbraidings of his own conscience that he denounced me.

His wife stood by meanwhile, silent and self-possessed. She is a reserved nature, and had I not known aforetime the workings of her face, I might have thought her an impassive spectator; but a slight dilation of her nostrils, and the curve of her lips showed that she enjoyed the scene. She had clothed herself sumptuously, her dress was, after its kind, a perfect framework to her face.

Lazarus, lying among his friends the dogs, may have admired the rich man's grandeur, as, clad in his purple and fine linen, Dives passed past the beggar at his gates; and I admired Mrs. Dalziel's beauty, though her presence alone would have sufficed to show me the time-wornness of my belongings; her beauty being one of those beauties that require ornamented cabinets.

Had I met Mr. Dalziel's passion with superior passion, and my finishing my store of invective, drowned my rage in womanish tears, I should have felt better to-night than I do feel. Exhaustion in victory would have been mine, instead of this aching conflict and question and reply.

But he is my lover's father, and the memory of love helped me to silence. Let me take courage—the story that explained his anger is not all sadness; in narrating it, I shall have a fuller remembrance of my lover's presence—I shall hear his voice, look into his eyes, and be warmed once again with their tenderness.

My name is Mary Fraser, I am the National Schoolmistress at Laytonston, a village some miles from Lamport, a northern metropolis of coal and iron, and I have a beautiful little school-house to live in; under one roof with the school. School and teacher's house were both built by the lord of the manor, and presented to the villagers.

It is rather paradoxical that I should hold this post; for my father was the pastor of one of those Nonconformist chapels that as far as temporalities go you liken to old sea margins, left high and bare by the subsidence of the water. The families whose forefather's built the chapel had prospered, and their homes were too far out of town for Mount Gerizim, which is the name of the place, to be within an easy Sunday drive. Worldly prosperity, too, desires a good social position, and a Churchman is always more respectable than a Dissenter; and the congregation who gathered together week after week in the old building were, with four or five exceptions, struggling shopkeepers and mechanics.

My father's talents might have raised him to a much higher connexional position than the minister of Mount Gerizin had, but he was not worldly wise; and the chapel-house held associations for him that glorified the dark rooms. He had spent his honeymoon in them, and my mother had died young there; he could not of his own will leave the place where he had had glimpses of heaven and the full sight of death.

Unlike many self-sacrificing widowers, he had not taken a second wife for the sake of his motherless child, and he was one of those men who need a loving woman for a staff and comforter, and who are formed by nature to be the happiest under a kindly tyranny; for after my mother's death my grandmother had come to live with him, and in her he had a friend bound to him by bands of love and sympathies of near kindred. Children discern character by instinct, and my eyes were early open to my grandmother's heroism. I could see elements of weakness in my father's nature; but in her I could not in the present, nor can I in remembrance, see the shadow of an imperfection, from my earliest recollection until the hour when she lay down to die. I have nothing but loving words and kindly judgments and actions to record.

We had a very narrow income, but through her management we were not poor, and we had wherewithal to help our neighbour. Those troubles of domestic work that burden the housekeepers of

to-day were unfelt in our home; my grandmother was skilful in household duties, and felt it no cause for shame to be discovered by her richer acquaintance in the performance of needful hand-soiling labour; nor occasion of trouble or anger when she heard that some of the better-to-do of the church members foolishly thought "that their minister would have been wiser had he engaged a housekeeper and left his mother in the background of her native village;" for she was by birth a Scottish peasant.

In spite of, or perhaps by favour of her origin, riches were indifferent to her. John Smith with ten thousand pounds a year was held to be neither better nor worse than John Smith with ten shillings a week. She stands alone in my experience; for your despiser of money is mostly blind to the virtues of its owner and sharp-eyed to his faults; and the caste of wealth is nowhere greater than in our religious communities, where a miserable sinner of a millionaire will confess his sins as though he condescended to his Maker by making himself guilty.

So far as outward circumstances go my childhood was happy; but we are much straitened in providing happiness for children—original sin, hereditary transmission of temperament, or whatever you choose to call the principle, confronts us like a hydra; thus, though I had a wealth of expressed love to draw from, my heart still desired the unattainable expression of my mother's love, and the happiest hours of my childhood were spent sitting on the flat stone that covered her grave, with my doll in my arms, where I told my child (as I called her), in whispers, imaginary stories of my mother's history, or I foolishly prayed fervently that an angel might come down and remove the stone from off the grave; for I fancied that I should be nearer to her if I could, with childish palm, stroke the earth that covered her body.

Of course I had been told of the immortality of the soul; but I had two conceptions of my mother, one as an intangible, white-winged angel, a denizen of heaven, and the other as a sweet-faced woman, sleeping with my little brother on her breast, under that heavy weather-stained stone, and my child's heart preferred the second imagination to the first.

It was necessary that I should be taught to work for my living. My father saw in me an aptitude for teaching, and I was trained for this post.

Let me give here the thanks that I owe.

I had never liked the deacons of Mount Gerizim. It is wonderful how clever some religious men are in tormenting; and they, who were supposed to be chosen from the Church members for their pre-eminent spirituality could torture my father so effectually that for days after their fault-findings he would be unable to study, to visit



his people, or even to pray. So varied were their accusations, that I said they held him the scape-goat for the sins of the whole congregation; but instead of sending him into the wilderness to suffer the penalty alone, they kept him in their presence, that they might load him constantly with offences.

We say that a man is often his own Nemesis, and it is true that my father suffered for a past folly. My mother had a fortune of £200. Anxious, for her sake, to make a good use of the money, he invested it in a new company. The company was bankrupt within the year; and the shareholders were ruined. Then the deacons, chief of whom was Mr. Dalziel, lent my father the money to buy back his books and furniture. Through economy, the money and its interest were repaid, but the obligation incurred was stamped indelibly upon my father's memory. He was over-conscientious, and what many men—most men—would have felt to be a trifling matter fully atoned for, were atonement needed, by the loss and suffering that followed the speculation, was to him a transgression of the precept against hastening to be rich. Common-place people take us at our own value, unless by rating ourselves too highly we prick their vanity; and the deacons seeing my father lamenting his fault in spiritual sackcloth and ashes, chose to think him guilty. They held it no sin for a business man to be burnt over the fingers in taking speculative chesnuts out of the fire, but for a pastor of the faithful to lose money in a bubble company was, judging by my father's remorse, a crime of a damnable class, and he was henceforth their subordinate, and the butt of their ill humours.

But they helped me to this place.

Now, let me tell you something of my lover, and I have done with introduction. John Dalziel had a score of angularities of character but one purpose; a will to elevate not himself only, but the class also to which he belonged—a purpose of idealising the tradesman element that subordinates our English society. His mother had taken care that as a boy he had been well schooled, and now he was working towards his own education, that education which is a bringing out of the best of one's self, a broadening of one's tenderness, and a strengthening of one's spiritual sight. In minor points he was amiable; he would sit on a bench in a draught at chapel, and give up his cushioned seat to any poor man, or neuralgic old maid; he would wait for dinner, or go dinnerless, and not call down condemnation on the head of the offender; or, more, submit to having his books and papers arranged by an orderly maid-servant, without special outward sign of vexation. He was not everlastingly contrasting himself in the present with what he had been in the past; but his body and mind went together to make a large nature without meanness, and with well-extended

empathies, though he could not yet tolerate intolerance; for let Mr. Dalziel, in his hearing, assert some dogma, or censure some belief that went against his own creed, in the autocratical tone that made you think he believed he patronised the universe by living in this world, and you saw John's worst side at once. Forgetting filial reverence, he would speak sharply to his father, as he might have done to a foolish fellow, his equal in age, who had no extraordinary claim upon his forbearance.

I saw a thousand virtues in him. To my mind he was born to be a leader of men. I gave him the qualities of the noblest heroes; his fine stature, and his stalwart breadth of figure, confirmed me in my judgment, for the physical endowments of your book heroes are mostly in accordance with their mental attitudes. I wondered how he came to have such a lover. He had a good face, a broad forehead with space between the eyes, and well-marked eyebrows; he had fair hair, keen blue-grey eyes, that softened and dilated when he looked on things that pleased him, and mobile lips that curved and quivered with joy or pain.

His mother had interested herself in my lonely childhood, and she and I had enough association as children to have memories in common, and not enough familiarity to blind us to each other's good qualities.

Mrs. Dalziel was dead; her husband had prospered until he was one of the first shipwrights in Lamport; and I, a national school-mistress, was surely no fit person for his only son.

That was how matters stood two years ago.

## CHAPTER II

It was evening, the children had gone home an hour before, and I had had the meal so dear to most women, my tea. The work that remained for me before I was at liberty to throw aside my character of school-mistress and workwoman, and enjoy a little luttful, self-improvement, or a soft discoursing of music, was work that I could do best alone, without quick eyes watching me, or childish voices circling the quiet waters of my thought. I had exercises to correct, needlework to fix, and personally my school gown to mend, where a careless boy had rent it from the waist. My fire was bright, and my room in order; for I cannot enjoy an untidy leisure. I expected no guest to-night, the rain fell heavily, and the roads I knew would be almost impassably muddy. I was happy nevertheless, the imagination of love-making is sometimes a pleasanter pastime than the reality; even the downfall of rain added to my pleasure, by, through force of contrast, enhancing the homely comfort of my fireside. Yet, I confess that my pulse quickened

when there was a hand on the door latch, and I heard a known footstep in the small entrance passage. Needlework, exercises, study, dress-mending, must be left until morning, while I tried to charm my lover, and repay him for his wintry walk. It was not a very hard study, love has intuitions, and as far as the power of loving was given to me, I loved him; so, according to his humour I arranged my behaviour. If he was moody or thoughtful, I played music with a soul, or sat quietly with my sewing in hand beside him, while he meditated on the subject that occupied him or thought it through, and laid it aside. If he was idealistic or energetic, I listened to his plans for the improvement of his fellow-workmen, and brought appreciative words or tender raillery to help him. Sometimes we sat hand-in-hand for hours together, without speech, feeling the silence too enjoyable to be broken.

To-night it was written that we were to have our only quarrel, and that I was to learn something of the unsuspected weakness of my own temper.

When he sat in his accustomed chair at the fireside, I saw from his face that something troubled him; for the upright wrinkle on his forehead tightened the skin on his temples, and now and again he bit the corner of his lip. My fingers were busy with the needle, and I waited until he spoke.

"Molly, who do you think is staying at my father's?"

"Your father's ward, Agnes Miller."

He laughed. "What occult means of knowing your neighbour's affairs have you?—are you a witch?"

I nodded.

"What do you think is my father's motive in bringing her to stay at our house?"

"Is she alone?"

"Alone—what must you think of us—of course not; my aunt Martha is with her for propriety's sake."

"She is very beautiful."

"It is the first time I have heard my aunt so complimented."

His words irritated me. Martha Dalziel is an ugly woman, whose whole life seems to have had only two aims, the family aggrandisement and her own comfort; and Agnes Miller's beauty is undeniable, the beauty of rounded outline and lithesome movement, crowned with a soothing perfection of face, that would make most men judge of her as a tenderly sympathetic companion. I had known her from childhood, and thought that I saw her face was only a mask, not the shadow of a pure soul. I could not claim the same insight for my lover, and had dreaded that she might be brought into the field against me; for my experience of her had shown a stealthy, cat-like pursuit of her objects, and an almost certain attainment of them.

er very name aroused these sleeping fears, and I was in no humour to be teased. I said sharply :—

"Your father wishes you to marry Agnes Miller—he is wise : or money would help you forward in the world. You will represent the town and your own views in parliament before long—perhaps be prime minister. She will be a wife that most men will envy you, and who am I that I should stand in your way?"

"‘The children of this world are in their generation, wiser than the children of light.’ Do you place my father in the first category?"

"That goes without saying."

It was wrong to say this of Mr. Dalziel to his son, for I know that however we may disparage our relatives, we wish to preserve the privilege for ourselves, and wince if others use it.

"Come, Molly, don't be so hard! When a fellow is tempted by the devil to do a meanness, he has a right to expect his good angel to help him to resist the temptation."

"Then you have been tempted to marry Agnes Miller?"

"All the day I have had seductive visions of myself in parliament; the working man's candidate—nay, I have even been in imagination the ‘leader of the opposition;’ and with, as you say, a wife that most men would envy me."

He stopped, I did not see at the time that had he proposed this meanness, as he called it, he would not have told me of the temptation, and I suppose he saw my pain in my face.

"Molly?" How softly he spoke, no mother could have soothed a loved ailing child more tenderly! I answered the word, and not a tone—

"Yes."

"Do you remember the night—?" he stammered, and blushed. I felt hot, too, but I finished the sentence for him—

"The night you first told me you loved me? Yes, your father was willing then that you should marry me. It was the night your mother died, and when we came down together from her death-chamber; we were both greatly troubled, and you said, ‘Molly, you are the only woman I have to love and think for now;’ and I let you kiss me and lean your head on my shoulder—that was all."

I looked down when I had spoken; my words had pierced my heart; for when I let him kiss me, I had felt that the caress was as solemn a betrothal as any marriage ceremony could be, and that was dedicated by it to him and his interests, as sacredly as any altar to the holy fire by her oath.

"John, I love you well enough to bid you obey your father without thought of me."

He let my hand fall,

"Nay," he said, "you know nothing of love when you can seriously bid me marry another woman."

Woman like, when I saw that he was grieved, I wished to throw myself spiritually at his feet and ask forgiveness for my misapprehension, but pride withheld me; "what have you said or done so much amiss?" it asked. "You are poor in money, but you can work, and you need not cause discord in a family; and for your love, which he doubts, and your pain at its disappointment, you can bear all. You have the days fully occupied, but the nights are your own to fight against trouble in. Let him go, and be done with the struggle at once." After what seemed an age of silence, he rose to go, and bade me "Good-night." I did not speak; he turned to leave me; I let him open the door. Then I broke the spell, and called him by his name; he looked back at me, and how was it? his arms held me, my face was hidden on his shoulder, and we had no need for words of explanation or forgiveness. When he did speak it was to ask—

"Did you think that ours was to be 'faded bliss, faded so soon?' I had a sleepless night. Doctors tell us that passion of any kind is not good for bodily health; that the man who would live long must be something like a snail, easy, slow-going, and not overtroubled with feeling. All my hopes for this world, all the joys and sorrows, all the endearments, all the differences of opinion, and unities of interest and hopes that go to make up the best state for most women, that of a happy marriage, depended for me on one thread, my lover's constancy. The strength of the fibre was now to be tested; and I knew it would be thoroughly proved when Martha Dalziel had a hand in the trial. For I had offended her years ago, and had, until now, neither desired nor obtained her forgiveness. I laughed aloud, as I remembered the manner of my offence.

One sultry Sunday afternoon, when she was comfortably settled to rest in a shady corner of her sister-in-law's drawing-room, an open copy of Baxter's *Saint's Rest* and a packet of sweetmeats on her lap, we had disturbed her by speaking in high tones. She revenged herself by lecturing us on propriety, good manners, and reverence to elders, illustrating her words by the story of the stern Elijah, the children of the prophets, and the bears. We listened patiently until the exercise was over, then John turned to me and quoted, from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the fine lady's exclamation at the impromptu ball. I concurred in Dr. Primrose's opinion as to the coarseness of the words; but the gravity with which he spoke, and the mischievous twinkling of his eyes, were too much for my composure, and though I made my utmost efforts to restrain myself, I laughed immoderately, and made, by this misconduct, an enemy of Miss Dalziel. She forgave her nephew after

time, for some women can more easily forgive boys for offences than they can forgive girls, and he was her nephew; my offence was ranker in her eyes, she fancied my laughter savoured of ridicule, and I felt her ill-will again and again.

I was self-accused also. Until to-night I had despised most other women as frivolous, weak, and worldly, and had seen much heroism in my own resistance to the natural longing for an easy ring purple and fine linen. Most of us have knowingly or unknowingly our imaginary standard of perfection, and my personal ideal of womanhood had been a complete submergence of one's self in one's lover. I desired to be soul of his soul, and spirit of his spirit. My ambition—for I had ambition—was to be gratified by shining with the reflected glory from his brightness. That was the imagination; this was the reality. So long as his actions and words accorded with my will, I was ready to listen and admire; while the unconscious flattery of his looks and manner showed me that I held the strongest place in his heart, I was ready to shadow his sentiments; but when there was a thought of another woman standing me from my citadel, a mention of a temptation to make her his wife, I lost my temper, spoke sharply of his father, then, touched by his hand-clasp into remembrance of past tenderness, I made him obey his father and leave the woman he loved. No three-volume heroine, no "Tilburnia raving mad in white satin," could have acted more foolishly. From judging of myself as almost a demigod, I fell to the other extreme, and was overwhelmed in my own weakness, and could endure to stay in the house no longer; feeling as the prisoner in the Venetian dungeon must have felt, when the walls, roof, and floor drew gradually together, until he was smothered or crushed to death. I rose, dressed, and went out for a walk in the early morning darkness. The rain was over, a hard frost had set in, and the stars were very bright. The sight of their splendour solaced me; how many myriads of unfortunates and they looked down upon, wretches whose hearts had throbbed with fiercer pains than mine, wretches whose trial was over, and who doubtless now recognised the salutary influences of the discipline they had undergone. I also was in the care of the Great Father; my weakness, follies, faults were to be expurgated by a merciful hand, and the thoroughly cleansed palimpsest was to have a fairer character traced upon it. Assured of help and attainment of the goodness I desired—assured, too, of the everlasting happiness these had reached—I went back to my own house inexpressibly comforted, and set to work to correct the exercises, to fix the needlework, and to mend my gown.

## IN THE GARDEN.

THE flowers in the garden looked gaily up  
To the face of their lady fair ;  
And the smallest daisy held out its cup  
For the sunshine when she was there ;  
No withering petal or drooping leaf  
Betrayed to the heaven that life was brief.

“ Ye Roses, as pure as the thoughts of spring,  
Roses, as rich as the summer's dreams ;—  
Ye grow for my tenderest cherishing,  
With a golden joy the whole air teems.  
Oh, what is the woe that ne'er casts its shade  
Upon childhood's realm, where no bloom can fade !”

A poet sang softly a wondrous strain  
He had learned from a nightingale ;  
It was half a yearning, and half a pain  
And the soul of an olden tale—  
It thrilled to the heart of the lady fair,  
She dropped the wreath she had twined to wear.

ELLYS ERLE.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MARY BURROUGHES.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

### FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

2, Stamford Street, Rotherhithe, was a milliner's. On the plate was the name of "Madame Delachose," and the same name was written in gold letters on the wire blind of the parlour door. A fashionable-looking bonnet, too, glittered above the door, and, having no occupant, plainly indicated that heads out, wanting bonnets, could not do better than step inside and try on one. Madame sat at breakfast with her partner, whose name did not appear on the blind, but who, for all that, was senior partner in the business, although the younger woman of the two. She was not above twenty-five years of age, and Madame was, properly, nearer to fifty; but in some ways Madame was the younger woman. Both had excellent heads of hair, and it was not possible to decide whether it was fixed into the scalp by the roots, or hair-pins. Both had beautifully white teeth; and, unless some tooth had been present at the toilette, it would have been possible for him to tell whether the teeth were actually always present in the mouth of the one, and sometimes in a tumbler in the case of the other lady. As for complexion, Madame had far the best of it; there was red upon her cheeks, almost too much of red and white upon her brow and neck, such as no soap and water could produce. The complexion of the younger lady—Miss Burroughes by name—was bad. It was not only dark, but it was unattractive;—not the healthy tan imparted by fresh sea air, not the rubicund and fiery tinge born of too good living and too little exercise; but the dark, scorched look of one who has lived too long in hot climates, or has lived too fast in cold ones; and there were other traces of extinct fires in the countenance of Mary Burroughes. There were lines deeply indented, that never owed their birth to midnight study over the completion of a bonnet or a veil; and the full lips, now almost always tightly compressed,



awoke the suspicion that if they said too little now, it might be because they had once said too much; but of the restlessness of passion there was none. The stormy sea, if it had ever been stormy, was now calm enough, and Mary's manner was far more composed than that of Madame.

Mary Burroughes was tall and well formed, but rather thin; her movements were very graceful, and her hands and feet well shaped. Her hair was black, and her eyes dark brown, and soft and pleading-looking. They contradicted the general expression of her face, which was rather that of a person who expected no favour, and was by no means inclined to ask for any. She was neatly dressed in black silk, and quite prepared to see her customers; while Madame was in her dressing-gown, and, if the truth must be told, had not yet put on her garters, although, in deference to the prejudices of the English, she had slipped on her stockings before coming down to breakfast.

"And so, my dear, the papa will be here to-day?"

"I suppose so," replied Mary; "the telegram merely says, 'Be on your guard: your father is in England, and on his way to see you.'"

"Oh, what a pleasure for you to see the author of your being! What revelations! What confidences! What mutual love! Oh, you English! So calm, so hard! you remain so cold! I should not know but what it was your husband you expected, you seem so indifferent."

"I have no husband, Madame Delachose."

"No, that is plain to see, or you would meet with the admiration you deserve."

"You think my husband might admire me, then, Madame, if I possessed the article?"

"Your husband? That I cannot say; but I am certain the friends of Monsieur could not be indifferent. But a father, it is so different. If I had possessed a father how I should have loved him! I have a passion for the unknown, the mysterious, the inscrutable. Alas! I never heard of my father; but all the more I could share your feelings, who really have a father, only I do not see the feelings I so long to share."

"Madame, why should I love my father?"

"Why should you love him? Oh, what terrible questions you ask me! It is religious—it is nature. His blood is your blood,—his being is your own."

"And my passions are his passions, I suppose, and my faults are his, not mine? Madame, I don't know that I owe my father many thanks for some of these things. Do I owe him love!—I owe him my existence. It may be I came into the world unwished

for, as without any wish of mine. I owe him nothing for that,—neither thanks nor blame. Men must marry, and children must be born to them to the end of time as it has been from the beginning ; but fathers may give or withhold their love from the children sent to them. What love have I ever got ? what love have I got to repay ? 'Tis love alone that gets love, and I have had so little."

"Mary, you frighten me ! He has supported you ; he has paid for your clothing, your food, your education ; he gives you now an income, and he comes back to see you ; what could he have done more ?"

"Madame, I was born with a heart and a mind,—both, I suppose, wanted looking after ; but one was left to harden, and the other to feed on poison."

"Oh, Mary ! what desolation !—what misery you conjure up ! It is the fault of you English. You moralise and wear out your brains as to the why and wherefore, and when you have learned so well how others sin, you go and sin yourself ; If you had a child depend upon it you would do no better than your father has done to you."

Mary sat silent for a moment, lost in thought.

"I am wicked, Madame—say no more. I do not mean all that I have said,—I believe I mean nothing of it ; but I am angry with myself, and I don't like to own it, and I throw the blame on others. It is because I do love him, I think, that I speak so bitterly ; it is because I have lost my youth and have no freshness of the soul to give him, because, when he takes me to his heart, he will not take a simple child——"

Mary stopped herself. Madame waited for a moment, and then said—

"He will take an excellent young woman, the friend of Madame Delachose, and as good a *modiste* as can be found in this cold England. Do not fear, Mary ; he will be satisfied."

And, later in the day, when George Burroughes arrived, he appeared happy enough ;—indeed, at the first meeting he had hardly power to understand his own feelings. He had come to seek his daughter, and he had found her. She was well, and glad to see him, and, above all, she was still all his own,—her future was in his hands. She had no husband, no tie to separate her from him ; and George Burroughes had made up his mind long ago that, once reunited, they should part no more. When he was alone and had time to think, he began to feel that he was less happy than he expected to be. "I should not have known her," he said to himself ; "she is like her mother, but there is a strange difference ; her mother looked happier, and yet her life had been miserable enough, poor darling ! Mary has had no trouble, except—

ing that weary separation from her father. It has told upon her as I never expected. I wish now that I had taken her with me when I went to New Zealand. It is so strange to have one's own child 'doing company,' and, by George! she does. She is as polite to me, sometimes, as though I had come to buy a bonnet. Perhaps it is only the English way. I have been so long at the other side of the world, that I have quite forgotten how father and child do behave in the old country;" and then George gave a low sigh, and went down to join the ladies at a late tea.

"And when did you leave Cambridge, Mary?" he inquired of his daughter,—“soon after your aunt's death, was it not?”

"Yes, papa; she left me her business; but I sold it, and determined to establish myself in London. I have been here five years, and, thanks to Madame Delachose, I am getting on very well indeed."

"Do not believe her, Monsieur; it is thanks to herself. Such devotion, such industry, and, above all, such an exquisite taste! Mary can make an angel out of nothing. Look at this cap I now wear,—it's Mary's."

"Perhaps there was an angel already, before the cap was tried on, Madame," replied George Burroughes, in his very best manner."

"Monsieur, I make you my compliments. New Zealand must be as another Paris, if all the gentlemen are as the father of Mary."

"We are sadly off for ladies there, Madame. I think Mary and you should come back with me."

"Ah, Mary would have her father; but, alas! I have no protector. With a husband it would be different; I could look out for myself then. But, alas! I am a widow, and I think you English are afraid of widows. I do not love to inspire fear."

"You would not be a widow long, Madame. I cannot let Mary off, at all events; she must come back with me."

"Papa!" cried his daughter, "you have been twenty years away from home, and you must not even dream of leaving it for another ten. It will take you at least that time to renew your old friendships."

"Ten years, Mary! why, excepting yourself, I have not a relation living in England, I believe, unless—that puts me in mind of something. Did you ever hear of a place called Puddlehurst, in Sussex?"

"No, never."

"I thought, perhaps, your aunt might have known something; and yet it was not likely, either. She was not a Burroughes."

"Have we any relation there?"

"I suppose we must. I remember I went to stay there when I was a little boy, and I think either my father or mother was born here. But I met a little gentleman in black in the train, who knows more about it, I fancy, than I do. He is a lawyer of the name of Trounce, and lives in Gray's Inn, and we got into conversation. It seems there were Burroughes's at Puddlehurst, and, curiously enough, this lawyer wants to hunt them out. I promised to give him a call, and I shall certainly look him up in a day or two."

"Why, it was quite an adventure."

"Yes, but I'm growing used to adventures. I got into a railway accident at a place called Talminster——"

"What place, papa?"

"Talminster."

"How very strange!"

"Why, my love?"

"Oh, I don't know; I thought it was quite a quiet place."

Well, then, Mary, after that I ran down to Leigh, and there saw a child drowned, and I had to stay for the inquest and the funeral."

"Ah, I don't know Leigh; but Talminster I have heard of. Was any one hurt at Talminster?"

"Only one man, my dear; an old man of the name of Andrews."

"He was alone,—there was no one with him?" said Mary, eagerly.

"His wife was in the same carriage; but no one else was there."

"No young people,—no children?"

"No my darling,—why do you ask?"

"Why? I do not know,—because there are children at Talminster, I suppose, and they are so helpless."

"At any rate, Mary, there was no child in the carriage with the old man and Mrs. Andrews. The old man was hurt, but the old lady got on her legs, and got off without a scratch."

The evening passed away without further allusion to the accident at Leigh and Talminster; and George Burroughes said good night, and retired to his bed-room; and Mary Burroughes, who seemed tired, soon followed his example. Madame was not sleepy, and sat down to think over the events of the day.

"Ah, Mary, my dear," she said to herself, "it would be better if you had a little more confidence in me. That telegram, my dear, was from Talminster, and it was sent by a Mrs. Andrews. To-morrow I search the newspapers, my love, and we shall see what we shall see."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## GEORGE'S RELATIONS.

WEEKS rolled by and George Burroughes would have found his time hang heavily on his hands, if it had not been for Messrs. Trounce and Trim, of Gray's Inn. He did not get on with his daughter. There was a restraint which he could not overcome; she seemed fond of him, but she told him nothing.

"Hang, it!" he said to himself, "the girl seems to have no wishes, not a thought beyond those everlasting bonnets! They seem to have blighted her, and she looks it, too; d——n the bonnets! As for that madame, I can't make her out. She thinks I'm an old woman, I believe; she pops into my room in her dressing-gown to ask for a box of matches, and looks as cool as a cucumber, while I feel the very tip of my nose getting red! As soon as I finish the business with Trounce and Trim, I will put a stop to all this, and be off to New Zealand again." But it was not so easy to finish with Messrs. Trounce and Trim. They wanted to know where he was born and baptised, where he was married, and his wife's maiden name. That was nothing. "Why, they wanted to know if I was vaccinated the other day," he said to his daughter, "and which arm? Upon my word, I think old Trounce would have proposed doing it if I had not had good marks already. He has asked me to dinner now, Mary; and I suspect he wants to get a look at my teeth while I am eating."

Whatever Mr. Trounce's views were, he made no offensive parade of them at his little dinner. He lived in Bedford Square, and was altogether a different Mr. Trounce there from the Trounce who figured as the partner of Trim in Gray's Inn. Mrs. Trounce was of the party, so was Miss Trounce, and also Mr. Trim. Mrs. Trounce was very stout and amiable-looking, with a bewildered expression upon her face as if the rapid changes which went on in the outside world during the periods she had been confined to her room, by the arrival of innumerable little Trounces, had been rather too much, for her. Miss Trounce was rather pretty, and sharp-looking, and seemed in a general state of discomfort between her love for her mother and her indignation at her ignorance of things which she really ought to have known. Mr. Trim was a very agreeable man as far as "chuckling" went. He never said anything to the purpose; but he made a noise, low, musical, and mysterious, which was better than any form of words. It meant so much to different people. Some persons, on hearing it, thought that the sound meant that Mr. Trim knew enough to hang them. Mr.

Trounce felt that the chuckle denoted intense enjoyment of her mistakes; but she did not care for Mr. Trim.

"It's all very well for him," she said to her husband; "but if he had had sixteen and twins twice, he would not chuckle so much perhaps!"

Miss Trounce felt her guilt had been detected in the matter of enciling her eyebrows, when Mr. Trim looked her in the face and huddled. But she and Mr. Trim were old friends.

"It was only to captivate you, you wicked old man!" she whispered to Mr. Trim, and then he chuckled more pleasantly than before.

George Burroughes felt the most uneasy of the party when Mr. Trim's voice was heard. He was not much accustomed to polite life, and was dreadfully afraid of doing something wrong. He topped dead short, with the vinegar cruets in his hand, when he heard Mr. Trim ramble internally. He refused potatoes because that gentleman seemed to find a fund of mirth in the way he was asked if he would take a potatoe. He closed his ears as well as he could to Mr. Trim at last, and devoted himself to Mrs. Trounce. He was very civil.

"She hoped Mr. Burroughes had enjoyed himself in New Zealand. She had a cousin there—had Mr. Burroughes met her? Her name was Wilkins, and she lived in Hobart Town."

Mr. Trim chuckled.

"Ah, Mr. Trim, you are making fun of me," she said; "but although Hobart Town and Botany Bay are so close, it is not to be supposed that every one in New Zealand is a convict—is it, Mr. Burroughes?"

"Certainly not, ma'am," he replied.

Mr. Trim chuckled more than ever, and Mr. Burroughes could not help colouring.

"Be hanged to him!" he muttered; "he thinks I was transported, I do believe!"

"Mamma dear," said Miss Trim, "you are confusing New Zealand and New South Wales and Tasmania in a most extraordinary way!"

"Mr. Burroughes, my love," replied Mrs. Trim, "can make allowances. He knows what it is to be a mother."

Mr. Burroughes did not know what to say; so he looked as sheepish and as like a respectable old lady as he could. He was glad when the ladies left the room; and Mr. Trounce began to pass the bottles.

"Try that port, Mr. Burroughes. Good, isn't it? Where do you think I got it? you can't guess. It came from Puddlehurst. Funny thing that you should be drinking your grandfather's port at my table!"

"My grandfather?" said George putting down the glass.

"Yes; I don't think there is anything imprudent in admitting that much. There is no doubt that Edmund Burroughes, of Puddlehurst, was father of Henry Burroughes, and that you are the son of Henry."

"Is he alive, sir?" asked George. "It is strange that I never heard of my grandfather."

"No, Mr. Burroughes, he has been dead nearly three years, now. Your own father died when he was about forty-five, and you were not more than two-and-twenty—that is twenty five years ago. If your grandfather had been alive now, he would have been a goodish bit past ninety. I think he was pretty near it when he departed."

"I wonder that I never heard my father speak of my grandfather," said George.

"They were not very good friends, Mr. Burroughes. I have nothing to say against my old client; he was, in many respect, a most estimable man; and I never heard anything whatever against the character of your poor father—quite the contrary; but there were circumstances which induced your grandfather to break off all relations with your father and his family."

"Can you tell me what those circumstances were, Mr. Trounce?"

"In a general way I can. I may not be quite right in all my facts, not having my papers here; but I daresay my friend Trim will correct me if I go wrong."

Mr. Trim chuckled as if he thought he should have plenty to do if he corrected Mr. Trounce's mistatements.

"Your grandfather, Mr. Burroughes," began Mr. Trounce, "was a very proud man, and I can't say but what he had some right to be so. He belonged to a very good family—I may say, an historical family, and he was naturally proud of it. You have heard of Nell Gwynne, Mr. Burroughes?"

"Do you mean Charles the Second's Nell, Mr. Trounce?"

"Precisely."

"Am I a descendant of Nell Gwynne, Mr. Trounce?"

No not quite so high as that; but still not so very far off it. Nell Gwynne had a cousin, Mr. Burroughes, of whom she was rather fond. I mean, of course, a female cousin, and she, no doubt, would have pushed her on at court, if it had not been for a squint which entirely prevented the girl from being looked at, or indeed, from looking at anybody properly. But at last a Mr. Burroughes, of Puddlehurst, married her. He was an ambitious man, and did not care for mere personal beauty. Now, it was only natural that the Burroughes's of Puddlehurst, should hold their head high after the

once; and so they did, and of all the Burroughes's, there was a prouder man than your own grandfather."

"But why did he quarrel with my father?" asked George.

"Your father, my dear sir, had always been the greatest disappointment to your grandfather of all his children, and he had eral."

"Then I have other relations," interrupted Burroughes.

"Yes; but we will follow them up by-and-bye. Your father, I was saying, my dear sir, was a disappointment from the beginning. He had not got the hereditary squint, I have understood."

"No," said George, "he did not squint."

"Nor do you, Mr. Burroughes, which is certainly a drawback on a historical point of view. According to your grandfather, your father was too fond of associating with his inferiors, and at last bitterly offended his family by marrying a young person of the name of Jones, who came of very decent people, but of no more distinction in the Nell-Gwynne line than so many Quakers. Your grandfather discarded your father, and for many years never saw him. An attempt was once made at reconciliation, after the death of an uncle of yours, and you were brought down to Puddlehurst; but the old man did not like the look of you, and it all came to nothing. I think the old gentleman was sorry on his death-bed, and tried to show it by the disposition of his property, and as Trim and I have the management of his affairs, it became our duty to trace your father and his family. It was easy enough to get as far as your father—he died and was buried in the parish of St. George's, Dover Square, and your mother did not live long after him, and was buried in the same grave; but we could not find out your whereabouts at all. You were known to have married, very young, a young woman in business in Oxford Street, and we got her burial certificate, and also a baptismal certificate of a child, Mary; but we lost all trace of you. It was reported that you had gone to New Zealand, but although we advertised over and over again we heard nothing of the right George Burroughes. There was a ship's cook turned up the year before last, who said he was George Burroughes, and he had really got the Gwynne squint; but when he was a regular Maori, and tattooed all over! Then came our expected meeting in the train, Mr. Burroughes; and I think I may say, without imprudence, that in a very little time matters will be well in hand, and we shall, perhaps, astonish you a little—eh, Mr. Trim?"

Mr. Trim chuckled as if he rather thought they would.

While the little dinner went on in Bedford Square, Mary Burroughes and Madame sat together at the modest tea-table in Bedford Street. Madame was thinking of Talminster; she had not



been able to find out anything in the papers, and no further allusion had ever been made to it by either George Burroughes or his daughter; but still it was never out of the mind of Madame. To her intense astonishment on this very evening Mary Burroughes reintroduced the subject.

"Do you remember my father speaking of a place called Talminster, and a Mrs. Andrews who met with a railway accident, or, at least, her husband did?"

"Oh, yes, Mary; I grieved much when I heard of it."

"Will you do me a favour, madame?"

"You know I will, before you ask me, Mary. I am a true friend, I cannot be an affectionate daughter, not having had a father to speak of; I cannot be a devoted wife, for I am faithful to the memory of my departed Jules, and I marry myself no more; but I am a true friend."

"I think you are, madame, and I mean to trust you. You do not forget that it is about the time for my little quarterly excursion into the country. I always spend two or three days at Exeter, you know."

"Yes, it is no doubt a fine city; but always Exeter, that would tire me certainly."

"Do you know why I go to Exeter, madame?"

"No, I do not know; but when a pretty woman goes for change of air from London to Exeter, I guess."

"I think you guess wrong, madame. I go there to meet this woman Andrews."

"To meet a woman Andrews! That amazes me truly."

"Yes, this woman Andrews and a little boy."

"Ah, I begin to see. And the little boy?"

"The little boy is a relation of mine."

"Is it possible? And the papa does not know of this dear little relation?"

"No. Madame, I want you to go to Talminster, and not to Exeter, where this Mrs. Andrews always met me. You can explain to her why I cannot come; and ask her, if you please, to direct her letters for the present to me, under cover to you." Madame nodded. "I have heard nothing of Mrs. Andrews for the last month—not indeed, since the telegram to tell me of my father's arrival, excepting once I got a letter to say that some people at Leigh were making inquiries about the little boy and his,—well, his mother."

"Oh, the impertinent people," said Madame. "There is not a vice so detestable as curiosity."

"If you can find out who these people are, I should be obliged. Mrs. Andrews says"—and Mary referred to a letter which she took from her pocket. "The man was a Mr. Neville, a curate of

Leigh. I think he guesses something, he has heard of the child's name."

"What is the name of the dear infant?"

"Henry Neville," replied Mary Burroughes.

"And this Neville, then, cannot be that Neville you think?" inquired Madame.

"I should think not. The other people who came to make inquiries were the Misses Jenkinson, that is all Mrs. Andrews says, and that all is a mystery to me, and I look to you clear it up, Madame."

"Rely upon me, Mary I will go, and the dear father shall rest at home undisturbed with his daughter. Ah, how sweet to have a father!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE REGATTA.

LEIGH had fixed a late day for the annual regatta. June or July would have been far better, August even, would have been preferable; but Leigh determined that September should be the month and the fifteenth the day. The fact is that a regatta can take place without wind, but not without money; and Leigh, when it gave an aquatic festival, always looked to the visitors to provide the money for the prizes. Luckily, the fifteenth turned out to be a glorious day in many respects; there was no wind, but the sun got up in the morning to find the heavens swept clear for him, and not a cloud visible to impede his gaze, or interpose an obstacle between his smiles and those he beamed upon. The sea was smooth as glass, and glittered like the surface of a mirror; not a white crest was visible, not a black patch of water showed a catspaw ruffling the sleepy face of ocean. There was no swell even to break the monotony of the dead level of the waters; little boys swam their tiny boats as confidently as they might have done in a village pond, and little girls waded into the water without the miserable drawback of having to clutch up their underclothing to prevent the dragging of the garments and the nagging of the nurse. The committee were in a fearful state of perspiration before nine in the morning, and it was awful to think of the state they would probably be in before the first event came off at one o'clock. Their boat was decorated with the flags of all nations, which hung in the still air, like curl papers, from the rigging. Around the prize vessel were congregated quite a little fleet of vessels of small tonnage. There were at least fourteen luggers and eight or ten small cutters, and two or three small yachts of greater pretensions had also found their

way to Leigh, and by the help of an enormous spread of canvas, sometimes managed to get steering way upon them. As for row-boats they were hardly to be counted, they danced so in and out with such ceaseless activity. Visitors flocked in by train and by road, and all seemed animated by an overpowering determination to go upon the water. It was fearful to see the crowds that would persist in entering a small boat; the boatman in the bows was cocked up several feet above the level of the sea, and could hardly dip the extreme tips of the blades of his paddles into the water, while the stern of the boat was just half an inch above the surface, and the occupants looked up cheerfully at the man rowing as though he had been a horse employed in dragging them up hill. The fattest man of the party always occupied the stern sheets, and his coat tails floated in the water as the boat forged ahead. There was but one drawback to the enjoyment of these excursionists, the calm made it almost impossible for the ladies to find an excuse to scream. If a lady screamed now, it, of course, became apparent that some one was slipping his arm round her waist; and although delicacy demanded that under such circumstances a scream should be given, yet, of course, it was impossible to obey the dictates of delicacy without preventing the offender from being moderately presuming. When there is a "good sea on," people are not too curious to investigate the origin of screams, and admirers can be encouraged while the requirements of female bashfulness are complied with.

By twelve o'clock the band had arrived, that of the Twenty-fourth Somerset and Devon Rifle Volunteers. It was beautiful to see them marching through the town, headed by Mr. Pallby, as one of the committee men, wearing an enormous rosette of blue ribbon. General de Calverly, perhaps, was the only person present who objected to the band.

"Disgraceful!" he said, "the man with the cornet has got on 'sea-side shoes' with his uniform! that beast with the trombone is wearing a coloured tie, and, by Jupiter, the big drum has got on a pair of plaid pantaloons!"

"Quite a full band," said Mr. Spiles, the landlord of the "Chester Arms," admiringly.

"A deal too full, sir," said Mr. Gripes; "that man with the triangle has had too much, already,—it's beastly!"

Mr. Grange the ex-smuggler rather approved of them. "They ain't regulars," he said, "and that's a blessing. I'd as soon see a coast-guard as a regular, any day."

Mr. Bugge had been reinforced by the Talminster policeman, and a sergeant from Pembury. It was a very pleasant day for Mr. Bugge.

"There's a lot of bad characters about," he whispered to the sergeant.

"Do they cut up rough about here?" said his superior officer.

"Pretty well, said Mr. Bugge. "But then they are mostly drunk, I'm happy to say, and if you keep your feet they don't hurt much—they hit so wild; but, of course, if you get down, you may look out. I don't know that I ever met harder boots anywhere," said Mr. Bugge, reflectively.

The sergeant fixed his hat very tightly on his head, and looked with some interest on the Leigh official.

"This seems rather an observing man," he said to himself; "and he hasn't got a bad-sized foot of his own, either!"

By three in the afternoon the scene was at its gayest and rightest. The public houses were crowded, and the invisible spirit of good fellowship was seated on the beer cask. Men shook hands with each other on the very slightest provocation; their wives told each other anecdotes about their last babies; the young girls made no objection to their young men slipping away for a minute or two to get a drop of cyder. Indeed, some of the more bashful admirers improved considerably after slaking their thirst. Nor were other refreshments wanting, there were at least five ginger-beer stalls where the tectotallers regaled themselves—indeed, the demand for "pop" was so great that the vendors refrained from drinking any of their own goods. The children, too, were feasted in their own way; seven gingerbread stalls held the little ones fast, and the brown mudges on their infantine noses and cheeks proclaimed that they had a share, although not nearly enough of the delicacies provided for them. Three shooting-galleries gave a change to the current of the men's thoughts. Bacchus and Venus were all very well, but should Mars be forgotten? not by the martial sons of England; and on the beach Aunt Sally afforded a diversion to more elderly spectators. These were chiefly elderly married men, who knew life and what was to be expected from it; and no doubt it was pleasant to see the "old woman," as they called her, get a whack on the face from a well-directed shot.

"That's what I call a turning of the tables, Billy," said a dirty-looking gentleman to a companion, whose nose looked as if it had been scratched with some venomous claws—it was so festered and sore.

"I believe you, Jim; but ah, it's only a game; it ain't true to nature, Jim, worse luck."

And above all the din thundered the band of the Volunteer Rifles. As the strains of the polka broke upon the ear, little children forgot their gingerbread and danced for joy, bashful maidens took a turn or two with their young men, and a facetious tall keeper seized the wife of the man who owned Aunt Sally round the waist, and executed a parody of drawing-room elegance

while she shrieked "a-done," amidst the roars of laughter of the mob. And through the swaying, roaring, shouting, and excited crowd, strode manfully the gallant forms of Sergeant Jefferies, and constables Jones and Bugge. Most of the aristocracy of Leigh were assembled in the grounds of Claremont villa, which had an excellent sea view. Tents were erected on the lawn, and there was a nice little grass-plot to accommodate the players at croquet. Miss Penruddocke was there, although her medical adviser had recommended her to stay at home and bathe her eye, which was inflamed. The eyes of the Misses Jenkinson were all right, and they beamed upon the company generally, but at the same time, kept a strict watch upon the curate and Miss Florence. The Rev. Mr. Moodle and Mrs. Moodle sanctified the festivity by their presence. The Taffitoes and the Barkers wore new bonnets for the occasion; Dr. Jerningham was in great force; he had dropped the professional air and looked something like a man of fashion, as he wandered about the grounds in a white hat and red necktie with his hands under his coat tails; if it had not been for his always saying, "And how do we find ourselves, to-day?" instead of "How do you do?" no one would ever have guessed him to be only a medical man. Mr. Jerningham looked very well, and no one ever expected anything more from her. The General was most affable, and Mrs. de Calverly was on her very best behaviour. She was civil to everybody alike, and made all her visitors equally welcome. Florence was bright and happy, and some people could not keep their eyes off her. Miss Flora Jenkinson, indeed, made a special study of her.

"A nice little game," she said to her sister, "going on in that direction!" and she nodded her head towards the spot where the curate was standing. "And so sly too, it's shameful: do you see they never go near each other, Jemima?"

"Yes; I noticed that," replied the elder sister. "I thought perhaps there was nothing, after all, between them."

"Nothing, Jemima? I don't know what you call nothing; but if you had any eyes in your head, you might have seen plenty! Why, when the signal-gun went off, everybody gave a jump and looked out to sea—didn't they?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, then, Miss Florence didn't for one. Oh, dear me, no! She looks up at the curate to see if he had jumped. She can't even jump now, unless my gentleman approves of it. I really don't know what girls are coming to! Oh, here comes Mr. Neville, at last, with some claret-cup. How very kind of you, Mr. Neville; it is so hot, thanks!—just a little glass."

"Oh, for shame, Miss Flora! everybody else is draining the

oblet, and you will make us blush for our potatoes if you will not save them."

"Mr. Neville would prefer a bucket full, Flora," said Miss emima, severely; "we cannot all share his tastes."

The curate saw some one in the distance, probably in want of laret-cup, for he beat a hasty retreat.

"You should not have said that, Jemima, because I told him ou knew nothing of the bucket."

"Oh, it don't signify—you can say it was a chance allusion; it ould be too ridiculous if nobody was ever to mention a bucket gain because Mr. Neville has put his foot in it."

"Dr. Jerningham, you are not taking anything," said Miss 'enruddocke.

"'Drink to me only with thine eye'!" murmured the gallant Doctor, who had already quenched his thirst several times, and now wore his white hat on one side of his head. "I beg pardon—thanks! will take a little cup," said Dr. Jerningham, hurriedly, as he noticed a stony look passing over Miss Penruddocke's face. She did not approve of the familiarity of quotations, excepting among perfect equals.

"D——n that fellow!" muttered the General; "the apothecary s sure to break out—he could not even leave her sore eye alone!"

"The loving-cup in the early time of the Church was, I apprehend, carried round at their festive scenes by the highest ecclesiastic present," said the Rev. Mr. Moodie. "I have a fancy hat it was supported by the palm of the left hand, and the handle held by the middle and little finger of the right. It would be important to ascertain this, if the custom should ever again become prevalent, if the priest inaugurates festive entertainments."

"There would be precious little left if the parson got the first wig," said Dr. Jerningham to Miss Jenkinson. The fact was, that the worthy Doctor had taken a little too much, and was fast relapsing to the tone of thought and speech of his medical-student days. "Hullo, what's that?" A general scream from the ladies answered his question. A brilliant flash of lightning, followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, startled the thoughtless crowd. There was a slight hesitation at first whether or not the intrusion should be recognised. Dr. Jerningham gave a careless glance over his shoulder, as much as to say that this sort of thing rather belonged to the people on the beach. General de Calverly elevated his chin, as if suspecting some vulgar intrusion upon his leisure; but he certainly grew rather white in the face. Another terrific flash and another tremendous peal settled the matter.

"I really think that we had better beat a retreat," said the General. "Would you accept my arm, Miss Penruddocke?"

If this was the General's notion of a retreat, it is lucky. Perhaps he never commanded a discomfited army, for undoubtedly his principal thought was to get safely indoors before his company. But a man is not bound to fight against the lightning; and so the General had some excuse.

The guests acted according to their nature. Most of the ladies ran half way to the house until startled by another flash of lightning, when they tried to run back to the tents; but turned again by a roar of thunder, they finally found themselves safe in the drawing-room. Dr. Jerningham emptied a claret-jug before starting for the house, "to prevent it from getting sour," he said to himself. Mr. Moodle clung to his wife—he always did in these secular matters.

"It was different in the early days," he said. "I then should have interfered; the consecrated bells would have been rung *viros roco! mortuos plango! fulgura frango!* but, alas, my love, there is little faith left. Don't leave me, my dear—that was an awful flash!"

The only lady who had not hurried was Florence. It never entered her head to interfere with others; it was quite enough for her to see that people were pushing and striving to get out of the tent to make her hang back until they had achieved their enterprise. She was just preparing to follow them, however, when the rain came down—not a spot or two, but a tremendous shower which rendered it hopeless to effect the small passage to the house without the total ruin of all her finery. She stepped back, and found she was not alone, for Mr. Neville had not taken flight with the others.

"I suppose we must stop until this is over?" she said; "we have waited just a little too long. Why did you not run away with the rest, Mr. Neville? surely the curate should follow his vicar?"

"I am afraid I am hardly so active a Churchman as Mr. Moodle; and then, he was helped on by Mrs. Moodle. Now, I was left to my own resources, and I hesitated."

"You are not afraid of the lightning, Mr. Neville?"

"No, not of the lightning."

"Surely not of the thunder?"

"No, nor of the thunder; but still I am afraid. Can you not guess of what, Florence?"

Florence looked down upon the ground and shook her head.

"No? then I must tell you—don't take away your hand just for a moment, Florence. One look from you would frighten me more than the deadliest flash that ever burst from the skies—one word would trouble me more than the loudest peal that ever shook the earth; and the word, Florence, would be 'No,' and the look!—ah,

read to face that; and yet I must dare them both, be-  
lieve you—with all my heart, and as I never loved before, I  
Florence; and dearest, dearest Florence, can you not

I stood still with downcast eyes; but her face flushed  
elids quivered; she gave a little sob, but she either  
r would not speak. Suddenly a tremendous flash lit up  
d she raised her eyes, which shone but not with anger,  
thunder followed, her sweet voice whispered, "Yea."

## CHAPTER XX.

### IN THE CHURCHYARD.

At six o'clock of the evening of the Regatta, the festivities at  
t be considered at an end. The crowds had flocked, and  
ocking to the railway-station; but the town and beach  
ratively deserted. The guests, too, at Claremont Villa,  
g their departure, and thanking Mrs. de Calverly and  
l for a very pleasant day's amusement. The curate  
s with Florence, and managed to whisper "to-morrow,"  
was swept away by the crowd of leave-takers. He  
newards in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Moodle; and  
aying good-bye, the vicar asked him to proceed to the  
f the town, and see how poor Mrs. Mullins was going

ened that Mrs. Mullins was in an excellent humour for  
hat evening. She was eighty-six years of age, and had  
belonging to her. She was deaf and half blind, and a  
pple from rheumatism; but she still took a great  
this world, and felt it her duty to impart her opinions to  
odger—Mrs. Buffer, and to visitors generally. A long  
ophecy gave her great advantages. She had turned her  
a book of arithmetic, and by adding, and subtracting,  
lying figures, came to the most startling conclusions.  
ror of Russia was at present on her mind, and she found  
usions to an invasion of England by that potentate, and  
her. It is difficult to see how she could have been  
the event, if it had taken place, unless some wounded  
l appropriated her crutches; but still it did worry her

the curate at least an hour to go over the matter with  
was only when he detected an error in her addition, that  
e at all satisfied. However, it was clear that 209 and



316 did not make 527, and, therefore, that prophecy did not point to the Emperor of Russia on this occasion.

Mrs. Mullins said, "drat the figures!" and wanted to make out it didn't signify; but the curate was not going to let her off.

"I am afraid, Mrs. Mullins," he said, "you will have to do the whole thing over again;" and after a promise to call again in a day or two, Mr. Neville made his escape.

It was a beautiful still evening as he walked home, and chance made him take the short cut through the graveyard of the parish church. The moon had risen, and the old grey building, with its strong and massive-looking tower, looked down, calm and stately, upon the tombstones of the dead buried within the shadow of the walls. Time had done its worst with them all; but the end seemed peace and tranquillity, and the old churchyard trees, which still had vigorous life, whispered to each other, as the light wind shook their leaves, that all was as it should be, and very good. And so thought Mr. Neville as he seated himself upon the stile which led from the churchyard to the marshes. He wanted to be quiet a little, before he went home and told his mother that he had asked Florence to be his wife.

"She will laugh," he said to himself, "when she hears it; how long is it since I told her I should never marry,—and I wonder whether I have done right now?" It was not of his own happiness he was thinking—it was that of Florence. "That trouble in the past poisoned my very nature," he said to himself. "It is not that I was once deceived, that was a hard blow to bear; but the wound would not heal,—is it healed now? I lost my love, but, alas! my faith went with it; and with a newer, better love, will a fresh faith come back? Shall I ever have to doubt Florence! to look upon her with suspicion, and at last, great Heaven! with horror? Alas! I injure Florence now that I even dream of doubting her. I will not look back,—I will have done with the past! I will not look upon the mirror the devil thrusts before my eyes, and I will not listen to memory when it whispers of my shame."

The curate raised his head, and saw a lady approaching him. He moved from the stile to let her pass; but she stopped when she was close to him, and spoke in good English enough, but with a foreign accent—

"I address the curate—is it not so?" she said.

"Yes, madame. My name is Neville, and I am curate here. What can I do for you?"

"What can you do? well, we shall see in good time,—perhaps many things; but, first, Mr. Neville, can tell me where Mary Burroughes' child is buried?"

"Good Heavens!" cried the curate, "then it was her child! Does she know that he is dead? why did she not come? did she send you?"

"You ask me many questions, Mr. Neville; perhaps I may answer them, but first show me the grave."

The curate led the way to a little mound, and the lady carefully observed its position in the graveyard.

"I do not see any headstone," she said; "but I shall not forget where little Henry Neville is laid,—I think that was the name?"

"I don't know," replied the curate; "I never heard the Christian name of the child. Henry it might be; but why she should have called it Neville puzzles me."

"She was imprudent, Mr. Neville—that is all. When we are young we are so, and then we call things by the right names."

"It matters nothing to me, madame. She crossed my path once; but she will cross it no more, and the child is at rest, and will not trouble any one."

"Mr. Neville, you are hard. Have you not any pity for Mary? Listen. She does not know that her little Henry is dead; that woman Andrews never told her. But that woman is clever. She takes the payment only last week for the past quarter for that child when he is dead, and yesterday, when I visit Mrs. Andrews, she is gone!"

"Has she left Talminster?" said the curate.

"Yes, she and her husband have gone, and nobody knows where. One man says to Plymouth, another to Cornwall; but what does it signify? What remains is, who shall tell Mary? Mr. Neville, will you?"

"No, madame, I will not."

"And yet she would bear it better from you than from any one living. Do not be so hard, Mr. Neville. Has your regard for Mary passed away? My word for it, if you saw her it would revive. She is handsome, she is clever; above all, she is a woman; and when you knew her she must have been little more than a child. Make it up, Mr. Neville—Mary wishes it; she thinks constantly of you."

"Thinks of me?" said the curate.

"Yes," replied the lady. "Why can you not forgive? If she has made mistakes, if she has just compromised herself, what is it after so many years?—at least, she loves you,—loves you more than ever she loved that child. Come to her, Mr. Neville; let the past be forgotten, and Mary and you will quarrel no more, and I will ask no reward but the pleasure of seeing my friend happy once more."

"Madame!" said the curate, rising, and speaking in a cold, determined tone, "it is better that this conversation should cease. I have nothing to say to Mary. I neither love nor hate her,—she is no longer anything to me."

"Is it so, Mr. Neville? If I were a man and spoke for Mary, I would have another answer. But never mind,—Mary has yet a friend. Her father has arrived—do you hear that, Mr. Neville? Perhaps you have seen him—he was at the inquest here? Does he look like a man to forgive an injury, Mr. Curate? I do not think your coat would save you if I chose to tell!"

"Tell what you like, madame. I am sick and weary of the subject. I refuse to say another word," and the curate raised his hat, and hurried from the churchyard.

She followed him to the stile, and looked after him.

"I am not sure," she said to herself, "that Mary would like to see that man again,—she is so difficult to comprehend. I never knew she had a lover; perhaps it is better as it is. But for all that, my friend, Mr. Neville, if I get a chance, I will make you glad to lie where lies your little Henry."

"Rather late to be out here in the churchyard!" said a gruff voice over her shoulder. "Who was that you was a-talking to! This ain't the place for lover's meetings, except on Sundays," said Mr. Bugge, who was going his final rounds.

The lady drew herself up, and looked scornfully at the guardian of the peace.

"Do you know whom you speak to?" she said. "I come to see a grave, and I talked to Mr. Neville. Well, the grave is not much, and Mr. Neville is smaller than the grave,—he is less than nothing. Do you understand, Mr. Policeman?"

"Mr. Bugge did not understand it, but he looked as though he did. His manner became polite and deferential, and he said, insinuatingly—

"You found the grave, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes; I found the grave of the little Henry, and I shed a few tears, and I spoke to Mr. Neville, and he sheds no tears; and I am a woman, Mr. Policeman, and Mr. Neville is a man!" and the lady clenched her hands and looked as though she would have liked to be a man of Mr. Bugge's size, for the sake of the curate.

"Ah," said Mr. Bugge, whose manner again altered, and became almost feminine in its tenderness, "don't take on, miss. It's what we must all come to. I don't think any the worse of you for your little misfortune. I'm a man,—I can feel for a lady in distress. I ain't a clergyman, and I've seen so much of this kind of bad work, I don't intend to be. If I can help you, miss, in this business, you may rely upon me."

"Help me? well, perhaps, yes.

She took out her purse and drew out half a sovereign.

"Will you accept this? That is right; and you will keep my secret, is it not so?"

"Of course, miss!"

"And if I write to you, and you can help me to pay this evil, you will do it?"

"I'm blessed if I don't, with all my heart!"

"Well, then, here is my card. Stop, let me write down your name. Humphrey, you say. Oh, what a pretty name! and Bugge, I shall not forget it now. Please, do not follow me; I know my way," and the strange lady made her way in the direction of the railway-station.

"She is bound for the rail," mused Mr. Bugge; "and she will catch the last train. What's on her card? Madame Delachose, 12, Stamford Street, London. Well," said Mr. Bugge to himself, confidentially, "you are a fool, Humphrey! To think of me, a married man, too, who ought to know life pretty well, never suspecting but what that lady was a miss! Why, she will think me an ass! How clear it does all work out, to be sure. It's Criminal, that's what it is! I thought one of your High Church would never be mixed up in a common sort of business. Why, let me see! this will go into the Ecclesiastical Court, and then there's the Divorce Court, and, before it's done with, I ain't sure it won't be in the Bankruptcy Court! I very much fear, young man," said Mr. Bugge, addressing an imaginary Mr. Neville, "you will find yourself in the wrong box yet!"

Mr. Bugge walked to the little grave and inspected it.

"So that was a French child, was it?" he soliloquised. "I don't know that I ever saw a French little love-child before. No wonder he got drowned, poor little chap. They are not a maritime people, but they are a sharp, clever lot, for all that; and I don't know I ever saw a woman I respect so much on a short acquaintance as Madame Delachose!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

### NO ENGAGEMENT.

ON the morning following the Regatta, the General, while sitting at his breakfast, was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who asked if he could see Mr. Bugge, the policeman, who had called.

On entering the library, to which apartment the official had been asked, the General could not help noticing the extreme air of dejection exhibited by his visitor.

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Bugge, "for intruding; but I thought it my duty to let you hear the melancholy news."

"What is it, my man?"

"He is gone, sir!"

"Gone?—where? Who the deuce are you talking about?" said the General, testily.

No particulars is mentioned, sir; but here is the official document—

"From the Superintendent, Exeter Police, to Constable Humphrey Bugge, No. 800, X. Division.—Bob., alias Robert Scorch, alias Robert Blood, died yesterday in Exeter Jail."

"By Jove!" said the General, "then the ruffian has escaped the gallows?"

"Ah," said Mr. Bugge, "he was a determined chap; no expense has been spared about that man. If you will believe me, General, he's been living on chicken broth and port wine for the last fortnight in the infirmary; and I heard the other day from a warder that, when he got speechless a week ago, they gave him a pint of brandy. And then, when he could not hold any more brandy, that man dies."

"Then there is no necessity for us to stop here any longer, of course" said the General.

"No, sir, I suppose not. I don't think anything of the sort would be likely to happen again,—not even if all your good ladies went out a-picking wild-flowers. I'm afraid, General, there would be no use in your waiting."

"I don't understand you, my man. You don't want such a ruffian back again, do you?"

"No, sir, it's not that; but I'm upset a bit, and I don't deny it. The man was my prisoner, and he's made his escape out of lawful custody; take it how you like, that is what it comes to. And it's an awful thought that, if I hadn't hit that man quite so hard, he might have lived to be hanged. I wish you good morning, sir!" and Mr. Bugge took his departure slowly and sorrowfully, to spread the bad news among the other persons, whose evidence would have been required at the Assizes.

"Papa, dear," said Florence, as he re-entered the breakfast-room, "here is a letter from Frank! We have been waiting so impatiently for you."

"From Frank?" exclaimed the General, delightedly. "Why my love," he continued, addressing his wife, "Frank is coming home. By Jove! he's been wounded; but he's all right, he says. Let me read this to you—I suppose you saw in the papers that there was a row at Ramjingewagly-wollah. There is a small rajah there, with a small mud fort, and the beggar got insolent in the hot

weather ; so the left wing was ordered out there. He made a stand for some hours, and then there was hot work enough with the sun and his ragged ruffians behind the walls, until we got a big gun, that made a breach, and then it was all over with Rajah Jamsipoot, or some such name. I believe our men looted the village. There was not much to take, except brass pots and sticky sweet cakes ; but a lot of men got ill, drinking whitewash, which they supposed to be toddy. A man of my company took two quarts before he found out his mistake. I was hit in the arm—it's all right again now. Our Major Mansell was killed, and I think that is all about Ramjingewagly-wollah.' That's the worst of Frank, he won't tell anything," said the General, "that one wants to know. Of course, a man should know how to hold his tongue about his own affairs or other people's ; but in a public matter like this, he might really have said a little more. Let me see, he says—'I shall be in London, I expect, six weeks or so after you get this. I can't go by this steamer as I have got Major Mansell's widow to take care of. She is going home.' This is another reason why we should leave this place. I have just heard that the ruffian who assaulted Florence is dead, and, luckily, that sets us free."

The servant entered the room again, to say that Mr. Neville was in the library, and would be glad to see the General at his earliest convenience.

"Deuced annoying!" said the General ; "he's come now about the disgusting business. I must say, he might leave it alone—it's no concern of his!" and so saying, the irate officer proceeded slowly to his library again.

Florence was crimson, and her mother noticed it.

"What is the matter, my love?" she said.

Florence began to cry. Mrs. de Calverly went over to her, and took her hand tenderly.

"What is it, dear?" she inquired again.

Florence nestled her head on her mother's bosom. A sudden light flashed on Mrs. de Calverly.

"Has Mr. Neville said anything, dearest?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And what did my foolish Florence say?"

"Mamma, dear, don't be angry with me. I think I said something too."

Mrs. de Calverly kissed her, patted her cheek, and stroked her child's beautiful hair fondly.

"Never mind, dearest," she said, "I am not angry, and I am sure your father will not be. I think Mr. Neville was rash and remature ; but it was a pardonable rashness."

"Oh, yes mamma."

"But I am rather angry with him for not speaking first to the General or myself."

"Papa was not in the tent."

"No, perhaps not, my dear; but you should have referred Mr. Neville to me."

"Yes, I know I should. I think it was the thunder and lightning, perhaps."

"Hush, Florence; here comes papa."

The General wore a solemn and pompous air when he returned.

"Mrs. de Calverly," he said, "I should be obliged by your accompanying me to the library. Florence, we shall expect to find you here when we return."

"She had not very long to wait, although it seemed an age to her. She heard voices at last, as the library-door opened and the hall-door shut; and Florence hid her head behind the window curtains, for the window of the breakfast-room looked over the approach to the house. She could not help taking just one peep as the footsteps resounded over the gravel. She only saw the back of a clerical-cut coat, and a well-brushed hat; but even that much was a great comfort to her. She was not looking out of the window, however, when the General and Mrs. de Calverly returned."

"Come here, Florence, my dear," said the General, as he seated himself in his arm-chair. "Just sit down for one minute while I speak to you."

Florence sat down on a footstool at his feet. The General put his arm round her and began in measured tones—

"Your mother and I, Florence, have been, I may observe, surprised at a communication we have from Mr. Neville. I will not say displeased, but I confine myself to the expression—surprised. Do you follow me, Florence?"

"Yes, papa," she whispered.

"Mr. Neville, it would appear, took the hasty, and, perhaps, ill-advised step, of communicating his feelings towards you. Florence, at a time when nobody could have been prepared for such a proceeding."

"No, papa," said Florence.

"A violent convulsion of nature, attended with thunder and lightning, may, perhaps, account for his behaviour!"

"Yes, papa."

"At the same time, Florence, I am not altogether displeased. Your mother and I have both a high opinion of Mr. Neville. He is a gentleman, and the son of a gentleman, and it is natural enough that he should see the advantages of a connection with the De Calverly family; so that, on the whole, your mother and I, while not approving, yet refrain from condemning; and while withhold-

our assent, yet decline absolutely to reject. I hope I make myself quite clear, Florence?"

"Oh, yes, quite," said Florence."

"Very well, then, my dear. You perceive it will not be necessary for me to recur to the subject; and to-morrow, my love, will proceed to London. Give me a kiss, my dear."

And Florence gave the kiss, and was glad it was all over,—at least, for the moment; for she felt utterly stupid and concluded.

"I don't think, Florence," said her mother when the General left the room, "that you quite understand?"

"Not exactly, perhaps."

Well, my love, what your father means is, that if you and Neville have the same regard for each other at the end of a year or so, he will not make any objection; but at present there must be no engagement. There must be no promise, my love—it is too soon to think of marriage."

"Mamma, dearest," said Florence blushing, "we never dreamt of that. It was only that he wanted to tell me that he liked me a little; and I don't think it was his fault. I can't bear that I should think him to blame."

"Well, we won't blame anybody, Florence; only mind you advise me there is no engagement until we have given our consent."

"I promise, mamma, dear. But I may see him once more, if I will?"

"He is sure to do that, my love,—indeed he said he should see Mrs. Neville this afternoon. I daresay you will find time to say good-bye to Mr. Neville; and, by-the-bye, we shall have plenty of that kind of work; for the General wants to be off to-morrow if he can. But that is nonsense. The washerwoman must send the things home until the day after to-morrow, and then we must settle the bills, and then people to call on, besides. That had better take the piano away, too. What's his name, once?"

"Walter," said Florence, colouring.

"Walter? what nonsense! It was Tootle, or some name like that. You can call round and tell him to take it away, and send it home."

In the afternoon Mrs. Neville called and had half an hour's private conversation with the General and Mrs. de Calverly. Mr. Neville arrived after the serious part of the business was over, and was cordially received by everybody but Florence, who made him a very elaborate little curtsey, and said, "No, thank you!" when the General remarked, with elaborate dignity of demeanour, that it



was a very warm day. Matters improved, however, when Mrs. de Calverly proposed that she and Florence should join Mrs. Neville and her son in a stroll on the beach.

It was good of Mrs. de Calverly to take the rugged road over the shingle, towards the deserted rocks, instead of parading along the more frequented and the better-levelled Esplanade. It hurt her corns terribly, but she did not mind just for once ; for Florence was her daughter, and she remembered the time when she herself had no corns and was just engaged. It was better still when Mrs. de Calverly said—

“ I think Mrs. Neville and I will stroll home. If you like to wait half an hour longer on the beach you can, Florence ; but don't be later.”

“ I think, perhaps, I had better come now, mamma. I have got a little headache.”

“ The cool air is good for the headache, my dear ; you had better sit a little longer. I daresay Mr. Neville will wait to see you home ?”

“ I shall be delighted to be of service,” replied the curate, as if the idea had never struck him before of waiting for Florence.

“ Well, then, good-bye, for the present, and don't be late !”

As the backs of the elder ladies disappeared from view the curate's manner became less stately, and Miss Florence grew rather more so.

“ Florence !” said the curate.

“ Yes, Mr. Neville.”

“ Don't be a goose !” continued the curate.

Florence looked up at him, and could not help smiling. It was no use trying to be dignified, and she gave a little sigh, as though she had done her very best, and could do no more.

“ You are not angry with me, Florence ?”

“ No, not with you ; but I am just a little angry with myself. Nobody scolded me, nor talked at me yesterday, and papa and mamma look at me now as if I had not quite behaved myself.”

“ Because you said ‘ yes,’ Florence ?”

“ I suppose so.”

“ And if I said, ‘ Take your ‘ yes ’ back !’ you are in such a little temper, that you would take me at my word, I daresay. But you shall not have the choice. I will tell you over and over again, just to punish you, Florence, that I love you with all my heart and all my being, that you are the joy of my eyes, and the pulse of my life ! You would not like to take my life, would you, Florence ?”

“ Oh, Mr. Neville ! don't talk so wickedly.”

“ Then mind how you take back your ‘ yes !’ ”

“ I did not mean to take it back,” she whispered.

"Then you must say it once again,—only just once, and I will be satisfied."

"Say yes once more? Oh, I can't!" she said. "Yes, then, Neville!"

"Now, Florence, we can speak quite comfortably. Your papa bids any engagement, I understand. I must say I think it good!"

"Oh, papa is quite right, Mr. Neville,—he is always right."

"I think your mamma would have consented, Florence?"

"Dear mamma," said Florence, half to herself.

"She seems a person of very superior judgment," continued Neville.

"Mamma is always in the right, too, Mr. Neville."

"I'm in the wrong, then, I suppose; for I do wish I could have your promise. You will be away in London, and mixing in all sorts of gaiety, and I shall be here and lonely, and dreading every day that you are forgetting me, Florence."

"I shall not do that, Mr. Neville. How do you know that I will not be fretting about your conduct, sir? I have seen Miss Jenkinson look at you most suspiciously."

"Bother Miss Flora!" said the curate.

"She gave you some slippers?"

"They did not fit,—upon my word of honour!"

"Who sent the smoking-cap, Mr. Neville?"

"You did, Miss Florence. I knew it by the bad work! all the stitches dropping, and the lining half sewed. Do you know, Miss Florence, that the state of that cap very nearly prevented me from saying anything in the tent yesterday?"

"Oh, Mr. Neville, I never made that cap, indeed."

Then I forgive you just this once; and I wonder if I may write you now and then, Florence, just to say that I am not engaged to Miss Flora?"

"Papa won't like it, Mr. Neville. I know mamma said something about correspondence, and papa said you could write to him."

"But, Florence, I can't write to him about Miss Flora, nor about the slippers, nor the smoking-cap, nor the storm, nor what I saw in the lightning, or heard in the thunder!"

"Your mother might write to mine, Mr. Neville. Nobody expects ladies' letters to be quite sensible."

"Don't they, Florence? Then I promise you I will ask my mother to make a great fool of herself."

"Mr. Neville, for shame! to speak that way of your own dear mother."

"Forgive me!"

"No, I will not. Well, just this once, perhaps."

"Say it, then."

"I forgive you, Mr. Neville."

"That will not do, Florence. Say, 'I forgive you, Frank.'"

"Oh, do let me go home, Mr. Neville. It is getting late."

"No, say it first, and then I will be good and obedient for ever and ever."

"I forgive you, Frank!"

## THE PARADISE OF FOOLS.

THE walls are bare—no roof the palace caps;  
Blank windows gape upon a sullen moat,  
The bat's-wing in each crevice darkly flaps  
A weird rejoinder to the screech-owl's note.

And lo! a garden stretches branches dank  
Across the mildewed paths that hate the sun,  
My lady's bower do withered roses flank,—  
Her wheel is still, that radiant toils hath spun.

'Tis near the place where Has Been and Is Not,  
Plain, through sick sound, for ever spent in sighs;  
Here Glory held her scroll for Fate to blot,  
Ere Hope broke weeping from her sad good-byes.

Has Been and Is Not—make they much-ado,  
When pilgrims enter at the palace-gate,  
And find upon the threshold boughs of rue,  
And all the dusky chambers desolate?

Not so, for rising from the shadows dense,  
A great hand writes upon each brow "Forget,"  
And from the mind doth fade its long suspense,  
And from each soul the darkness of regret.

And Fancy cometh from a distant range  
To lead them in, and minister, and heal  
What wounds befel upon their journey strange,  
And each boon granted is for common weal.

Therefore the company spreads large for view,  
And hither flock fresh pilgrims every day.  
Blind, lame, and weary, and the stalwart, too,  
Press onward in the dust that marks the way.

Dumb Shakespeares smile, and feel the monarch's crown  
Floating above them in the empty air ;  
A touch would claim it,—pah—a wordy clown  
May wear the honour they are fain to spare.

A Cæsar mounts the steps with martial stride ;  
The earth were his in grand monopoly  
(The Rubicon foresworn) if but his pride  
Might wear the purple ; but—he aims too high.

And who doth harken with an ear enrapt,  
As to Pan's music, whilst the bats'-wings stir,  
And words of wisdom to the strain adapt ?  
Philosophy that steals from life the spur.

And who in weedy garden seeks to find  
Fruit in the tangles, roses richly red,  
Like those that tempt the senses of the blind,  
Who feel the colour where they pluck and tread.

And who, and who, and who ?—an Echo bears,  
And bears the question onward like the cry,  
Of eager bugle, answered by swift tears—  
Within the palace every eye is dry.

Without our Solons, measuring their graves,  
Gaze wistful into space that speaketh ne'er ;  
And the Great Question in its progress raves,  
And lashes cruel bars in mad despair.

Without, Philosophy with smileless lips  
Doth Patience summon and stern Fortitude ;  
From Fortune's upturned horn the nectar drips  
On barren mounds that death's cold mist exude.

Fain would all enter where weak brothers rove  
    Apart from sadness, and no sorrow rules,  
In the disposal of life's treasure-trove  
    Sages would claim the Paradise of Fools.

“Not so,” they shout, awaking as from sleep,  
    “Truth's martyrs live in us for her to die,  
For her we sow the grain that Time shall reap  
    In the clear daylight coming by-and-bye.

We would not enter where the pulses beat  
    Only in tune to lightsome jester's bells,  
Nor wrest from Fancy some bright-limned conceit—  
    Though life were but a passion of farewells.

Nor would we win that calm monotonous  
    That dwells within their haven of repose ;  
The Seeing Eye is doubly dear to us,  
    If we can read the secret of our woes.

Suffer, and shrink not from the pointed shaft ;  
    The feeblest only from the combat flies—  
The empty heart is mirthless, though it laughed  
    Within the walls where only Fools are Wise.

ELLYS ERLE.

## MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

BY DR. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

THERE is no profession more seductive than literature, none, not on the bar, in which there are more disappointments and failures. There is no calling apparently easier, no walk in life sooner leading to fame and distinction; there is none which, in reality, deludes its pursuers more, none which so often holds out prospects that are never realised.

Every magazine editor, every publisher would confirm this statement. There are few callings in which fairly good abilities are likely to be completely thrown away; there are very few which are not far more remunerative and less harassing, except in the case of those who draw the rare prizes.

Of course I know that a really distinguished writer is a very great man, and that a successful author earns a good income. How many great writers are there, however? how many of them have earned a fair income from their literary labours? Not many, I suspect. How, then, some one will ask, is it that magazines abound, that books are poured into the circulating libraries and booksellers' shops with strange profusion? How is it that magazines do not contain better material, as authors are so many, although in such little demand and so badly remunerated? Why do editors continue to print the trash sent to them? Why do readers find it so hard to get good sound literature? I will endeavour to explain.

There are, then, in this country immense numbers of fairly well-educated and intelligent people, who hear a good deal of literary talk and eagerly devour books. From admiration to imitation there is but a single step. Comparatively few, but in the aggregate very large numbers, determine to try their hand at authorship. They write articles, not grammatically incorrect, not absolutely rubbishy and yet not readable, not interesting. In the course of every month, perhaps ten times as many articles of this description go to the editors as would fill all the magazines in the land. The immense majority are necessarily thrown on one side or returned as useless. Many of the writers try again and again; and though they invariably fail, never perceive the difficulty of writing, but attribute their disappointments to the stupidity, indolence, prejudice, or carelessness of editors. On the smallest encouragement they are always ready to try again; but their literary

incompetence they never find out. In their own opinion their essays are witty, readable, and of first-class merit.

Besides these people, who, I believe, amount to many thousands, are large numbers of well-educated men, who have had many opportunities for getting an insight into men and things, who have something to say worth listening to and know how to say it. If, in earlier life, they had hopes of becoming authors of eminence, they soon saw the difficulties, or had their attention distracted by the increasing cares of professional life. Now and then, as they get older, they write an article or two, and apply to editors whom they know. They do not want money. They are content with the meagre honour of occasionally seeing themselves in print. These men alone would supply all the magazines in England with well-written, though generally rather heavy material. It is on the contributions of such men as these that many very respectable magazines, though of course not those of the first-class, exclusively depend. Obviously, contributions of the former class are quite useless to the editors who have fifty willing and competent friends who could supply them with much more than is needed to fill their magazines.

Of course I do not mean to imply that really brilliant, witty material is abundant. That, certainly, is not the case. But there is a superfluity of very creditable matter to be had for the asking; and as long as that is so, it cannot command much solid remuneration.

Now, it is actually in consequence of there being so much available material, that so many fairly good second-rate periodicals come out, and as articles are abundant, publishers bring out a thick, large magazine for a mere trifle. Only a large circulation will cover the expenses. A high price cannot be asked, for that would destroy the demand. A very large circulation cannot be expected, because so many magazines are before the public. So that all expenses are paid, and the publisher makes a fair profit, nothing more is expected; even the editor is not always remunerated.

But, it may be objected, I have not accounted for two classes of literature—the organs of parties, and the miscellaneous works that fill the shops of booksellers.

Well, as to the former. There are a large number of useful, I will not say important, associations, which are well supported, and have all kinds of objects. Sometimes it may be the conversion of the negroes in London, or the circulation of free-trade tracts amongst the aborigines of North America, or the establishment of lectures on natural theology to the non-commissioned officers in the Guards, or something equally praiseworthy and benevolent.

These associations have an organ, the circulation of which may or may not be large; as a rule it is very small. Generally speaking, these weekly or monthly organs cannot pay their editors, and often do not cover their expenses. They certainly do not pay their contributors. Nor is it necessary that they should. I know, and no one knows better, that these organs are inundated with communications, letters, reports from subscribers, branch secretaries, and the general public. Literary excellence is never thought of. Why should it be? The editor, even when a competent man, and that is rarely the case in these periodicals, must pay attention to the claims of his correspondents. If a man, who subscribes £100 to the funds of the society, wants to appear in print, how can he dare to stop him? Certainly not the editor. If the public only knew the circumstances under which nine-tenths of the really bad articles appear, especially in literary organs, they would wonder that good average material is often laid on one side.

As to the second-class of literature—books, I admit that hundreds of unreadable, useless works annually appear, and occasionally have a large circulation, and pay author and publisher well. But let us look closely at the circumstances of these cases. Many of these books have a special object, or are sold to subscribers, or are published by writers of considerable local influence. Before an author brings out a bad work, let him pause and think whether his name, as a clergyman, or doctor, or public man, will sell it. Let him find out whether there is a general demand for it, or whether he can delude friends and relations into purchasing large numbers of copies for gratuitous circulation. If he has none of these strings to his bow, he may be assured that he will have to pay all the expenses of publication, and he may be thankful if he is fortunate enough to be let off without serious loss. Of these books, which either do not pay at all, or are a heavy loss, hundreds usually come out. The author is, for a time, much worried; and though he may not lose in the long-run, he certainly does not gain reputation or in anything else, except perhaps in experience.

Of course, publishers are always ready to bring out at their own risk any book for which there is likely to be a large and profitable demand, and which is certain to be speedily successful. But how can any young authors can produce works of such merit that success can be infallibly predicted? And even when success is certain, what is the author likely to get except fame? Publishers think twice before they pay. Were a poet unknown to fame to produce an epic equal to "*Paradise Lost*," I doubt whether any publisher, in spite of all that is said of the generosity and shrewdness of the class, would see that it was a work of unusual genius; and certainly I do not think the author could sell the copyright for £500.



But there are wheels within wheels, as much in publishing as in anything else. Who will bring out really good, readable works, as long as there are plenty of works of the class in the market? Not the shrewd publishers of London or Edinburgh. They will run no risks for anyone. If they take the matter in hand not only must the book be readable, interesting, useful, but the field must be unoccupied. Perhaps not one book in a hundred would answer all these requirements, and, therefore not one young author in a hundred would have any chance of making his abilities known, except at his own risk and expense. As soon as a reputation is made, no matter how, why, then, things alter. But the process of making a reputation is rather tiresome; and years often roll away before that time comes, which the tyro in literature has been expecting any day for the last four lustrums.

I ask any one to think what is really meant by a first-rate magazine article, or by a good readable work. About the latter I shall say nothing; about the former I might say a great deal. A first-class article must be witty, pointed, reliable, full of information; it must deal well with the subject it takes up. It must throw some light on it. It must have weight and authority. The writer must be a well-read man, whose name and opinions have gained him the respect of large numbers of admirers, he must be, in fact, a representative man, and admitted to be the spokesman of a class. Now, how many men under the age of thirty, how many under the age of forty, can pretend to have the necessary qualifications? It is, after all, not enough that an article should be well-written, it must have weight if it is to find a place in the leading reviews and magazines—if it is to attract general attention. Who cares for even well-written papers by unknown town councillors on the next page of the Liberal programme? Who wishes to hear what country curates think of the present state of the religious world? If a writer is to be treated with respect, he must be able to influence public opinion; the expression of his opinions must have weight with the party he represents, or be considered of importance by its opponents.

The twenty leading reviews and monthlies which are well supported and command a high price, and can pay their contributors, only have their present influence because they are able to obtain abundance of articles from men, who are, as a rule, something more than fluent writers and ripe scholars—men, in short, who are leaders of parties, who can and do form public opinion.

A brilliant magazine article is a wonderful thing. To be able to write really first-class papers is a rare and great gift; there must be a natural aptitude for it, but that aptitude must be perfected by long practice and ceaseless industry. Few of the people who read

with avidity the finished productions of such writers as Froude, Kingsley, Temple, Fawcett, Leslie Stephen, or Tom Hughes, have any conception of the skill, the learning, the ability they require. It is only after a man has written for years, throwing his energies into the task, developing and training all his natural aptitude for authorship, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he has to confess how far he still falls short of his model—of that model he once thought he should soon approach, perhaps surpass.

A well-informed writer in the *Gentleman's*, not long ago, gave as his opinion that, as a rule, it was quite as lucrative to break tones as to write. He might, I think, have gone farther. He might with equal truth have said that the time expended on literature, in any given year, in this country, would probably, in spite of the large remuneration occasionally paid—a remuneration said, unless humour greatly errs, to have reached two hundred and fifty pounds for single article—have been more productive of pecuniary benefit to the author and of advantage to mankind had it been given to any occupation bringing in sixteen shillings a week.

People often talk as if authorship were like any other occupation, —some failures, no doubt, but ultimate success to all those qualified to excel. Never was there a greater mistake. Not one in a hundred who tries his hand at it ever makes the slightest headway. It needs learning, ability, and perseverance, all three in a rare degree, and above all a certain felicity of expression few possess.

It may seem to have taken too gloomy a view. It may be said that some writers have easily triumphed, some have got on in spite of tremendous obstacles. So they have, but comparatively how few ! Read the lives of writers—of distinguished ones, of course, for no one writes the lives of the fifty times greater number who have failed. See what they had to contend with. There have, I admit, been singular exceptions, but then there are men who grow to be eight feet high, and not always the children of the tallest parents. But would any sane man stake his fortune on the chance that a particular baby would grow to be eight, or even seven feet high ?

The position of an author is strangely indefinite. An author may be a Newman or a contributor to the *Family Herald*; he may write for the *London Journal* or the *Contemporary*. Clergymen, ministers, doctors, officers, can talk of their profession, but authors, artists, and a few other classes, comprise great and small. "I wrote," says a man, "a novel called *Jane Smith*, and a volume of *Travels in America*; I also contribute to magazines—in fact, I am an author." "Indeed," you reply, "is it so? I never heard of any of your works." Had the same man said he was in orders, or at the bar, he would have given sufficient credentials of his respectability, and yet he may be a man of far higher standing than the

majority of officers or clergymen. A great writer, who has a national reputation, may daily meet with people, even in the better walks of life, who have not heard of him, and who therefore think nothing of him. But a man who can say he is a member of parliament, a bishop, a dean, even a magistrate or a mayor, is at once treated with deference by persons who may never have heard of him before, and who do not respect him, but the position he holds. Hence writers of the greatest eminence commonly merge their literary fame in their professional position, and though excellence as a writer may help them on to distinction in other walks of life, though it may be the only thing for which they will live in history, it must generally be a very uncertain introduction in every-day life.

The same remark is still more applicable to magazine contributors. With the great mass of the public to say that you contribute to magazines is tantamount to saying that you are a nobody. Unless the magazine is a very important one, not one in ten of your listeners will even know it by name. Of the few who know it and your contributions, not one in twelve will be competent to give any opinion as to their merits. Even in the case of good magazines it is of very little use to inform strangers that you contribute to them. Few, indeed, are the people who know or care that the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* are more important than the *Quiver* or *Golden Hours*.

Still, in spite of all drawbacks, those men, one in a hundred professional writers, one in a thousand aspirants for literary fame, who get into the first rank of writers, make for themselves a brilliant and lasting reputation, and if it is combined with, or if it assists them to obtain, an exalted professional or public position, it is a prize of great value.

Little, though, is the fame of the unsuccessful man, or, rather, of the man who does not make his mark in literature. His opinions expose him to severe criticism, unjust censure. He makes many enemies, few friends. He is laughed at by friend and foe. His style is sneered at. His language is thought absurd. His favourite schemes are sure, whether wise or foolish, to meet with the contempt of sharp-tongued and shallow-witted censors. All is not gold that doth golden seem, and entrance into the flowery paths of literature may mean, in too many cases, trouble, disappointment, unrequited toil.

Yet would I not say that the darkest cloud has not a silver lining. The attempt to write does improve the style, gives command and precision of language, increases the powers of thought, promotes accuracy and research. Few men are not the better for writing a dozen worthless articles, which are thrown into the editor's waste-

aper basket. There may be, at first, a little suspense, waiting for an answer. There may be a little disappointment when all hope of an answer vanishes, but that is soon over and good is done.

Those, however, who have the power of writing well, who can command public attention, have a gift amongst the greatest that God has given man. Their words influence thousands, whom they have never seen, and whom they never know. Long after they are mouldering in the dust some of their hopes, their thoughts, their ideas may bring joy or sorrow, peace or regret, to complete strangers. From their wisdom hundreds may gather strength. From their piety, purity, charity, lessons may be derived which may delight many a family circle, and smooth many a dying pillow. The influence of a great book lasts for ever. The teachings of one really able man may influence the destinies and clear the path of thousands.

The writer who deserves the name is not made, nor is he born. There must be the sacred fire of genius burning in his breast, but it must be fanned into a brilliant flame, it must be devoted to useful ends. Vice, not virtue, may otherwise be its fruits. Where there is not the bright spark, nothing can be done; where there is, it may long be neglected; but when discovered, it must be carefully tended by years of patient study, years of silent effort, if it is to do the world good service. The day will at last come when its flame will light the world. Were the gift more common, would it be so much valued as fortunately it is?

As for the thousands who follow the occupations of reporters, newspaper writers, and sub-editors, few, very few get fame, though in this walk of literature a competence is not rare. But perhaps, with few exceptions, these men cannot lay claim to be writers. It is their trade to fill newspapers with anonymous communications. They are, in the present state of society, business men, not scholars and writers.

## WRITTEN IN THE SAND.

'Tis years ago, my love and I  
Were seated by the placid sea ;  
I gazed on it, and prayed our love  
Might constant as its tides be.

My love bent low, and on the sand  
Inscribed my name, "'Tis thus," she said,  
"That name upon my heart is graved,  
There to remain till life has fled."

Ah, me! her heart was like the sand,  
And fleeting time was like the sea ;  
For as his waves passed o'er that heart,  
They blotted out my name, and me.

And now I live my life alone,  
Unloved by her I once thought mine ;  
Yet still her image is enthroned  
Within my heart's most sacred shrine.

EDWARD S. GIBNEY.

## LOVE'S EXTREMITY.

EDITED BY JAMES GILLIES.

"Truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love."

POLONIUS.—*Hamlet*, Act ii., Scene ii.

## CHAPTER III.

For the next six weeks passed I can scarcely tell. A battle involving my happiness was being fought out; and I could not by words questioning looks ask how the day was going. I could only try my best to be loving and sympathetic to my lover, with that unselfish sympathy, which, failing as human help must be, is still the best gift one has to give another. I felt myself each day striving to learn a harder lesson, but I was conscious of strength, and the day's lessons were not unacquired. When I was at the end of my endurance, the strain was loosened.

It had been a fine spring day, and, school over, I had tried the effect of an alterative,—a little hard, hand labour, after the mental idleness; for let children be as good as children can be—and, to my mind, says much for the capability of goodness—there is no work heavier than trying to arouse dormant brains. I am proud of my housewifely abilities, and enjoy a thoroughly-cleaned room, well as, if not better, than a perfectly-written exercise.

Brains and hands had done their day's work, and I sat down in the doorway of my house to rest, thinking, by some parallel of thought, as I leaned back in the wicker chair that I use for a garden-seat, of the patriarch on the plains of Mamre, resting in the shade of his tent, when the angel came down to be the prophet of new news to him.

My minister of grace was coming down the road, and I went along the garden path to meet him.

"Put on your hat, and let us walk together," was his greeting. "It is a pity to waste this lovely time indoors, and it is too cool here to sit without."

About a mile from Laytonston, the Duke of Lamport has a garden-box, and by his courtesy, the walks round the house are open to the villagers and excursionists from the town; we made our way there together.

In the front of the house there is a large smooth-mown grass lawn; soft with the springy turfiness of centuries of mossy growth, and shaded by distant hills, at this moment irradiated by a deep,

crimson, sunset sky, crossed by bars of black cloud that threatened a rainy morrow. We sat down for a moment or two in front of the house. A party of townspeople were enjoying a holiday on the grassy lawn. A portion of them were dancing some northern dance to whistled music and the cracking of finger-ends; another were playing at a round game, and the elders of the party sat on the turf and enjoyed their merriment.

"Have you ever had a moment in your life that you would have liked to make eternal?" John asked.

"I think not—I am sure not. This is a pretty picture, and your presence enhances its interest; but it holds possibilities of weariness. Eternity must have change of action to be even endurable, to say nothing of enjoyment, or must suppose an alteration of being that makes sameness happiness; and that I should think an impossibility, for it would be a degradation in nature, judging as we judge."

He rose. "Let us go forward?"

"You prove the truth of my answer."

He laughed and took my hand in his.

"I do not think eternity would be happiness to me without you."

Some distance further the pathway leads through plantations, and past a fishpool. We followed the road and stayed opposite the water. It was a pretty little scene, we stood under a glossy-leaved beech; there were oak-trees at hand, with their unfurling foliage of tender yellow, and one or two alders, whose folded leaves showed only their silvery lining as yet; and in front the placid lake, momentarily disturbed by the fishes snatching the unwary flies for their evening meal,—all in the light of that wonderful spring sunset.

"Small fleas have larger fleas upon their backs to bite'em, and so on *ad infinitum*," John laughed. "Look at those happy helpless flies; is this an emblem of life, Molly? Do the weakest always go to the wall?"

"You are not weak."

"I shall never be strong in the sense of successfulness."

"That depends on your reading of success. Do you remember Solon's answer to Cræsus' question as to the happiest man?"

"I took the ordinary meaning of worldly success. To my own mind I am most fortunate. What a gift you are to me!"

"Thank you."

"Don't thank me for a simple statement of truth."

"It is truth, is it not?"

"Oh! what a little glutton you are for protestations of love!"

My heart beat quickly.

"You are assured of my love for you?"

"I think so—nay, I don't think;" and he took both my hands

his and looked down into my eyes :—" I am as sure of it as that  
ops for heaven."

There was a minute or two of silence.

" Well, Molly, I am a free man to-day. You see before you  
other version of the prodigal's son, a prodigal turned out, thank  
vidence, without any division of his father's living."

" Has it come to an open breach between you ?"

His face clouded.

" An insurmountable one. If it were possible for words to  
loose the ties of kindred, I had no father to-night, and my father  
son."

" Oh, don't say so !" It horrified me to think that I had been  
a cause of such a disruption of natural affection. He soothed me.

" Be easy, love; you are not at fault. I can't judge you to blame  
loving me; for myself, I can find no words to say what your love  
to me. Ah! I forgot to tell you in this new version the prodigal  
to be endowed with a beautiful young stepmother."

" Then Agnes Miller marries your father ?"

" It is so intended."

" She is a dangerous enemy. Have you had a stormy scene  
th her ?"

" I don't fear her, nor should you. Let us hold a council of  
ays and means now. How am I to make a living? This,"—and  
drew a handful of silver out of his pocket, " represents the  
ried sixpence that became a thousand pounds; but the qualities  
at scraped the gold together are wanting in me. I wish we were  
arried, and that we were going together to seek our fortune."

" Going !"

The word opened a vista of an unknown, almost unimaginable  
ture.

" Yes, I must go, to make a home ready for you. We shall have  
luxuries but love, for hand-work is not often paid with much  
oney; but it is generally to be had now, and let us be thankful  
at I can do my own trade's work very well."

" Then you must leave Lamport ?"

" Yes, not even to be near you, could I stay in Lamport now."  
The expression of his face told me how the quarrel and the present  
aring of his affairs hurt him. " Besides, were I ever so minded to  
y, my father would hinder my having work."

To-night I put the selfish future out of sight, and tried to help  
on in his trouble.

" Well let us be happy in the present," I stroked his hand softly.

" Money is not to be named in a breath with love, and we  
ve each other so well that we might be Adam and Eve in the  
eden."



"Thank you." His face had brightened, so that I felt more satisfied for him; and we turned our steps homeward, where we sat late into the night, planning out the future. He had spoken for a bed at the village-inn, for he was to leave at an early hour in the morning for Glasgow, where shipwrights were wanted, and he had no fear of finding work, for he was a good handicraftsman.

In the early morning we had breakfast together. I walked with him to the little station, saw him into the train, watched him looking at me out of the window, until the carriages were out of sight; and with a prayer in my heart for him and myself, turned back to the house that had lost its homeliness without his constantly-expected presence.

## CHAPTER IV.

### REPROOF.

I HAD been happy, and in my happiness I had outraged propriety, therefore I must suffer. It is right that certain unwritten laws, being promulgated for the government of the respectability of this earth, the respectable ones should outwardly observe them; but that I, who claimed or obtained no place in society was a nonentity, as it were, and had no benefit from these rules of management, should still be punished for the breach of their social observance, struck me as an injustice, yet I did suffer.

The Reverend Samuel Hall, the clergyman of my parish, is my superior in the school. Though I do not agree with all his teachings, I respect his virtues, and hold him as one of those good men for whom one would even dare to die. He is a bachelor, of about five-and-thirty years of age, and so associated are kindly looks and actions with him, that I could not have foreseen that society would choose him for my judge: it was so written.

Eight weeks after my lover had left me, I was just finishing the afternoon's lessons when he entered the school-house, and craved a little time for speech with me. The children were glad to leave a few minutes earlier than usual, and we had the large room to ourselves in a minute or two. Scarcely had the outer gate clanged after the last child, when he placed a chair for me opposite one of the black boards where the chalk outlines of the map of Scotland showed our afternoon's study, sat down on a form opposite to me, and began after this fashion.

"Miss Fraser, if I hurt you by what I say, you must pardon me—it is for your good that I speak."

"After this preface, I knew something very disagreeable was to be said, and I waited uneasily for his words.

"Have I your permission to say what I wish?"

I was not alone in my uneasiness, for let Mr. Hall's words be as painful as they might to me, he was not to speak them without first to himself. His face and neck had reddened until they served as darkened shade to his red hair and beard; he had removed from before his eyes the spectacles that were such an appurtenance of his, that one of the little children had asked him if he was born with windows before his eyes, and was nervously changing them from one hand to the other.

In gratitude for the past, I restrained myself to hear him patiently.

"My position is a very embarrassing one—I have no wife to help me in these delicate duties. You will believe me, Miss Fraser, that it is for your interest I speak."

How thankful I was that he had no wife to reprove me, and afterwards give a history of my alleged misconduct to all her gossips in the parish. I said—

"I am sure you have a good motive in what you say; but what have I done wrong? I thought the children's progress satisfied you."

"Yes, the children are a great praise to you. It is of your outside conduct as it affects the school that I have to speak."

His words showed me whose hands had feathered the arrow, and I nerved myself to endure a rankling pain as calmly as I might.

"You have a lover?" he stopped, but I was not going to help him. In spite of my nervous tremor, or perhaps because of it, I laughed aloud. Here was he, a bachelor, about to advise a young mistress as to the decorum of her behaviour, and starting the matter by telling her that she has a lover. I rose from my chair, and placed my hands on the back of it, wishful to stand in a child's attitude if I must be chidden as a child. My action helped him to a little rest from his task.

"It is no laughing matter; but sit down."

"Thank you; I prefer to stand."

"I am not unjust enough to expect too much; but when I told you that it was for your benefit I spoke, you should at least believe my word, and do justice to the goodness of my feeling to you."

"I beg your pardon," and I sat down.

"Yesterday I had a visit from two ladies who wished me to exert my influence over you as your clergyman."

"Sir, you know I am a Dissenter. As mistress of the school—"

He waved his hand.

"That I know. I told them that in consideration of your abilities, and your willingness to attend the Sunday services of the

church, nothing further religiously was to be asked from you. Then the young lady said could I not, for your ultimate good, exert the influence I held over you as your—"

"Superior in my work. Certainly, as far as my conduct affects the school."

He rose and walked the length of the room and back again.

"And no further, you would say: don't you see that if your character falls into discredit, the school suffers?"

"My character fall into discredit!" My breath came quickly, and I could feel my face lose its colour. "Character and reputation are not synonymous; my character, as men count character, is as stainless as your own, Mr. Hall. What have they said against my reputation?"

For my life I could not have helped my voice taking a pleading tone as I asked the last question. It is such a hard thing for a woman to think that she wears a blighted name.

"I am very much grieved for you; from the bottom of my heart I believe you innocent."

"Innocent! you have not brought a charge against me yet."

"My duty embarrasses me very much."

I could not doubt the truth of his words. I pitied him, and helped him by saying—

"I suppose your visitors were Miss Dalziel and Miss Miller. I saw them pass my house yesterday."

"No; Mrs. and Miss Dalziel were the names they gave. It is with nothing worse than folly that they charge you; but my experience of life shows me that in this world folly is outwardly often more heavily punished than guilt."

"I don't know of what special foolishness they accuse me, and I don't see that their charge amounts to more than an impertinent interference. I was engaged to marry Mr. John Dalziel, with his father's consent; they have no right to meddle in our affairs."

"Surely, Miss Fraser, a mother and sister should have some interest in a son and a brother."

"Mr. Hall, Mrs. Dalziel has not been married to Mr. Dalziel above a month, at most. I did not know of the marriage, until, a moment ago, you told me what name she gave you."

"I thought the old lady was Mrs. Dalziel, and the young lady her daughter."

"Miss Dalziel is an old lady. What did they say of me?"

"I should not have thought from their words that the elder Mr. Dalziel was willing to the engagement at first. This is the sum of what the young lady told me; 'that you were unsuspecting and, with all your talent, a little simple in the ordinary conduct of life; that Mr. John Dalziel was amusing himself at your expense, and

you as a weapon against his father, whose pride of money and acquired position, will always prevent his sanction of such a marriage, even should she be wrong in her estimate of your loved lover. For your own sake, she wished me to warn you, she got more experience of the censoriousness of the world than you

She said further, 'that you had an unfortunate prejudice against her, which would cause her personal interference to be dangerous,' and the elder lady endorsed her words."

How his words awakened the sleeping demon in me! What a throb beat in every pulsation of my heart, and throbbed in all my veins. I mastered myself sufficiently to keep back the angry words I was all too ready to speak to my monitor; I could not help but express my eyes showed him, or the quick rising and falling of my chest. He stood looking at me with amazement, until the effect of his wonder helped me to recover myself with the cloak of my usual behaviour. "I suppose—" how hoarse and unaccustomed my voice sounded to me above the rushing of the water that I heard in my ears, "I suppose I must thank you for the kindness of your intention; allow me a little quiet, lonely time, to think things over, and I shall see my duty more plainly, and, I hope, try to do it."

He could not stay long after such an intimation, and he took leave, bade me good morning rather icily, and we parted.

I do not think it would benefit or amuse you if I were to give you a realistic description of my feelings when I was alone. After I had calmed myself by pacing the floor back and forward for a while that seemed an hour, but which my clock told me had elapsed itself over three hours, I had come to two determinations. The first showed itself in a note to the clergyman, the second in a letter to my lover.

Mr. Hall, I thanked sincerely for the goodness of his motive, and gave him notice of my resignation of my place at Christmas. To my lover I said how I wearied without him, and that at Christmas I was coming that we might earn our living together. I was not afraid that he would find me an intruder; and in the evening I began to work very hard with the children, that they might find some real advantage in my teaching, and to arrange for my own modest outfit.

## CHAPTER V.

Kirkcudbright.

My dear,—Your letter found me sitting in a muse at the window of my room. I have come here to superintend some repairs that we are doing to a boat that has stranded off the river; stranded when the tide is out,—that floats at high water.

I have a very nice lodging with a good old Scotswoman, in whom, for the

sake of association, you would find many good qualities, and whom I find to have one fault. Her courtesy to strangers shows itself in a constant desire to keep me in amusement, and the best pleasure she can give me she believes to be an unremitting stream of talk. I sit at the opposite side of the fireplace and appear to listen to her words, thinking, meantime, of you, until the walls fall before me like the walls of Jericho at the blast of the trumpet; and in place of Mrs. Campbell's portly figure, I see you coming to meet me with outstretched hands, and for her monotonous platitudes your voice thrills me with the well-worded expression of some thought that had beat against the prison walls of my own brain, without finding an outlet. I am in ecstasy. I cannot express myself for joy. I have done good head work, and good hand work, since I left you; but I feel that I shall to-day out-do all I have done. Your goodness lifts me so much beyond myself, &c., &c.

My eyes were still suffused with reading this letter when a knock sounded on the panels of the door, the door was opened and a shrill voice cried, "Is there no one in?" it was a little lad, one of my last year's pupils, promoted, his mother said, to the civil service; he held a letter in a brownish envelope.

"Miss Fraser."

"What is it, my dear?"

"This is for you,"

"For me!"

"Yes; please sign your name, and put the time down on this paper."

I did as he bade me, found a penny for him in my pocket, and sat down again to read my letter, the brown envelope before me on the table. I was so far away from present surroundings that I did not connect the letter the boy had brought me with his office, until having read and re-read, my conscience reminded me of my day's work; my clock showed me that in half an hour the children would come. I folded my letter and placed it inside the breast of my gown, the stiff paper rustled a little, but that was so much the better. I should have in the sound a more constant suggestion of happiness. I looked round the room, my breakfast-cup must be removed; my eyes fell on the brown envelope, I took it thoughtlessly in my fingers, dallied with it back and forwards from one hand to the other; what was it? I opened it carelessly, and took out the enclosed. It was a telegram, and the words were—

"Mrs. Campbell, of Kirkcudbright, to Miss Fraser, schoolmistress, Laytonston,—Come at once—Mr. John Dalziel has had a bad accident."

What a long breath I drew! my heart sickened, what could it be? How powerless I felt in a moment; it was hard to fall so quickly from the very height of happiness and security into an abyss of trouble and dread without a twig of hope to hold on by.

The children's voices roused me. I must do my morning's work. Duty must be done, and let women who would take on themselves

lled-for outside tasks, consider that they thereby cut themselves om all the consolation of mooning over troubles when they

Fortunately, I had prepared well for the morning's lessons. I over, I sent a child with a message to Mr. Hall, begging him ne and speak with me at once. I looked at the time tables, a er left Lamport for Kircudbright at midnight. I should have to make all needful arrangements and be ready.

Mr. Hall was not long in obeying my summons; he came in fully, looking benignly ready to forgive my offences of the day.

What can I do for you, Miss Fraser. I hope you have sent e to say that you have re-considered your decision, and you ot leave us. It is Friday, and I was in my study; you will etain me long?"

I want you to give me a week's holiday from to-day."

A week's holiday—are you out of health? you don't look

put the telegram in his hand. I am afraid I spoke bitterly.

Shall I be injuring the school, if I obey this summons?"

turned to the window and looked out over my garden without g anything.

Ah! What can I do to help you away?" he spoke very y, and I made a fool of myself at the first touch of sympathy. of no use to fight against nature: we may take on ourselves s duties and try to be philosophers, but we are but women all, slight creatures disturbed or settled by a breath. Mr. brought me some water.

'It may not be as bad as you fear?"

looked despairingly at him, worse than my fears it could ely be.

'Have you enough ready money at hand for your journey?"

Yes, thank you; I have money in abundance."

Mr. Hall was very good to me; he accorded me the holiday I l. I made my preparations, and I was in time for the steam-

I had often fancied this as the route of my wedding journey. s so relationless, that a visit in company with my lover to the try graveyard, up among the hills, where my remoter fore- rs lay buried, had seemed to me the most romantic manner pending a part of the honeymoon I had intended to enjoy.

I was indeed on board the little steamer; crossing on an d full of forebodings and dark fears. It was an unpleasant t, the rain fell heavily, but I spent the greater part of the time lack. When once or twice I went below to the cabin for er, the illness of the women, and their almost constant calling he stewardess, for one service or other, worried me, the place

was close too. I could not bear its confinement, so I sat upon deck under a large umbrella, and covered with some unused sails, listening mechanically to the different sounds, the churning of the water under the wheel, the plunge of the vessel through the waves, and the heavy downfall of rain upon the deck.

All time has its limit, and the night passed on. The wind had settled, the rain was over, and it was in the cold, clear light of the early morning that I saw the land. When we reached the landing-stage, a stout elderly woman was waiting for me. "Are you Miss Fraser?" she asked—my name's Campbell."

The captain and the two seamen, who were superintending the unloading of the boat, looked wistfully at me, so wistfully that I felt a desire to hide myself from their pitying eyes.

I took the woman's hand. In my hurry to be gone, I had nearly stepped overboard, but she led me safely across the foot-bridge and we were on shore. "I will send down for her traps again," she called to the captain. "All right, mistress," he answered.

What was I to see, what was I to hear now; I turned cold and shivered in the chilly morning air, and had it not been for Mrs. Campbell's arm I must have fallen to the ground.

"Puir bairn!" I had not heard that accent since my grandmother's lips had been closed in death, and the connection of ideas impelled me to feel some reliance on her pity.

"John is dead," I said, not so much as a question as an assertion of a fact.

"Whisht—whisht! the minister will tell you a'."

There were two men, and a young woman with a child in her arms, in Mrs. Campbell's house. It was a large room we entered, with a window at each end, a bedstead with hangings of blue and white checked linen, stood in a recess beside the further window. A round table near it was littered with papers, pens, and pencils. They drew an old-fashioned, cushioned chair forward and placed me in it, and the younger woman gave the child to one of the men, and brought a little stand to my side with a cup of tea and bread upon it.

"Where is he?" I asked. I was so certain of the very worst calamity, as far as my present judgment went, having overtaken my lover, that I fancied I could see his body laid on the bed at the end of the room, but I wanted some confirmation of my fancy, and I wanted too, some friendly words to give me strength to see the sight I dreaded. The older man came forward and took my hand; he poured some of the tea into the saucer, and begged me to drink. I moistened my lips and throat; he pressed bread upon me; I took one mouthful, but I could not swallow it, and laid the saucer and

together on the table, leaned back in the chair, fixed my eyes upon him and waited. In the pause he made before he spoke, I had time to fix his portrait upon my memory. He was tall and strongly built, with close-cut white hair, and a face that gave you an impression of power, rather than compassion; and yet there were kindly lines round the mouth. He held his snuff-box in his hand, took a pinch, looked at me, felt my pulse with his second finger, and began after this fashion:—

“Women mostly profess to admire heroism above all things. Very few women have as good an opportunity of showing the truth of their profession as, unfortunately for yourself, you have.—Maxwell, come here, and tell the lady your story.”

The younger man came forward, and stood at a little distance, immediately in front of me. The excitement, the dread, and the unusual fatigue, were having a singular effect upon me; I felt as though, if I left them longer unveiled, my eyes would speak the secrets of my own soul to those round me, or in spite of my desire to preserve the respect one owes to another, would unravel the mystery of their hearts to my consciousness.

“Mr. John Dalziel was foreman over me. I likit him weel, he was kindly, he kenned a gude warkman, and he could do gude wark himself. We were repairing the ‘Nancy’ of Glasgow. She lies beside the landing yonder. The morn afore yesterday we were to do some wark to the outer keel of the boatie; you’ll no ken what the keel is, but it was right amidships at the botton of the ship that we had to mend. It was my place to do that wark, and for it to be safely dune we should have had her in a dry dock and laid on stays; but we canna have a’ things. Mr. Dalziel said to me, ‘There is a spring tide to-day; I don’t like working at the keel, as the boat lies now; but I have a letter from the masters this morning, hastening on the work, and it must be done. I will do it.’ ‘But that’s my wark, Mr. Dalziel.’ ‘No matter.’ I thocht o’ my wife and the wee laddie there, and I thankit him, and said nae mair; ye see if we stayed frae our wark when we were a wee bittie feared for danger, we might do little. He had aboot dune, and was takin ae look to see if a’ was right, when the ship gave a lurch, and heeled over; and oh! mercifu’ powers, he was under her, and the tide comin up like a ragin’ beast. I helped up his head, and shouted to the folk; they ran and brought levers and ropes, but it was nae gude ava’; for how could we lift a ship a’ sae mony tons burden. I think the weight o’ the ship had crushed his ribs, or it was the awfu’ thocht o’ death comin’ on him unawares, that made his face sae white. I gey brocht brandy, an’ I touched his lips with it; and he said, ‘Do me one kindness, Maxwell; send for Mary Fraser—Mrs. Campbell will find her address in my papers. She was to be my wife at



Christmas. Tell her how I died; she'll not forget me, and I shall not forget her where I'm going.' Deed I could scarcely speak to promise. 'Wipe my face,' he said; his hands were fast, ye ken. 'Is your child there—let me kiss it.' My wife was on the beach, wi' the bairn on her arm, running to and fro; I think all the folk in the place were on the shore. I called to her; she held the boy down to him. 'I am afraid your feet will be wet,' he said to her smiling. She couldna speak for greitin'; he kissed the bairn twice or thrice, and said to my wife, 'Let my sweetheart kiss the child.' Then he closed his eyes and spoke low, an' I thocht he was prayin'. He lifted his heed a little. 'The tide's coming in fast now, let my head down and leave me. Good-bye.' Oh, mistress, I could not thank him for standin' in my place there—I can't tell you how sair my breist was! I joost kissed his forehead and laid his head softly doon in the mud and left him to dee. There was na ae dry e'e amang the crowd."

I heard no more; my eyes closed of themselves in that blessed heaviness that comes with the certainty of great sorrow. When I came to myself it was night, I was lying on the bed; they brought the child to me, I took it in my arms; put its pretty mouth to mine, patted my cheek with its little hand, and uttered some of those soft, cooing murmurs that stand for language with infants. "Look at Jamie, Mistress Campbell! did ye ever see aucht like that?" its mother asked with a natural pride. I wept at the child's touch; then I took up the burden of life again, and I must carry it as cheerfully as may be until the end of the day.

THE END.

## PARIS IN 1875.

PARIS is admittedly the handsomest city in Europe but it is not point of magnitude or population, as the "*Nouveau Paris*" lares it to be "*la première ville de l'univers.*" It excels in extent of imposing street and domestic architecture; its churches and public buildings are generally elegant, and often—particularly in the instance of the Tuileries and the Louvre—magnificent. Its boulevards, gardens, fountains, libraries, museums, theatres, and other edifices and open spaces, add by their variety of number to its charms. Like Edinburgh and Aberdeen, Paris has abundant building material, and it has a fine climate. Above all, what it has that is most to be admired in architecture is closely packed within a moderate space within the city—whereas in London almost everything is detached. With the Thames embanked, a new Opera-house and other buildings that will arise along the bankment, a few more streets like Victoria-Street, Mansion-house, and the Holborn Viaduct, London will rival Paris in splendour, as it exceeds that city in magnitude, in wealth, in population, and in the multitude of people and vehicles in the streets. Paris has no single building that can compare with St. Paul's, and if what the late Sir Robert Peel designated as the first of Europe, was not so disfigured by so tasteless and so miserable building as the National Gallery, we should be making rapid steps to rival our enterprising and artistic neighbour.

Paris has its advantages, as we said, in climate, and in the absence of smoke; but these advantages are more or less adventitious, and it has, above all things, its café, out-of-door-life in summer time; but many English people whilst they smile at, and even sympathise with this marked peculiarity of Parisian existence, feel, that besides its inadaptability to our climate, they would be very sorry to see so gay and apparently so idle and expensive a system, commonly adopted in London. Yet, take away the café-life, and what would remain of Paris out-of-doors?—a great bustling city with some good shops like any other metropolitan town, palaces, streets, squares, and public buildings, and splendid quays, soon to be equalled, if not excelled, in London. As to the Champs Elysées, they have their Palais d'Industrie, their circus, and their café-concerts—brilliant as fairy land, with their innumerable globular lights on a summer's eve; but the life and fashion of its drives and walks, stretching by the noble triumphal arch into the far-off

recesses of the Bois de Boulogne, are gone by, and under a Republic the showy equipages of old are almost entirely superseded by shabby "voitures de place" and hackney-carriages. The only remnant of finery is a nondescript vehicle that plies between Versailles and the hotels most affected by Britons and Yankees, with foxes' tails attached to the horses' heads, and a driver got up after the traditional style of the postillon de Longjumeau. It is difficult to imagine anything more theatrical on the highway, and off the boards; but nowhere is the transition from the strut of neither "christian, pagan, nor man," on the stage, to what ought to be but is not, "the modesty of nature," so slight and imperceptible as in Paris. The Bois, with the exception of that corner of it which is devoted to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and the banks of its lakes, is really deserted. The Pré de Catalan, once so much frequented, is now abandoned. The flower-beds are unkempt, the lawns rank, the pavillons, chalets, kiosques are all closed: there is only one place open, a café, which calls itself a farm, and trades in small baskets of fresh eggs. As to the Bois itself, recent experience has shown that it is not always safe to trust to its umbrageous solitudes. The "vast Eldorado," as it is called in the *Nouveau Paris*, suggests, indeed, in the present day, the fate of the troubadour Catalan, far more than the by-gone animation of that park to which he gave his name.

One of the results of the Commune and the siege, affecting as each did so much the west-end of Paris, has been to centralise life and business. The Elysée is still the modest and tranquil abode of the head of Government—Government itself being politically transferred to Versailles; the English Embassy still exists, and the Park Monceau boasts as beautiful flowers and shrubs as ever; but that part of the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli which extend west of the Palais Royal, where are also many of the great old-fashioned hostelries, is almost as thoroughly extinguished as are matutinal parades in the Carrousel, to which *Galignani* (now almost superseded by an Anglo-American daily paper) used to direct the stranger's attention. Part of it is, indeed, rebuilding, but the vault of the arcades is still dotted and stained with the smoke and blurs of the combatant and incendiary. Even the gardens of the Tuileries are not what they used to be. The once enclosed precincts of the palace are now thrown into the fortunes of the whole; but these seem to have deserted both alike. There is one central spot in which a great number of chairs are very cleverly arranged in circles (the French certainly do these kind of things with great taste) round an orchestra; but we never heard a band play there, whilst the gardens appeared to be unfrequented and neglected; and the shade of the glorious old chesnuts was left to doves and

pigeons, which enjoyed a monopoly of a place once teeming with human life.

The Boulevards de la Madeleine, des Capucines, and des Italiens with their prominent points, the Madeleine, the Grand Hotel, and the New Opera, are still, as ever, crowded, more especially by English and American visitors. Their numerous cafés present at night-time the same brilliant scene as of yore, and on a Sunday evening during the season it is often difficult to find a vacant seat. If, however, the police do not exhibit more discrimination in bringing charges against visitors, and more regard to common decency when others bring charges against them, than have been shown on recent occasions, the number of these will necessarily undergo a great falling off; and although the financial resources of Paris are unquestionably very great, still they will suffer very largely by any decrease in foreign residents, or in the diminution in number of those who are attracted to Paris for the purposes of business, study, or of mere pleasure. Two different agencies are at present at work to produce a state of things alike distasteful and even dangerous to the visitor, and prejudicial to the interests of the French themselves. In the first place, Republicanism requires, especially in a country new to that form of government, a certain amount of brusqueness and rudeness to vindicate its existence as a state or condition of liberty and equality—the more so as there are at least two parties hostile to it among the French themselves; and this extends itself from its popular advocates, to officials, whether sympathising with or hostile to the system. Secondly, the “*entente cordiale*” is by no means so much of a reality as is to be desired. The English do not, as a rule, favour Republican institutions, and the French know it, and resent the fact accordingly. The generality of Frenchmen have also imbibed the idea that the French saved the English army from annihilation in the Crimea, and they therefore deem us to be guilty of the grossest ingratitude in not coming to their aid against the Germans.\* The utmost that can be done under such untoward circumstances is to get them to accept the money of the visitors, and even this they have a way of doing peculiar to themselves; for being very heavily taxed, owing to disbursements on the wrong side of the Rhine, every bill above a certain amount has, as with us, to be

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\* This mischievous idea is actually upheld in a picture in the gallery at Versailles, where the battle of Alma is represented by two French columns ascending the side of the hill. Not an Englishman or Highlander appears in the picture. Well may a writer in the *Standard* speak of “the stupendous military peep-shows of the most misleading character to be seen on the walls of the Palace of Versailles.” It is this pandering to national vanity which leads to evil consequences, both in actual warfare and in international relations. The two columns in question were firing at bushes.

stamped ; but the price of the stamp, "*Timbre 10 centimes*," will be found in the bill ! To insinuate that the shop-keepers, knowing a customer to be English, would ask a trifle more than he would of a native, would be unjust to the "brave bourgeois," and the "grande nation ;" but that they are not utterly insensible to the advantages accruing from the peaceful invasion of the English is shown by the increasing number of advertisements in English, and by many of the young bourgeoisie now learning the language of the most perfidious of mankind at such schools as have been emancipated from clerical suffocation.

One of the most practically agreeable improvements in Paris is the introduction of small screw steamers on the Seine. The river has been dammed up below Surèsnes to facilitate the navigation, and boats ply every few minutes from the bridge at Charenton, on the Marne, to the Pont de Bercy, for a few sous. Then from the Pont de Bercy the visitor can travel all the way to Le Point de Jour, below Auteuil, for threepence English money, touching at all the intervening bridges. At Le Point du Jour, he gets another boat, which will take him to Surèsnes, past Meudon, Sèvres, and St. Cloud—the most charming part of the Seine, whilst a walk home from Surèsnes through the "Bois," will well repay the exertion ; and as there is a policeman at the gate of Longchamps, another at the Grande Cascade, and a third at the Pré Catalan, he may, if he keeps to the high-road, wend his way in safety to the Lac Inferieur ; or, if he prefers it, keep along the more frequented, but less picturesque, Allée de Longchamps. The only drawback to the boats is that they are so small that there is often barely standing room ; and in these happy days of equality insisted upon, and fraternity always lost sight of, the exponent of the former would deem himself to be losing caste if he was to give up his seat to a lady.

The Jardin d'Acclimatation, at the north-west corner, or Neuilly end of the Bois, is frequented by more respectable people than are generally to be met with at any other place. The objects of the "Jardin" are most praiseworthy—they are the introduction and acclimatisation of useful birds and animals, the exhibition of varieties and the crossing of breeds ; and this is well carried out in the department of fowls, rabbits, and pigeons. Except in the matter of plants and plenty of water—such as it is—in which the French excel, neither the locality nor the collection will any more compare with our Zoological Gardens than will that of the Jardin des Plantes, and the whole thing is, in reality, degenerating into a place of amusement. There is an open space for athletic sports, and at mid-day riding on camels (misnamed dromedaries) and elephants, with drives in small carriages drawn by ostriches, with

all the feathers rubbed off the flanks by the harness, and by zebras, and ponies, commences, and is spiritedly carried on and followed on certain days by an open-air concert. But taken altogether the Jardin d' Acclimatation is a pleasant place, and deserves the favour it receives at the hands of the Parisians.

The exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie was supposed this year to be devoted to maritime objects, but as such it is difficult to imagine a more complete failure. It is only after promenading past rooms and rooms of furniture or bronzes and other "*articles de Paris*," that the eye may by accident be attracted to some monsters in diving and swimming dresses—so many Frenchified Boytons. Where possibly could the French have learnt that bathing costumes, strange enough in themselves—were not "*de rigueur*," *i.e.*, complete, without a straw helmet, or that a "*canotier*," or rowing man, must also necessarily be a clown? The aquarium was perhaps the greatest failure of all. The English did not send in their contingent to the "*exposition*" till the last moment, and its arrival so enlivened the really maritime department, that it was celebrated by a banquet. The French are renowned for discovering extenuating circumstances, nor were they wanting in the present instance. Thus one exhibitor candidly admitted that the public had been disappointed in the maritime character of the "*exposition*;" but it was, he argued, under a misapprehension of what was, and what was not, maritime. He, for example, was an exhibitor of mustard. This, to superficial observers, had nothing maritime about it; but the fact was, that his mustard would bear long voyages and withstand any climate, and therefore his exhibit was of essential maritime importance.

The geographical exhibition was a more serious reality and a great success. The hall in which the Congress was held was splendidly decorated, and the number of maps displayed on the walls of a wing of what is called the Tuileries, but really the Carrousel, from the basement up to the attics, was something wonderful, and decidedly very instructive. The English and Anglo-Indians, who sacrifice all pretensions to effect to accuracy, did not come out in the display with what the French term "*brillancy*." The French critics indeed, justly remarked, that England did not equal the efforts made by other European nations. Its maps are irreproachable in point of execution; but they in no way indicate an intention to please the eye, or to give the advantages of those methods by which the greatest number of indications can be given. Almost all the maps, with a very few exceptions, were executed after the old method of engraving in black, the orography or mountain chains, being represented by the mere repetition of lines. A few timid and tentative essays at chromolithography, were alone to be seen; when

it sufficed to walk round the "Exposition" to be satisfied with the enormous assistance given by this new method among the various nations to complex representations of statistics, ethnology, political economy, agriculture, and industry. It did not indeed require to go to the "exposition" in order to see this. We would call attention to Dupaigné's, coloured geological map of Central Europe, and Delese's agricultural map of France, published in the bulletin of the French Geographical Society, to show what can be done by this proceeding. These maps are sufficient in themselves to show that elegance, taste, and facility of comprehension, can be attained without any sacrifice of accuracy.

England, however, attained many prizes, and the Indian surveys and the great manuscript maps representing the itineraries of the chief explorers, attracted merited notice. The national manuscripts and a copy of the "Domesday Book," photozincographed by the Ordnance Survey, were especially admired; but, after all, the best-thumbed volume in the whole "Exposition," was the new quarto work on the gardens and monuments of Paris. It was a ruin before the end of the Exhibition. An out-of-door succursal occupied the whole length of the terrace of the gardens, which overlooks the river from the Tuileries to the Place de la Concorde; and here at the break-up, strange purchases might have been made, from an insect, bird, or reptile, to a mannikin in costume; or even to a chalet ready for occupation, or a huge rockery with caves, waterfalls, and a belvidere at the top.

One word for the panorama of the war in the Champs Elysées. It is a beautiful painting of the fort of Issy when no longer tenable (we fancy we have seen something of the same kind on a small scale in the *Illustrated London News*), with the Prussian attack from the heights of Chatillon and Meudon. It is not overdone—on the contrary, it is sober, subdued, and sad, and when the French badauds have seen enough of it—it is to be hoped it will find its way to this country.

The new opera, like many other architectural efforts, does not please the eye so well in reality as it does on paper. Its imposing character is dwarfed by colossal accessories, and the whole has a dumpy, stunted effect. There can be no question as to the beauty and magnificence of the vestibule and salon; but as most critics have observed, too much space has been given to these, and too little to the theatre. It can, in fact, only accommodate 1800 persons, whilst the Opera Comique can accommodate 2000, and even the Ambigu Comique 1900. It would seem, indeed, from the dingy appearance of the scenery, as if the artist has been restrained in his plans to suit the decorations of the old *Académie de Musique*,—(first, royal; secondly, imperial; and now republican);

t the tradition of its royal foundation is upheld by a medallion trait of Ludovicus Magnus. Certain parts of the house are reserved for gentlemen, the "the loges de face" are disliked for the re of the vast lustre, and we would warn visitors against the loges de côté." He may carefully book three places, and pay an additional sum for the booking a day or two before, and when he arrives find the three front places occupied by "billets de faveur" bourgeois habiliments, whilst the party in full dress, from the Grand Hotel" or the "Louvre," are consigned to the obscure rear, and where they can only see on tip-toe. The said "loges" , in fact, made to hold six persons, two and two; but they are curved, or serpentine, and so disposed that only the two in front, and one on the side removed from the stage, can see the stage sitting, whilst the party in the rear cannot do even standing, when the actors in the next box, as is generally the case, are also standing. The prices at the buffet vie with the magnificence of the establishment. A glass of water, "frappé à la glace," is one franc. A very good templar would be equally "frappé" with the charge.

Many of the minor theatres still preserve their good old style French simplicity. The people go there, as the Turkish ladies to the Hammam, to pass their time. The intervals between the acts are as long as the acts themselves. The young people saunter in the foyer, or drink beer, which is now as common in France as in England, only served up with more regard to decorum; the old ladies sit still and gossip, whilst the juveniles play at hide-and-seek behind their respectable grandmammass. The number of old men who act as attendants at these theatres is something surprising. They seem to have nothing to do but chat at the balconies; but they eke out a pittance by taking charge of umbrellas, and supplying wooden footstools. If these are kicked away, they charge for them all the same; and just at the climax of the interest—at the end of the fifth act—they perambulate the house loaded with umbrellas, parasols, and canes, shouting out to the actors to reclaim them. Still, these reminiscences of old Paris are pleasant, as an agreeable link still existing between the past and the present.

France is now so gendarmed that one of its most historically interesting points—the Pont-neuf,—except for its Henry IV., is scarcely recognisable. The days when popular ballads were chanted by the "Samaritaine," a machine held in its day as a wonder in hydraulics, and Molière listened delighted to the buffoonery of Harpagon and Garguille, succeeded by an epoch of shops of most miscellaneous aspect, and by another of a motley crowd of dealers



in rags, birds, dogs, with an occasional quack in his travel-stained carriage:—

“ Pont-neuf, ordinaire théâtre  
Des vendeurs d'onguent et d'emplâtre ;  
Sèjour des arracheurs de dents,  
Des fripiers, libraires, pédants,”

are all alike gone by; and the bridge once so much frequented by cut-throats, pickpockets, and dangerous characters, is now as well kept as any thoroughfare in Paris.

Many of the worst quarters of Paris succumbed, indeed, in the era of boulevards and “places.” It is not only that the Boulevard Malesherbes took the place of “la petite Pologne,” a horrible quarter; but the whole of the island, generally known as La Cité, on which is situated Notre Dame, the Palais de Justice, and La Sainte Chapelle, whose bye streets and courts were the delight of Victor Hugo and Eugène Sue, has been cleared out. The Palais, destroyed by the Commune, has been renovated with large additions; but its historical interest has gone with its old dungeons or towers, and its Salle des Pas Perdus. (Besides the Palais de Justice—the Hotel de Ville, the Tuileries, the Cour de Comptes, the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur, and other public buildings, were destroyed by the most unpatriotic of mobs that was perhaps ever known. The latter palace, to which nothing has apparently yet been done, is a sad eye-sore on the quays.) A new Hotel Dieu is in progress of erection (not before it was wanted), a Tribunal de Commerce, barracks, and the old “Quai aux Fleurs,” occupy the remainder of the space, which was formerly given up to beggars and malefactors. Even “La Morgue” has been expelled from its old site on the Grève, and removed to the Pont de l'Evêché, in the rear of Notre Dame.

The new boulevards, “places,” and “squares” constitute, indeed, the greatest improvements which Paris has undergone in modern times. Not only are they of great strategical importance, as in the case of the Boulevard de Strasbourg, which effectually separates from one another two such popular thoroughfares as the Rues St. Martin and St. Denis, and the boulevards Voltaire, Belleville, Villette, and others which are carried through quarters swarming with dangerous classes; but they have embellished the city, whilst they have either opened or facilitated communication between distant parts. This is most remarkable in the instance of the long boulevard, which extends all the way from the railway-station of Strasbourg to the Observatoire—it is designated as the Boulevard de Strasbourg, on the north side of the river, and Sebastopol on the south; but it is simply known to the people as the Boulevard du

**Palais.** Traversing thus the whole of Paris from north to south, and crossed by the ever-busy Rue de Rivoli, the point of junction, including the Place du Châtelet and the "square" of the Tour St. Jacques—one of the prettiest Gothic monuments in Paris,—it has become the centre of the commercial world. The Central "Halles," to which for its convenience as a market we have nothing to compare with in London, are close by the same point, as are also the Palace de Justice, and the ruins of the Hotel de Ville. More money-changers have congregated here than at any point. The shops are more extensive, and as to omnibuses, they pass at the rate of two or three every minute. There are chairs in the square of St. Jacques; but so many of the working classes and idlers hang about the foot of the old tower, that it is barely available for respectable people. There are two theatres at the same point,—that of the Châtelet, and one on the opposite side of the place, which was built for Alexandre Dumas, and called the Théâtre Historique. It then became the Théâtre Lyrique; but having reverted back recently to its old name, the question, as to what is its name, has been referred to the courts of law. The Place du Châtelet used itself to be called the "Place des Victoires;" but as it occupies the place where formerly stood a prison of celebrity in the time of the war of the Burgundians and the Armagnacs, the actual name is the most appropriate, and the other is left to M. Brosses' column, and the fountain at its base. It will, however, be easily understood that the point where the Boulevard de Strasbourg is crossed diagonally by the Boulevards St. Denis and St. Martin (two martyrs who have a chapel in almost every church), that the movement is as great and the afflux as stirring as at the southern meeting of streets.

The Place du Palais Royal, and the other new Place adjoining to it, are also among the crowded centres of Paris; but this appears to arise chiefly from their being centres of omnibus traffic. As to the Palais Royal itself, it seemed to be neglected, untidy, and shorn of its pristine life and gaiety. English or Americans alone patronised the little shops which had also adopted English and American prices,—twenty-five francs, for example, for a pair of shoes! Even the Café de la Rotonde, with its stentorian garçon, had lost its spirit, and people ascended the stairs of the two-franc and a half dining rooms, as if they were going to a funeral.

This reminds one of le Père la Chaise, which is still the same as ever, except that every year adds to the number of those little mausoleums which are so characteristic of the place. The money laid out, and the love shown to the dead, is a great redeeming feature in the character of the French,—often unjustly accused of frivolity. Every year also adds to the number of names of contem-

poraries, of whom one cannot help thinking, would it not have been better if they had not mixed themselves up so zealously with the burning questions of politics or religion of the day? What comes of this striving after predominance of opinions, and pre-eminence of sects? What would the Ultramontaines gain by the ascendancy of the Syllabus, but a return to the dark ages and of religious persecutions? What have the French gained by their boasted Republic but an imaginary idea of equality between blouse and bourgeois, between peasant and peer, which is perfectly well known to be a sham and a deception, and which hence is supposed to necessitate rudeness and vulgarity to assert itself. In the meantime the ruling powers are as firm, or as tyrannical, which ever expression is best liked, as the most irresponsible despotism. Père la Chaise, from the motley character of its tenants, presents an unusually remarkable lesson of the vanity of all these human ambitions.

Not very far off, and on the same range of heights, are the so-called "Buttes Chaumont," which, with their well-laid-out garden, their waterfall, grotto with stalactites, and little lake, out of which rises the rocky mass, known as Mont Puebla, light and aerial bridges, temple of Sybil, and winding staircases, is one of the prettiest places imaginable; and what is more, it is well kept, and everywhere clean and tidy. At the café of the place is a large oil painting of what the "Buttes Chaumont" were only a few years ago. Nowhere are there in the present day so many ruins of private dwelling-houses as on the Buttes Montmartre—a further prolongation of the same hilly, rocky range to the westward. The spot where the generals were murdered by the modern Vandals is now occupied by a small corps de garde, and close by, and on the most commanding position of the heights, a considerable space has been cleared for the erection of a temple in honour of the "Sacré Cœur." This has become the emblem adopted by the Roman Catholic Church in hostility to all dissentients. It is the flag hoisted by the greatest of all conspiracies of modern times against the liberties of mankind. It has its pilgrimages and its processions, and scarcely a church but has now a chapel, newly got up and consecrated to the "Sacré Cœur." Still the movement is an extremely limited one, and the devotees are almost solely feminine. It is but just to remark, that the priesthood of the present generation are far more up to the working mark than the good old curé of bye-gone times. They are for the most part active, determined, resolute men. At a marriage, accidentally witnessed at St. Denis, some girls—friends of the bride—gave signs of levity. The priest at once interrupted the service, and rated them roundly, and with unmistakeable vigour. It is only to be regretted that signs of contrition were not very manifest.

Among the tasteful works carried out under the auspices of Napoleon III. few are more creditable than the clearing out of the *Thermae* at the hotel of the old Abbé Jehan de Cluny, converting them into a museum of antiquities, and surrounding the whole with a pleasant shady garden. Laying aside the beautiful collection of objects of art, antiquity, and vertu, in the hotel itself, from the Palliser pottery, to the preservative of oriental virtue, now esconced in a glass shade, in the hotel itself, the mansion an exquisite little remnant of Gothic architecture amidst dull and monotonous modern restorations, has ever had a charm of its own, to which was super-added the wondrously thick and, from their elevation, imposing structure of its old Roman baths. But now, the whole being made to harmonise together, it is a perfect gem. Writing of museums, there are at St. Germain, which is also in active process of restoration, besides its Gallo-Roman museum, a very large collection of pre-historic remains, got together by the industry of some well-known labourers in that field. Different rooms are devoted to the stone, the iron, and the lacustrine epochs, and nothing can be more instructive. It is like a huge volume of the history of the most marvellous times of man's career laid open before the eyes of the wondering philosopher.

Versailles and the Louvre, have, it is well-known, been bereft of many an historical work of art during the late troublous times, and what remain are all newly-arranged; but the most curious point connected with these deficiencies is that no one seems to know where they are gone! They will, no doubt, turn up some day. Every hour Paris may be said to be recovering itself. Workmen are busy resuscitating the Tuileries and the Hotel de Ville. France has money and material at command; and although the new Tuileries may be to the old what Napoleon III.'s Hotel de Ville was to the fine old Gothic structure of our younger days, still all truly liberal-minded, if not republican persons, will rejoice to see the magnificent city restored to its former splendour and perfection, and cordially wish to it a long era of good government, and of moral, political, and religious peace and prosperity.

## WINTER EVENING.

THE garden looks like a stranger,  
Our love ne'er knew before,  
As it stands still in the bleakness  
That flees the household door.

The road through the country wanders,  
Desolate, torn from shade,  
Skeleton trees in the meadow  
Shrink from the dusk dismayed.

Will there be grain in the summer,  
Blossoms and sunshine-speech ?  
We only sigh at the lesson  
The cruel frost doth teach.

The wind, in furious anger,  
Parteth the warring clouds ;  
They drop from their grasp a darkness  
That all the scene enshrouds.

ELLYS ERLE.

## TWEEDDALE COURT:

A NOVELETTE.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE,

Authoress of "Dr. Harcourt's Assistant," "The Hunlock Title Deeds,"  
"The Water Tower," &c.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE SANCTUARY.

was a few days after the riot at the theatre, and Alick Begbie and his aunt and daughter had just sat down to tea, when they were disturbed by the somewhat abrupt appearance of the senior Mackoull and young Norton. The former had not been well some weeks past, having taken a severe cold which he had not got rid of, and he looked ill, thin, and miserable, as he sank into a chair, quite breathless from a fit of coughing, which made him unable to explain to his friends the cause of his sudden appearance at their house.

"There was a great upset a day or two ago," explained Norton, in obedience to a sign from Mr. Mackoull, "David has been getting into some mess,—some debt he owed, and the fellows were very rough, and came to Clamshell. I heard a good deal about what they call horning and poinding; but the English of it is they tried to serve a writ upon him."

"Such a disgrace!" groaned Mackoull, who was now able to sit up, raising up his hands and eyes, "to have bailiffs prowling about my house. I, who am reputed a man of honour and substance. Well, a man of honour I shall always be; but as to my substance, Begbie, it is melting away like snow in the sunbeams.

I shall be a beggar in my old age, and my girls will be left unprotected, if my miserable son goes on as he is now doing. But I must not pay any more debts; I have spent a fortune on David. I must not grudge him anything, and I thought he would repay me by being a genteel figure in the world; but he is sinking down, friend, lower and lower. I know it—I can see it. He is becoming a thriftless and a sot, and the Lord knows what he will come to." The old man rocked himself about in anger and grief, as he continued speaking.

"Perhaps this may be a lesson to him," observed Aunt Janet, hardly knowing what to say, but wishful to soothe the poor old man's trouble.

"I wish I had never left London; I wish I had never come to Scotland. And yet I thought to enjoy the country life in my native land in my old age. And I have earned it. I have laboured early and late for many a long year. I wasn't always what I am now. I couldn't always write myself 'Army Clothier to the King,' Miss Janet!" he added, appealing to that venerable lady, with an air of vanity and assumed dignity, which mingled something of the ludicrous with his sorrow, whilst Norton could hardly resist the temptation to laugh, as he heard the old lady, near whose chair he was seated, muttering to herself—

"The poor old man! Breeches maker to the Hanoverian Usurper! And he is really proud of it!"

"I have sat on a board in my time," resumed Mackoull, who seemed to dwell rather fondly on these reminiscences; but as for my son, he has always been a fine gentleman. I was still thinking of him when I bought the estate, for I knew he could live in good style, and it pleased me to picture him when I was gone, making a good figure in the county, and being spoken of in the papers,—being talked of as Clamshell—'There is a rumour that Clamshell is going to stand for the borough.' 'We have heard with pleasure that Clamshell has been elected justice of the peace.' All this sounds very silly to you, my friends, I daresay; but I am only a foolish old man, and it was my way of castle-building."

The tone in which the poor old man uttered these last few words was so inexpressibly sad and touching, that it made even Aunt Janet forget the indignation which she had felt rising in her bosom, when she heard that the time-honoured title of Laird of Clamshell had been destined to descend to the son of a tailor."

"Let us hope for better things of David," said Begbie. "He may reform. Worse men have changed their lives, and that, too, after a longer course of folly."

"You do but talk like this to comfort me, Begbie; but I am losing all hope now myself. This is but the beginning of the storm. I shall hear of plenty more debts before many days are over. Well, I shall make a stand now. He has got into a mess and he may get out of it. I am an old man myself, and haven't much longer to live; but I must try and keep a roof over my head, if I can, and the means of providing a meal. I don't want to be a pauper in my old age."

"Nay, Mackoull," said Begbie, who knew that his friend was reputed a very rich man, "there is scarcely any chance of that. Make a stand now, by all means, against any more extortions on

David's part, and then you will, I make no doubt, be able still to leave a handsome fortune behind you for your children."

"Not so, Begbie," replied old Mackoull, emphatically; "you think I am wealthy. Time will show;—but this much I am determined on, I will save something out of the wreck of my fortune for my two poor girls. They have cost me very little—too little, indeed. I will save the Clamshell estate. I have executed a disposition of it in their favour. Ah, my dear Marion," he added, addressing the latter, "it was well the foolish hopes I encouraged were never realised. You have had a fortunate escape. You must know, I once thought you and my son would pair well together. They talk of match-makers, and of the messes they make sometimes; but women are generally the match-makers, I believe. However, I was ready to try my hand at the work, and it seems a nice affair I should have made of it. Well, dear lassie, I trust you will always be heart-whole till you meet with one who will make you a good husband. I hope I have not distressed you by anything I have said; you must not mind the silly talk of an old man."

Mackoull's last remark was forcibly elicited by the very strong and painful emotion which Marion's countenance betrayed, and which was visible to his not very discerning eyes.

As for Begbie, a chill struck to his heart when he saw his daughter's pale, tearful face. He now knew too well that she was not heart-whole, and he much feared that any advice and admonition would be thrown to the winds, and that hers would be a blighted life.

"Where is David?" he asked, addressing Mr. Mackoull.

"In the Sanctuary," replied the tailor, "and there he may remain, and he may shift for himself as best he can, Begbie,—I'll not send him a farthing. I have done with him. I wash my hands of him," and in his distress and feverish impatience the poor old man rubbed his hands together, to illustrate his figure of speech, in a manner which was distressingly ludicrous to his friends.

"What is this Sanctuary that Mr. Mackoull talks of?" asked Norton, addressing Mr. Begbie, the old army clothier having abruptly commenced jotting down some figures on a piece of paper.

"It is a place of refuge for insolvent debtors," replied Begbie. "The Abbey of Holyrood and the Palace possessed the right of sanctuary, and, anciently, could shelter a fugitive from the headsman's axe; now it serves to save the debtor from the walls of a jail. The Sanctuary extends over the whole of the King's Park and its many beautiful walks, and all the houses lying round the



palace. There used to be a cross at the foot of the Canongate, marking its boundary. The debtor is quite safe when once he is within this privileged spot, and he can live comfortably, and even pleasantly, if he has the necessary funds."

"Not out of my purse, Begbie," exclaimed old Mackoull, who had just finished his calculations, and had caught his friend's last words. "Yesterday David sent a request, I ought to say a *demand*, for money. Some exorbitant sum he named, I know; but I won't send him a farthing.

"You must not drive him to extremities," said Begbie, gravely; "for we know not what he may do in such a case."

"Well," said Mackoull, "I have just been making a rough calculation as to what will keep him in bare food and lodging; and he shall just have as much as will do that and no more. He may do without his French wines and his French trickstraws, and sup porridge, like his father and his grandfather—a nice wholesome food. But he would never eat it, even when he was a boy," he added with a sorrowful shake of the head. "Well, I'll bide here a-bit, Begbie, if you will let some one take Norton down the Canongate: my worthless son wrote that he should expect a messenger from me to-night, and that he would be at the front of the Chapel Royal at six o'clock."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE TAISH.\*

BEGBIE himself accompanied Norton down the Canongate, and directed him to the spot where he was to find David Mackoull.

Norton's interview with the latter was brief and stormy, as the dissipated spendthrift exhausted himself in invectives against his father, who ill-deserved such a requital for the unbounded love and affection long and lavishly showered on so unworthy an object.

Norton gave but a slight account to the unhappy old father of what had passed. But Marion was present, and Begbie observed her feverish agitation, her frequent changes of colour, and the mingled look of anger and sorrow on her face, when anything was said to the disparagement of David, and he resolved that that evening should not pass without his having some explanation with her, respecting her ill-concealed attachment.

The opportunity offered itself soon after the senior Mackoull and Norton had quitted the house.

Aunt Janet was engaged in conversation with some poor

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\* Martin's Western Islands.

oman in the kitchen, and Marion was playing on the harpsichord in the drawing-room, whither Begbie at once repaired. He paused for a moment at the door, listening to the sound of her sweet, clear voice. The sad words of the song, and the mournful air struck like a knell to his heart. The sorrows of the old, never-forgotten past rose up before him. The little infants whom he had seen creep and die, the fondly-loved wife snatched from him in her prime, the care and watching and anxiety expended on the infancy and youth of his only child,—and now, what greater misery than to now that she had, as he feared, fixed her affections irrevocably, in so hard-hearted and bad a man as David Mackoull?

With a sigh expressive of the deepest pain and misery, Begbie turned the handle of the door and entered the room just as Marion finished the verse she had been singing—

“ Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blow,  
And shake the green leaves off the tree?  
O, gentle death, when wilt thou come?  
For of my life I am wearie.”

“ My poor Marion! what has come over you?—you who were once so blithe and bonnie, and the light of our home?” asked Begbie, in a tone of sad and gentle inquiry, as he laid his hand on his daughter’s shoulder. You were not wont always to sing such sad ditties, and with such earnestness, as though you yourself felt the misery you sing of.”

Marion was silent; but her father could see, even in the deepening twilight, that her eyes were full of tears.

“ You have a secret, Marion, I know. You were not wont to have secrets from your father. Would the old times were back again, when you sat, a wee child, on my knee, and poured all your little troubles into my ear, sure of my love and sympathy!”

“ I wish they would come back,” exclaimed Marion, in a tone of passionate sorrow; “ but they are gone for ever, father. Happy days! when I was a little simple, innocent child, and knew no greater sorrow than a broken toy. And now——”

Here Marion paused, unable to proceed farther.

“ Poor child,” said Begbie, “ I know what you suffer, and, alas! I know the cause. The time has come when another love, stronger even than your love for me, has risen up in your heart. This I have always looked forward to,—nay, I hoped that death might not lose my eyes till I had seen my child a happy wife. Joy would have mingled with my sorrow, when I gave up my darling to the guardianship of another. But my misery now is, that you, my only child, the being dearest to me in the wide world, should have bestowed the first affections of her pure, innocent heart on so thoroughly bad a man as David Mackoull.”

"You are all so bitter against him," exclaimed Marion, in a tone of angry irritation, and not attempting to deny her unhappy attachment. "Aunt Janet is always decrying him, morning, noon, and night; and you, too, and his sisters, and his father even, and even this man Norton. I began with pitying him, and that led me on to love, when I heard him so maligned on every side. Perhaps I should never have loved him as I do if you had not all been so hard and unjust towards him."

"Marion, be open and honest, as you once were," said Begbie, and do not wilfully blind yourself. You loved before ever you had occasion to pity. I fear you cannot deny that you loved this young man from the time you first saw him,—when I had not uttered a word to his discredit, or his sisters either, and when his father still lavished his wealth upon him and idolised him. Aunt Janet's prejudices would only have been a subject of mirth to you in any other case; and if she has ever said anything severe to David, he has deserved it, by his ungentlemanly reflections on her family and native Highlands. Then, as for young Norton——"

Marion would not allow her father to finish remarks of which she must have felt the full and painful truth, but interrupted him by exclaiming—

"Yes, this Norton: you think him so good and proper, and straightforward; but I don't call him so. I think it is very base and unmanly that he should be for ever trying to insinuate himself into old Mr. Mackoull's good graces, that he may deprive the son of his just inheritance!"

"Who is your authority for this, Marion?"

"David,—and I quite believe him."

"Mariou—Marion!" exclaimed Begbie, "you are, indeed, infatuated. Do you not know that young Norton takes Bella without a farthing? You cannot but be aware that hitherto all my old friend's wealth has been lavished unsparingly on his son, and that his daughters have reaped but little enjoyment or benefit from it; and if he were to go on supplying his son's prodigality, as he has done hitherto, I believe he would soon reduce himself to beggary. You do not know David Mackoull as I know him, child. I must speak the truth of him, hard as it may be for you to hear it. That he drinks hard and frequents the gaming-table are vices appalling enough in their results: but he is also selfish and callous to the last degree, brutal in his indifference to the pains or sufferings of others, false and treacherous in his nature, and dishonourable and base in many of his dealings. I have painted the picture in very strong colours, but I have exaggerated nothing. I place Mackoull before you as he is, in the hope that your eyes will be opened, and that you will renounce your fatal attachment."

"Father, he is not all bad, as you would try and make me believe," exclaimed Marion, passionately, "though I will not deny that there is some truth in what you say of him. But I cannot help loving him—indeed I cannot; and if all the world turned against him, I should cling to him all the more."

"God help me!" sighed Begbie. "My idol is shattered, and my home made desolate. Perhaps I have sinned against Heaven in my inordinate love for my child, and through her I meet with my punishment. When we cling so fondly and closely to the creature, we are apt to forget the Creator. However, the wreck of my own happiness would be comparatively easy to bear, did I not feel assured that you, my Marion, will never more know the innocent pleasures of those days that have gone for ever. I could bear even that you should forget me, if I knew that you were happy."

"But, father, I shall never forget you, I shall never cease to love you," exclaimed Marion, twining her arms around Begbie, and weeping bitterly.

"I believe you, my darling," answered Begbie, in a broken voice, "and we will speak no more on this matter to-night. Only promise me one thing, that you will not see or correspond with David without my knowledge."

"Father, you have always found me from my childhood keep closely to my word. I will not make this promise, lest I should ever be tempted to break it; but one thing I will promise you—I will never marry David Mackoull without your consent."

"Well, with that I must rest satisfied," replied Begbie, sorrowfully; "and I shall live in hope that something may occur to open our eyes to this man's real character."

Marion shook her head.

"Whatever I knew I should still love him:—but I hear Aunt Janet's step; say nothing more, dear father. David may be all you think; but I cannot bear to hear him spoken ill of. And yet I do not want to quarrel with poor, loving, old Aunt Janet. I will lay one of her favourite songs.

And hastily dashing away her tears, Marion tuned the harpsichord again, and commenced singing "May the King enjoy his reign!" which she followed up with "Welcome, Charlie Stuart!" Aunt Janet, who had entered the room, leant over the back of her chair, evidently enjoying the old Jacobite songs."

"Thank you, my bonnie lassie!" said the old lady, as she seated herself near the harpsichord. "Your voice is so sweet and clear to-night, and you sing those old songs with such feeling. Poor Prince Charlie! Oh, dear, it seems but yesterday since I was a fresh young lass, like yourself, Marion, standing at a window in the High Street, and looking down at the vile herd, carrying the

banners of the brave chiefs who had fought for bonnie Prince Charlie, to be burnt at the Cross. My heart throbs even now, though my blood is chilled with age and my pulse is weak, when I think of that scene of mean, paltry vengeance. The common hangman carried the standard of the brave young Prince, and chimney-sweepers those of the others; and, as they were thrown one by one on the fire, the heralds, in a sort of burlesque pomp, proclaimed the names of the chief to whom they belonged. Well, of all the Hanoverian race, there is not one, to my mind, so odious and base, and so detestable, as the bloated butcher, Duke of Cumberland."

"It was a very contemptible revenge," replied Marion.

"Oh, he was as little-minded as he was vindictive," answered the old lady, who was roused, and who now proceeded to enlarge at length on the barbarities of the Duke, finishing her oration by saying to her nephew in a solemn tone—"Alick, you remember William Chisholm, the writer who died a few years ago? He courted me when I was a lassie. He was a handsome man, and had a good practice; but I refused him for no other reason than because he bore the Christian name of that most odious Duke."

Begbie laughed heartily at his aunt's singular reason for dismissing her lover; and telling Marion to sing "Cumberland's awa' to hell" for her, he then left the room to take a little stroll down the Canongate, which he often did in the twilight.

Marion continued to sing some more songs. Whilst she was at the harpsichord still singing, her father returned and entered the room unperceived by Aunt Janet, who was listening very attentively to her niece.

He sat down near the harpsichord, and Marion, having finished her song, was just passing her fingers lightly over the keys, when the old lady, starting up, said—

"Hush! my darling, hush! your father called from the Court," and as she spoke she hastened towards the window.

"Aunt, I am here," said Begbie, in some surprise; "I did not speak."

The old lady uttered a cry of grief and terror, as she saw her nephew standing in the room, and she sank on a chair, as he and Marion came towards her in some alarm, for in the dim twilight they could see that she looked pale and terrified.

"Oh, Alick," she groaned, "it is the Taish!"

"My dear aunt," replied her nephew, laughing, "how often you distress yourself with these absurd superstitions! Forgive me the words; but you know I have no faith in second-sight. Now, whose voice have you heard to-night? Mine or Marion's? I know that the Taish means a loud cry out of doors, resembling the voice of some one whose death is foretold by it. I imagine, from the

sobs of sorrow you cast on me, that the imaginary cry you heard was in the tone of your nephew. But, my dear aunt, it is all folly and nonsense. I shall not die the sooner, depend upon it, because you heard a voice in the Court, which you thought sounded like mine."

Aunt Janet shook her head mournfully, and exclaimed—

"I would I could think what I have heard was only an idleness; but I heard your voice, Alick, call out to me, loud and clear from the Court, as plainly as I heard, long years ago, the voice of my beloved father, pass by the windows of our Highland home, and die away in the distance;—the next week he was wrapped in his bloody plaid on the field of Culloden."

## CHAPTER XI.

"Disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door."

*All's Well that ends Well.*

AUNT JANET was seated knitting near the window one bright October morning, when her nephew entering the room rather hastily, said—

"Aunt, I shall not dine with you to-day; I am obliged to leave home suddenly on pressing business."

"Dear me, how very tiresome!" observed the old lady, who had hardly appeared to notice what her nephew had said. "Marion was knitting at this sock, this morning, and here are no less than three stitches dropped, and in ever so many rounds she has forgotten a seam. What can she have been thinking of? but I fancy she had a letter this morning. I am afraid, Alick, she corresponds with that man, David Mackoull. Do you know what he is doing, or where he is?"

"I have heard nothing of him since his father released him from the Sanctuary and he made his way to London, until to-day."

"And now that you have heard, it is something disagreeable," said the old lady, as she dropped her knitting, and looked up at Begbie, whose troubled face and anxious looks fully warranted his surmise. "Dear me! what a constant source of misery and uneasiness that young man is! What is the matter, now?"

"Oh, a debt as usual," replied Begbie, who had hesitated for a moment, before answering his aunt; "of rather more importance than any I have known of hitherto. In fact, I must go to Clamshell at once, and I may stay all night."

"Is the man in danger of the bailiffs, again?" asked Aunt Janet.

"Something of the kind, aunt."

"Well, really, I must say I don't quite approve of all this work, Alick. Mr. Mackoull is a good old man, and I respect him in spite of his late calling; but I don't see why you are to sacrifice all your domestic comfort, and be running up and down the country, at all seasons and hours, because his son is for ever in debt. Goodness, me! you have more trouble than James Mackoull himself. Let David go to prison; the confinement of a jail, for a time, may be a salutary lesson to him."

"My dear aunt, you do not quite understand this matter," answered Begbie, in a tone of slight irritation, as he hastily put some papers into his pocket-book; "and I have no time to explain anything now."

"One thing I do not understand, Alick," replied the old dame, with some asperity,—“how a man with the blood of the Mac Ras in his veins, should turn himself into another man's gillie, though that man should call himself Clamshell,—a most absurd pretension on his part, I may say."

"Now, aunt, this is not like yourself," replied Begbie, in a tone of mingled sorrow and vexation; "but I know your kind heart would sympathise most deeply with the poor old man, to whom I can only be the bearer of tidings that will cause him the most acute misery. The news will be bad enough, heard from my lips; but I can break it out to him better than any other person."

"Alick, I am sorry for what I have said. I fear, from your manner, something more than usual has happened. However, I will not ask you any more questions, nor detain you any longer. But mind, now, and ask about the sheets and the bed, if you sleep there. Bella and Phemie are young housekeepers, and I don't want you to be laid up with rheumatic fever."

Begbie had just left the room, when Marion entered, looking pale and startled.

"Is it not a pity, child, your father has had to go off in a great hurry to Mackoull's, and then we have for dinner to-day the grouse cousin Donald sent from Harris? I think, if you don't mind, we will keep them for to-morrow."

Oh, no; I don't care about grouse."

As the old lady bustled out of the room to countermand the grouse for dinner, Marion clasped her hands together and exclaimed, half aloud—

"Oh, David, David! what new trouble is this? He hinted at something that may oblige him to leave England, in his letter this morning."

Meanwhile, Begbie had taken a hackney-coach, that he might reach his friend's house as speedily as possible. When he arrived there, he heard that Mr. Norton and the young ladies were at

walking, and that Mr. Mackoull had not left his room that day, as he was rather more indisposed than usual.

"This is more than kind of you, Begbie, busy as, I know you always are," said old Mackoull, as his friend entered his room, "to come and see me again so soon. I have a good fire, you see, to-day. I feel so chilly at times; it is this cold that I cannot get rid of. I think sometimes my lease of life is nearly run out."

So thought Begbie, as he seated himself near Mackoull, and gazed with sorrow at the emaciated form of his old friend, the latter drawing the folds of his dressing-gown closer around him with his thin nerveless fingers and trembling hands.

"You see, I am rather weak," resumed Mackoull; "and I was so troubled and upset with that last affair of my wretched son. Since he left the Sanctuary, and went to London, I have not had a moment's peace—no, though I paid that debt, I feel that he may, and probably did, owe many others. Then I ask myself what is he doing in London now? What bad company may he not be in? What kind of life is he leading? What fresh trouble is he preparing for me? I feel, you know, sometimes like a man walking over a mine which may explode at any moment."

Begbie sat silent for a few moments, evidently wishful to speak, and yet shrinking from his self-imposed task. At length he said—

"My old friend, you should remember that you have other children than David; and for the sake of your daughters, you should try to bear up against the trials your son brings upon you. Do not let his misconduct prey upon your mind to the injury of your health, and even should yet greater trouble be in store for you, try and nerve yourself to meet it. Lay the axe to the root of the evil, by seeing if, by any possibility, David can be got out of the country, from evil haunts and vile associates."

"Begbie!" gasped the old man, in suddenly wakened alarm. "What is this the prelude to? You have heard something about my son—something bad, very bad, I am sure—something that you almost fear to tell me."

"Pray try and compose yourself," urged Begbie. "I would have kept this matter from you, had I been able, but I was not. You must know what has taken place, because it is in your power to save David from utter disgrace—nay, I must speak plainly—from ruin and death."

"Great Heaven! for what have I been reserved!" exclaimed the old man, wringing his hands piteously. "I, who, whatever my other faults may have been, have never committed a single dishonourable action, no, nor my father or grandfather before me. You know how my family was respected in Glasgow. My grandfather began life a poor man; but he was the soul of honesty and



truth; and, as for my father, why, you know Alick Begbie, that his word was his bond; and yet, to-day, you are compelled to break to me the bitterest tidings that my only son has placed himself within the compass of the law, has exposed himself to die the death of a felon. This will be my death-blow. It has turned my heart to stone, Begbie."

As the old man finished speaking, he gazed at his friend with a look of such intense despair and misery that, man as he was, the eyes of the latter filled with tears, and he could scarce decipher the writing on the paper which he had drawn from his pocket-book.

"Let us discuss this matter at once," said Begbie, when he had overcome his emotion; "and do you, my dear old friend, try and bear up, and let us be thankful to God that this false step on the part of your son first became known to me, as the fatal consequences of his crime may be averted. Of course, I dare not hope that I have made any mistake: this is not your signature, I feel assured, though it is a most clever imitation of it."

Mackoull grasped the paper which Begbie handed to him, gazed earnestly at the writing, and then letting it fall from his trembling hands, he exclaimed, in a voice of mingled grief and horror—

"My son a forger! the grandson of old Baillie Mackoull, a felon! Why his grandfather would have died a hundred deaths sooner than have broken his word, or committed the slightest act of fraud. Begbie, I passed with him once, years ago, by Libberton Wynd—I was only a boy then, and I was struck with shuddering horror, for I saw a crowd, howling and yelling, the hideous gallows tree, and a human form writhing in death-agony. I wept in my childish fear and pity, till my father said so sternly, as he grasped my hand, 'He deserved to die, child; he was a forger, a cheat, a liar; he preyed upon society, and an all-righteous God has cut him off from the earth that he encumbered.' My poor father! his heart would have broken, could he have thought that the infant grandson whose birth rejoiced him so during the last days of his life, should have been such another as that wretched criminal."

"Not so bad as that," replied Begbie, in a soothing tone. "This is David's first fraud, and let us hope that it will be the last. I imagine this forgery came about something in this fashion. I suppose David must have owed a large sum and was pressed for it and threatened with arrest. He would turn over hastily in his mind some means of temporary escape from the urgent trouble; probably he would say that he would write to you; then, on further reflection, he would not dare to do so, after your having paid so much money for him recently. Well, then, the idea would strike him drawing this bill upon the bank, and pretending that he had received it from you. You will observe that it is drawn

at twenty-one days after date; now the bill being payable at this long date, gives one a stray gleam of comfort with regard to David, because it convinces me that he acted in desperation, on a sudden emergency, and that he hoped, before the three weeks would expire, to make up the money in some way."

"The hope of many a thief," said old Mackoull, "who robs his employer, and says to himself, 'I shall put it back;' but he cannot put it back, and when he is tried for his life it will be of no use for him to plead, 'I meant to do so and so;' the law will judge him according to his acts, and not his intentions. However, I know the worst now, and I feel calmer. Tell me, Begbie, how came it that the bill fell into your hands so soon."

"Well, you see, this man Johnson, who holds the bill, wanted to be quite secure, I suppose; and so he sent it forthwith to Edinburgh, in order to get it presented to the Banking Company for their acceptance. Happily, the young man who came to the bank presented the bill to me. I saw at once that your signature was a forgery, but as I knew we had twenty-four hours grace, after a moment's consideration, I told the messenger to call again to-morrow, and that all would be satisfactorily arranged. I then resolved to come off to you at once, as I felt assured you would avoid any public exposure by paying the money."

"You have acted most wisely, Begbie. Yes, I must pay again, and if things go on like this, I shall soon be a bankrupt. The happiest thing for me would be, if God would take me speedily from the world. Now, that my miserable son has taken the first step in the path of crime, his downward career will be rapid. He will not stop here, Begbie, and in my old age I may yet know, if I live, that the horrible tragedy I saw when a boy, at Libberton Wynd, is to be enacted over again, and the wretched criminal my own son!"

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE DUKE'S WALK.

A FRESH wind was blowing away the mists and vapours which overhung the city of Edinburgh, one November day, well on to the middle of the month. Patches of blue broke the grey uniformity of the sky, and transient gleams of sunshine lighted up with a fitful radiance the tall, dark-grey houses in the old town.

The grass in the King's Park was drenched with dew, and Marion Begbie paced restlessly up and down the Duke's Walk, her plaid of fine worsted, hanging gracefully in folds from one arm, whilst, on the opposite side, one end of it descending as low as her ankles, swept showers of glittering drops from the moist green turf. The upper part of the plaid was drawn over her head and partially

shaded her face ; but disguise was hardly necessary that morning for there were none to observe her motions. The bold summit of Arthur's Seat, and the rugged sides of the Salisbury Crags, plainly visible now that the mist had cleared off, were solitary and deserted, and scarcely a single wayfarer was to be seen in the King's Park. Almost the sole persons visible, indeed, were a group of laundresses, at some little distance, at the foot of the ascent leading to Saint Anthony's Chapel, chattering and laughing, and washing linen in their own Scotch fashion—that is to say, dancing and stamping upon it with their bare feet in tubs of water, placed beside a running brook that leapt and tumbled over stones and boulders, its waters flashing in the fitful sun-light.

Meanwhile, there was one coming to meet Marion, who would not be so tardy now as he was of old, and this was David Mackoull. Times had changed with him, and indeed everything had changed since that August afternoon when Marion had tarried for him at St. Anthony's Chapel.

Then he was the reputed heir of the wealthy old army-clothier, the fascinating and brilliant man of fashion, who might, if he chose, win a woman of fortune for his bride, whose wealth should far exceed any small possession that might fall to the share of Marion Begbie ; so in those days Mackoull made but a cold and indifferent lover. But times were changed with him now, as we have before said. The old army-clothier was dead. The honest, thrifty trader, who had always been fair and upright in all his dealings, pined away after the news came to him of his son's fraud. He never held up his head again. He died of no particular illness ; but seemed to sink gradually from life to death, a mournful resignation taking the place of his first violent emotions of sorrow and anger. One cry was often on his lips, and he repeated over again to Begbie, though without explaining himself further : " My poor girls ! I have made restitution—I have been just to them at last."

The meaning of these words was explained after the grave had closed over Clamshell, the appellation he had so delighted in. By a disposition made early in the autumn, he had left his Scotch estate to his two daughters, and of his son there was no mention whatever. The reason for this omission was very obvious ; for although the senior Mackoull had been so rich a man, at his death there was little more than sufficient ready money to meet the expenses of the funeral and a few debts, thus proving to what an extent David had trenched upon his father's resources. David disinherited, with no longer a father's purse to save him from the consequences of folly and crime, was indeed a different person to the man he was, even two short months before. Then, he had cared little whether he ever married Marion or not ; now, this marriage seemed to him to be

his sheet anchor, for his love was purely selfish ; and knowing that Begbie was a man of some means, he flattered himself that, as the husband of his daughter, some portion of the father's savings might become his.

While Marion wandered up and down the Duke's Walk, David hurriedly left his lodging, a couple of meanly furnished rooms, in a house situated in a row of poor-looking tenements forming the old suburb of Abbey Hill.

A scene of dissipation and low revelry had kept him up to a late hour on the previous night, and he appeared hardly yet to have quite shaken off the effects of his debauch. His eyes were blood-shot, his face haggard, his hair unpowdered, while his garments had a faded, tarnished look, quite unlike the splendour of his apparel formerly. He looked older too, his personal beauty seemed on the wane, there was something decayed and fallen in his appearance ; he had changed perceptibly ever since those days spent in the debtor's haven, the Sanctuary. He had fallen amongst lower associates, into viler haunts of crime, and the air of these places appeared to cling to him. Still, he strode along the pavement with something of the swaggering conceit of old. He passed the old ruins of Queen Mary's Bath, and then paused a moment or two at the Watergate, looking down the Canongate from under an old jointed wooden arch surmounted by the Canongate Arms. He looked anxiously for Marion, and not seeing her, concluded that she had already reached the King's Park, whither he prepared to follow her, only his progress was impeded for a few minutes by the crowd of fish-wives by whom he found himself surrounded—fresh, clean-looking, sturdy women who had trudged from Leith, Newhaven, and Musselburgh, with their creels of "caller herrin'," and "caller raddies" on their backs, and who had now, to stop and pay toll for their fish at this gate. Mackoull turned and fretted in the crowd, and his old airs and affectation came back upon him ; he loathed his contact with the coarse blue serge petticoats and jackets of these strapping fish-wives, their heavy leathern shoes once or twice narrowly escaped trespassing on his toes, their creels jostled against him, and the smell of the fish martyred his olfactory organs. At length he made his escape from amongst his unconscious persecutors, and a few minutes brought him to the Duke's Walk and within sight of Marion, still pacing up and down the path, historical from its name and its recollections of the past, its memories of ill-fated James, another King Lear, and who, like him, the father of two unnatural daughters, could as truly have re-echoed those impressive words—

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child !"

This was his favourite promenade during his short sojourn in Scotland, in 1682, when Duke of York, only in those days it was overshadowed with tall oaks, not a vestige of which now remains.

"I have been waiting so long for you, David," said Marion, in a reproachful tone, as Mackoull approached her; "and you know it is not easy for me to keep my appointments, and indeed it would be better for us not to meet again; every interview only makes the pangs of final parting greater, and it must come to that at last, David."

"Do not blame me for being late," replied Mackoull, "blame the jades of fish-wives who congregate with their foul-smelling wares at the Watergate. I could scarce make my way through the crew, and I am poisoned with the vile odour from their creels; my clothes are pervaded with it. But, there, I am wasting my breath; even you, Marion, cannot understand the invincible repugnance I feel to coming in contact with the coarse herd called the lower classes."

"And yet," replied Marion, sadly, some of these poor despised fish-wives might teach a lesson of honour and probity to a so-called fine gentleman."

Mackoull coloured and did not speak for a moment; when he did, it was in an excited and passionate tone.

"I begin to think that you will turn upon me soon, Marion, with the rest of them; I am like a hunted stag, with a pack of hounds in full cry at my heels. There is your father, that moralising fool, Norton, and my two amiable sisters, who have so kindly offered me £100 a year out of the inheritance they have defrauded me of—the canting, hypocritical jades! I can fancy how they maligned me to the old man, that they might get all his hoards for themselves."

"You accuse your sisters," exclaimed Marion in a tone of indignation; "and it is you who deserve reprobation. Your father had no hoards to leave. Only a portion of his wealth was expended on the purchase of Clamshell; you have had the greater part already. For years he lavished his gold upon you, paying your debts and making you a handsome allowance, while his daughters were stinted for necessities; but they loved you, David, nevertheless, and I believe they never uttered a single word in your dispraise to your father. You were your own worst accuser to him. Your actions condemned you in his mind—no further evidence was wanted, and no one knew his final resolve. Your sisters were totally ignorant of the disposition of Clamshell made in their favour."

"And Norton, too, I suppose, and your father," said Mackoull, in a sneering tone; "the former, especially, was quite disinterested, I make no doubt. And now, they seek to convince the sinner of

their tender love and charity for him, by proposing to get him out of the way as speedily as possible. My sisters suggest a residence in Jersey, where I may vegetate on the magnificent sum they intend graciously to allow me; Norton, I believe, in the plenitude of his brotherly affection, has hinted that he might, through some Dutch dynbeer, a distant connection of his, procure for me the felicity of dangling my legs from a high stool in a counting-house, in that land of dykes and marshes; and your father——”

“Whatever my father may have proposed, he has had your welfare in view,” interrupted Marion. “He has always done you very service in his power. He often concealed what he knew from our father, and I have heard him myself soften down your faults, and make excuses for you.”

“He was very kind!” answered Mackoull, with a sneer still on his lips; “and doubtless I should ascribe to his affection for me his proposal that I should go to the West Indies; but as I am suspicious by nature, I am iniquitous enough at times to think that were I to go there, and fall a prey to yellow-fever, he and others of my kind friends would not deplore my loss. There is only one being in the world,” he added, assuming a softer tone, “who cares whether I am living or dead,—and that is yourself, Marion.”

“If you wish to retain any share in my affections,” exclaimed Marion, vehemently, “do not ascribe such base motives to my father. He wishes you to live and reform; he encourages the hope that, if removed far from your vile associates, you might sorrow for the past, and retrace your steps, as others have done, who for a time have turned their backs on honour and honesty. What remains of your father’s fortune has passed from you; but you are young and gifted, and well-educated, and could build up one for yourself.”

“But not alone, Marion,” said Mackoull, pressing closer to her side. “Alone, I should have no courage; but with you at my side, I might win my way to wealth and position. My exile then would be endurable. Don’t answer me hastily. If you really loved me, you would be willing to share my broken fortunes—you would be ready to follow me to the other end of the world—you would say, ‘He is poor and friendless, and miserable now, but I will not turn my back upon him; the hour of adversity is the time to prove the strength of love, and I will give my hand and heart to him now, even more joyfully than I would have done when he was rich and prosperous.’”

“This is but specious reasoning,” replied Marion; “and if it is to induce me to a private marriage it will fail in its object. I will never marry without my father’s consent; that I promised him, and, come weal, come woe, I will not break my word.”

"Then you never mean to be my wife, Marion," replied Mackoull, in a tone of ill-suppressed anger, and with the old panther-like gleam in his eyes. "Your father has always disliked me, and I feel convinced he will not attempt to conquer his antipathy. He was always my enemy with my father; probably, being so good a man," and the speaker uttered the few last words in a sneering tone, "he thought he was acting a very virtuous and Christian part when he induced a father to leave his only son penniless; but not possessing his exemplary qualities, I view the matter in another light, and I do not at times, I must confess, feel very kindly disposed towards him. However, we will say no more about that. Once married, he would soon forgive you, and take me into favour because he would know that the step we had taken was irrevocable. You have my happiness in your hands, Marion; consent to marry me, and you will draw me from an abyss of misery. Just adhere to your foolish determination of obtaining a consent which you never will obtain, and you will plunge me into madness and despair. I shall be careless, reckless of what I do, or of what happens to me. Be the consequences on your head of your obstinate and cruel refusal to yield to my wishes."

"It is you who are cruel," replied Marion, with much emotion, "to try to work upon my woman's weakness and love, and induce me to take so shameful and degrading a step, as that of a secret marriage, in opposition to the wishes of my best earthly friend. If you really love me, your path is easy and plain before you. You have employment of many kinds offered you—you may become rich in the course of a very few years; but even were you unsuccessful in making money, and were you but to reform your life, to cast off the vices that cling about you, and live as a Christian and a man of honour, then Alick Begbie would joyfully give you his daughter's hand. If you were more unselfish and disinterested, this is what you would do, rather than urge me to steal, like a guilty thing, from my kind father's home, and act in direct opposition to his wishes."

"I understand," answered Mackoull, with a contemptuous laugh. "You want me to imitate that scriptural model of patience and endurance who served seven years for his wife, and then, again, other seven years. I love you sincerely, my charmer; but I should not have the fortitude to stand such a test. If you abide by your determination I shall either do something mad and desperate, as I said before, or I shall, perchance, look out for some less hard and scrupulous fair one. You know the old song, 'The Ewe Bughts?' I must do what that poor swain threatens—

"I'm young and stout, my Marion;  
Nane dances like me on the green;

And gin ye forsake me, Marion,  
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.'

But, 'pon honour, this is all idle talk. I cannot give you up, my angel. I must still follow you, though I may be following a shadow. Do you think, now, that if I were to see your father, Marion, and explain everything to him, and promise amendment, and all that kind of thing,—to be a good boy, and never do it again, as the brats say, he would consent to our marriage?"

"Not, David, till he saw what your promises ended in, and how long your good resolutions lasted—whether they were built on sand or a sounder foundation."

Mackoull was silent for a few moments. There was an expression on his face of mingled anger and vexation, arising, probably, from Marion's determined resistance to the proposed secret marriage; at last he said, trying to speak in a light and pleasant tone—

"Well, I must waylay your father, I think, and explain myself to him."

"This was what I wished you to do months ago," said Marion, reproachfully, "when you would have had a better chance of success."

"Better late than never!" answered Mackoull, in a would-beocular tone; "but I will pay my court to Mr. Begbie, and see what he says. I shall most likely see him on Saturday afternoon, or I have noticed, when I was living in the Sanctuary, that every Saturday he always passed through the Watergate about the same hour, and I have seen him do the same since I lodged in Abbey Mill. Where does he go to?"

"He goes to Leith, and brings back the money from the branch bank there; but you had better not interrupt him then," replied Marion.



## LIFE IN THE DEPTHS.

WITH the history of those minute animals named *Foraminifera*, which form in all existing oceans a thick deposit of living matter, most of our readers will doubtless be familiar. The accounts of deep-sea dredging expeditions have been so frequently alluded to and published in our newspapers, and the voyage of H.M.S. "Challenger," has been so often commented upon in the same media, that everyone must have heard something of those minute organisms, which, year by year, increase in importance in the eyes of the geologist, and of his scientific brother, the natural historian. With the history of the *Foraminifera* and their neighbours, much that is both puzzling and interesting is bound up; and it may prove instructive if we glance, even in a very brief and popular manner, at the general relations of these curious little organisms.

If we regard their position in the present system of zoological classification, we shall find them to be placed by naturalists in the lowest sub-kingdom or great primary group of the animal series. To this great group the name of *Protozoa* has been given; and if we wish to obtain a general idea of the nature of our *Foraminifera*, we should most readily obtain that idea, by defining them as organisms enclosing their bodies in shells, or more properly *tests*, composed usually of lime, and sometimes, but more rarely, of grains of sand cemented together; whilst some are protected by a horny covering. They are thus "shelled" animals in the sense, at any rate, that they possess a covering resembling the structure we ordinarily denominate a "shell;" and it is this shell, or more clearly, the fact of their possessing hard parts, which has brought the *Foraminifera* so prominently under the notice of the geologist. If we wish to procure them for investigation, we may find them in abundance in all existing seas. In whatever regions, and to whatever depths the dredge has descended, it comes up loaded with these organisms, which constitute the greater bulk of the peculiar chalky ooze, so familiar to the investigator of the deep seas. We may obtain these shells upon our own shores amongst the sand; or we may find them at low-water mark on the tangle-fronds that border the rocks and stones. And in the rock-formations of the world, which represent in themselves the epochs of the past, we may find these organisms in plenty. From the earliest or oldest rocks in which the fossil remains of living things have been found, we may obtain *Foraminifera*; and they range through the stratified rocks

from these oldest beds, to the present day. Sometimes, and in particular rock-systems, as we shall presently notice, they attain a development which fairly startles us by its immensity; and thus it seems, that so far as regards their distribution, whether in the past or the existing world, the Foraminifera are almost ubiquitous. And if we regard them as a class of living or existent organisms, we may no less be struck by the variety of form and shape which marks these forms. Thus we may find them appearing as minute spherical bodies—such as *Orbulina*, so named from its rounded form. Some appear in equally simple form, but with a flask or bottle-like shape—such as *Iugena*—the “flask-animalcule” of the microscopist. Sometimes we observe this simplicity of form to be exchanged for shapes of compound nature. *Nodosaria* appears before us as a straight-shelled form, looking very much like a beaded rod. Some have shells coiled up in a spiral, like the well-known nautilus shell; whilst others, such as the familiar *Globigerina*, possess the segments of the shell disposed in an irregular manner. Lastly, some Foraminifera, of which the famous *Nummulites*—so named from their resemblance in shape to coins—may be cited as examples, exhibit shells of a still more complicated type of structure; and we know of other forms, to be hereafter noted, which existed in large reef-like masses, presenting apparently at first sight little resemblance or relationship with their simpler neighbours.

We may now, however, glance at the animals which inhabit and manufacture these shells. Primarily, then, we note the amazingly simple nature of the living organisms which are the actual *Foraminifera*; since we must certainly give the title itself to the living tenants, and not to the mere houses or shells. Each living Foraminifer consists of a simple minute speck of that peculiar substance named *sarcode* or *protoplasm*, of which in its simple and primitive state the bodies of the lower animals and plants are composed. True it is, that the bodies of all animals and plants, high and low, man himself included, are composed of this same essential “matter of life.” And biology gives the death-blow to pride of heart, when it truly asserts that man and the monad are essentially made of the same material; which, however, in the case of the human being, has, as it were, been elaborated by development and type, from the primitive material of the lower being, to form the God-like, mind-possessing man.

The sarcode of the Foraminifera makes its appearance as an albuminous, jelly-like substance, of reddish colour, devoid of all elaboration, and exhibiting no traces of organisation or structures of any kind. And we thus perceive that a minute speck of this organic matter, is sufficient to constitute *per se* a truly living

being; which, however apparently simple its structure and lowly its place in the scale, yet presents problems which mock the efforts of the most advanced science in its endeavour to solve them. Such a being not only eats and nourishes itself, and performs all the functions of its simple life, but, as we have already seen, may elaborate a complicated shell. The lime of the surrounding water is thus laid hold of and secreted by the living matter, and in due time appears transformed in the shape of the shell. Thus quickly, silently, and unaided, does the humble animalcule accomplish a work which would tax human energies to their utmost to perform; and thus do we perceive, even in such a superficial study as the present, the grand distinction between the living and non-living world. An implied power of action, bringing into use the surrounding circumstances of its life, characterises the living being, wherever and however it exists. And in the manufacture of its shell each tiny Foraminifer possesses this wondrous power in common with the highest being that avails itself of its mind and instincts to seek its daily food.

The name "Foraminifera" is derived from the Latin *foramen*, a hole or aperture, and is applied to these organisms in allusion to the apertures which usually exist in their shells, and through which processes of the soft living sarcode-matter of their bodies is pushed out. These processes are named by the naturalist *pseudopodia* ("false-feet"), and in Foraminifera they are of a long, delicate, and interlacing kind. Microscopic observers have been able to detect that through the interlacing network of these pseudopodia, a kind of circulation of the granules or solid particles of the sarcode is continually being carried on. Doubtless this circulation is connected with the nutrition of the living matter; and in some complicated forms of the Foraminifera its course and nature may become of a more intricate kind than that of the simple forms. In some Foraminifera, which possess shells of a porcelain-like structure, no *foramina* or apertures exist in the walls of the shells; the filaments or pseudopodia being protruded from the mouth-extremity of the shell. In the other chief variety of shell, which is of glassy structure and is accordingly named "vitreous," the pseudopodia are emitted through numerous holes in the walls of the shell. The obvious uses of these filaments are those of serving for the prehension of food-particles, and for the purpose of locomotion. Particles of nutriment are seized by them and drawn into the interior of the body, whilst by their aid the animals also move about.

We have already spoken of the Foraminifera exhibiting a division into "single" and "compound" forms. It is interesting to note that the compound shells, and of course their included living parts

also, are derived from the simple forms. In other words, each compound Foraminifer begins life as a simple being, and attains its compound form by a process of literal budding. New segments are budded out from the single and primary one; and accordingly as the budding proceeds in a straight line, in a spiral, or in other directions, so we have our straight, spiral, or other forms of shell produced. A compound shell thus consists of many chambers, filled with living sarcodes; each chamber containing as it were, a single individual of this semi-colonial organism; whilst all the chambers communicate with each other, and the sarcode is thus continuous throughout the entire shell.

Having briefly glanced at the structure and living relationships of the Foraminifera, we may next note the interesting facts which the naturalist and geologist have to tell us respecting their distribution in *space* and *time* respectively. In the beds of all our existing oceans, as we have already remarked, we find the Foraminifera to form a thick layer or deposit, which as time rolls onwards tends to become ever thicker. Much discussion has taken place amongst naturalists as to the exact *habitat* of the Foraminifera, and as to whether they inhabit the deeper or more superficial waters of the sea. But so far as the question has been authoritatively examined, the evidence would seem to show that certain species inhabit deep waters, whilst others prefer the upper strata of sea. Recent deep-sea dredging expeditions have thrown much light, not only on the conditions of modern Foraminiferal life, but have first revealed to us the fact that life was represented at all in the sea-depths. The areas of the ocean traversed by warm currents, are those in which these deposits of Foraminifera occur in their most typical development. And thus the deep-sea ooze consists in greater part of the remains of modern Foraminifera and their shells, which as we shall presently note, become co-ordinated in a striking manner with the development and life of their ancient representatives.

If we turn to their geological history, we find these forms representing the first traces of animal life known to the naturalist. In the Laurentian Rocks of Canada, and lying towards the base of that series of rock-formations, is a deposit of limestone, named "Serpentine Limestone." This deposit consists of layers of chalky material, arranged alternately with layers of serpentine or "silicate of magnesia;" and when the limestone layers are microscopically examined, they are found to present a structure of distinctly *organic* nature—that is, indicating their origin from living things. To this organic structure the name of the *Eozoön Canadense*, or "Dawn of Life Animalcule," has been given. And from a close examination of its structure, there seems little doubt that the

Eozoön was a Foraminifer which grew in immense reef-like masses, comparable, in their mode of growth at least, to the modern coral-reefs. Apparently the shell of Eozoön consisted of a series of chambers arranged in vertical tiers; the chambers themselves being partly partitioned off or divided, after the fashion we have already noted in existing compound Foraminifera; whilst communications existed between the various tiers, so that the sarcode or living matter of this great colony was made continuous throughout its extent. A peculiar system of tubes or canals has been discovered branching out within the layers of the shell, and this "canal system" has its representative in the shells of living Foraminifera also.

Eozoön, which also occurs in formations in Ireland and in Central Europe, thus represents the oldest traces of life with which we are acquainted; and it is certainly bewildering to think of the immensity of the periods of time which have elapsed since the existence of the primitive ocean in which the living Eozoön grew and propagated its reef-like masses. Geology, which has no historical or absolute chronology, refuses to set any limit to that time, and the question is one which perhaps, after all, and like the idea of space, is best left unanswered as belonging to the Infinite itself. Eozoön has one or two representatives in existing seas—at least in the mode of its growth. Two examples—*Carpenteria* named after Dr. W. B. Carpenter, whose researches into foraminiferal life have been of the most complete character, and *Polytrema*, a branching Foraminifer—exemplify this condition of aggregation in reef-like colonies or masses.

Passing upwards in the scale of rock-formations, and guided by the age of the deposits, we meet with many examples of Foraminifera in rock-series. The Silurian Rocks contain them very plentifully in some localities; and one species, the well-known *Fusulina*—forms by its extreme development in numbers, whole beds of limestone belonging to the Carboniferous or coal epoch in Russia, and other parts of Europe. When we arrive at the cretaceous or chalk rocks, we find a stage in which foraminiferal life must have existed in greatest luxuriance. The enormous cliffs of the white chalk, nowhere seen to greater advantage than in Albion itself, are composed almost entirely of foraminiferous shells, many species of which are identical with those of our existing seas. The white cliffs of the south of England represent merely huge monuments of foraminiferal life, and carry our thoughts backward to an old ocean in which a deposit similar in kind to that taking place in our existing oceans, but of vastly greater extent, occurred. Thus we read the past by our knowledge of the present; and if we turn to the existing state of affairs, we should find that were the bed of our present ocean elevated and solidified, the foraminiferal deposit of to-

day, would come to resemble the ancient chalk. If we moisten a piece of chalk in water, separate out the particles and microscopically examine them, we should find our chalk-particles to consist of foraminiferal shells and fragments, exactly corresponding to such a deposit as we might prepare by similarly treating some ooze from our deep-sea dredge. In particular, the *Globigerina* would be seen in the chalk, indistinguishable from those which we may procure by hundreds from existing seas; and *Rotalia*, *Textularia*, etc., well-known as living forms, are also to be seen represented by species in the chalk. So strongly have these facts become impressed on the minds of some geologists, that it has been asserted that we are still living in the cretaceous, or chalk age; although as viewed by other authorities, the remark is true in a restricted sense only, if, indeed, its truth can be admitted at all.

Approaching relatively nearer to existing times, and coming to the newer rocks, we find in the Eocene Rocks a remarkable profusion of foraminiferal life. Here are found the Nummulites, large forms, which may sometimes be found to measure three inches in circumference. These organisms form the rocks known by the name of Nummulitic Limestone, which runs from the Pyrenees and Alps to the Carpathian mountains; which is found in North Africa, and may be traced from Egypt to Asia Minor, and onwards through Persia, by way of Bagdad, to the mouths of the Indus. It is also found—we quote from Lyell—in Cutch, in the mountains between Scinde and Persia, and it may be followed out eastwards into India, eastern Bengal, and to the Chinese frontiers. In thickness, the Nummulitic limestone sometimes rivals the older chalk, and attains a depth of several thousands of feet. This great deposit is literally composed of Nummulites and their *débris*, massed together to form a solid rock; and from this deposit the stone of which the Pyramids are built was quarried. Thus in the history of the materials of which these strange edifices are composed, no little share of romance and wonder may also be said to enter. The Nummulites consisted each of a complicated series of chambers or segments, developed in a spiral manner so as to form a flat coin-shaped structure, which exhibits a complicated arrangement of its internal parts, particularly in the development of the “canal system,” already alluded to as occurring in Eozoön. In the Eocene Rocks we also meet with the Miliolite limestone, a deposit which forms the “basin” in which Paris lies, and from the material of which the houses of that city have been built. With living *Miliola* we are well-acquainted, and these forms, by their great development in the Eocene period, have thus contributed to give to man, by the aggregation of their shells, the material for beautifying his country.

From the Eocene rocks to the deposits of our own day, is a

transition of comparatively slight extent, and we may therefore, with the history of the Eocene period, conclude our examination of the Foraminifera.

It is not always from the great things of science, or, indeed, of life itself, that the best lessons are to be derived ; and the history of the Foraminifera may tend to show how great a fund of thought and information lies hidden in the consideration of a group of organisms which many might deem too insignificant to merit much attention. Such studies also afford a strong argument in favour of natural science forming an element in the education of the young. The habits of observation and of regularity induced by the study of natural objects, cannot be too highly valued or over-estimated as serving to train the youth of both sexes in the use of thorough method. And every one who daily sees the want of order and punctuality in the business of ordinary life, cannot but become sincere advocates of any branch of education which, in a pleasant, instructive manner, may lead to the formation of habits of method and order in the young. And such studies, moreover, are also useful in encouraging a love for the beautiful and the true. It should form no insignificant part of the studies of youth, that they should be taught innately to admire whatever of beauty and good this world can be shown them to contain ; for, from their appreciation of such things, will in due time follow a sincere belief in the precepts of religion, and in the elements of morality—studies which are limited by no day or age, but which hold good for all time.

ANDREW WILSON.

## HAROLD VAUGHAN'S WOOING.

BY M. HENLY.

## CHAPTER I.

THE little village of Stillmington, on the banks of the Thames, is considered the "gem" of Berkshire, and rightly so. With its pretty old church, the tower adorned, not hidden, with ivy, the fine old yew in the neatly kept churchyard, the model schools (Government with conscience clause—not Board) on the right, and the modest old-fashioned vicarage on the left, the winding street with its one shop where for a small sum you could purchase any article useful for food, clothing, and furniture, from a tallow candle to a neck-ribbon—the pretty villas with their smooth lawns sloping down to the bright sparkling river—and last, but not least, the village inn by the waterside,—these and many other beauties and advantages which it would take too long to enumerate, helped to raise Stillmington to the dignified position of "Queen of Villages."

The village inn, as I have said, was by no means the least beautiful feature in Stillmington; but to appreciate it fully it was necessary to spend six or seven hours on the water, pulling against stream.

Harold Vaughan had sculled up from Fairpool some fourteen miles or more, and as he sprang ashore consigning his boat to the boatman and requesting that his goods and chattels, which were of a very miscellaneous description, might be conveyed to the house, he thought he had never seen such a lovely place. It had been one of those broiling hot days which we sometimes get in the middle of July. The sun had just sunk below the horizon, and had left behind him a bank of feathery clouds all aglow with deep orange and crimson. Overhead the firmament seemed to grow higher and higher as you gazed at it; one bright, twinkling star had just appeared to relieve the intense depth of blue. But our traveller did not take more than a cursory glance at the beauties of the evening, for savory odours were wafted from the little inn, and Mrs. Compton, the landlady, a comely widow of fifty or thereabout, was seen advancing down the path.

"We received your letter this morning, Mr. Vaughan, and everything is arranged as you desired. Dinner will be ready in ten minutes, sir; and, if you please, I will show you to your room at once. I hope everything will give you satisfaction."

"If only your viands taste as well as they smell, my good woman, they will be sure to satisfy me. I have eaten nothing but tale ham sandwiches since seven o'clock this morning. Take my bag



to my room, and bring me some hot water, and then I shall be ready as soon as the dinner." Mrs. Compton gave the necessary orders, and then retired to the kitchen to superintend the cooking and to gossip a bit with her daughter.

"He seems an out-and-out gentleman," said the widow; "and not a bit like an artist. I always thought they were poor-looking, lack-a-daisical young men, with long straight hair and thin fingers; but this one's quite different, tall and well-built, with brown hair and a moustache, quite military. But there he is come down to the parlour; take in the fish, and you'll be able to judge for yourself."

Harold Vaughan having finished his dinner and expressed himself quite satisfied with it, strolled on to the lawn, and having settled himself comfortably in an out-of-the-way corner where the busy bustle of the inn could not offend his ears, and where he had the best view of the rising moon, lit his cigar.

"Well," he thought, "I believe Charlie Norton is right, after all, and this is rather a wild-goose chase of mine. I suppose when a man comes to be seven or eight and thirty, he should give up all thoughts of love; and if he must needs marry, he should look out for a sensible woman with lots of tin, and not a bit of romance in her, who accepts him without hesitation, because she thinks, with old Margery 'that it is time she were settled in life.' Now, I should like to marry a pretty young girl, loving, and trustful and shy, who does not stop to think whether it's a good or a bad match for her. I did hope I should have come across such a one in my wanderings; but I suppose it's not to be—bah!" he exclaimed half aloud, as he threw away his cigar; "I've a great mind to go back to Bellebrooke to-morrow, and marry my cousin Georgina—she'd have me of course. By Jove I'd——"

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of a piano on the opposite bank, and a sweet, fresh young voice sang Moore's charming old song—

"Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere slumber's-chain has bound me,  
Fond memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.  
The smiles, the tears,  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken;  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimmed and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken !

When I remember all  
The friends, so linked together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather,

I feel like one  
Who treads alone  
Some banquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed."

The words and music came floating across the water with peculiar distinctness, and Harold listened entranced till the song ended.

"A good old song and very well sung," he said to himself; "but I should like to see the songstress. I never noticed that house over there till now. I must find out who lives there." He rose immediately and walked to the front of the inn; at the same instant, a young girlish figure, all in white, appeared on the lawn opposite. The moonlight revealed a mass of fair hair, but the distance was too great for her features to be distinguished—candles were lighted in the room, and the young lady disappeared immediately. "I feel like one who treads alone," murmured Harold. "Well, she sang the song capitally! I should like to know who she is—now for another cigar,—'ere slumber's chain doth bind me.'—Good-night, Mrs. Compton," he called out as he went in. "Let me have breakfast to-morrow at nine.—By-the-bye, who lives in that white house opposite?"

"Mr. Vaudeville, sir—he's lived there a good many years; and a curious old gentleman he is."

"Is he married?"

"Oh, dear yes, sir! his wife's been dead above ten years, now, poor lady; she left him with two children, Mr. Frank, who's at home now from college, and Miss Dorothy, a sweet, pretty creature."

"Miss Dorothy? I suppose it was her I heard singing—how old is she?"

"Twenty last month, sir, if I remember right. She sings beautifully, her 'pa has spent lots on her education, masters and such-like. He never let her go to school—indeed, he never lets her out of his sight, which must be very dull for the poor young lady, for he's very cross-grained. She seems very fond of him. Only the other day she said to me——But I see you're tired, Mr. Vaughan, and it's getting late, to be sure. Good-night, sir! I hope you will find everything you require. I shall be only too happy to oblige you in any way, sir, especially as you are going to stay here for a week or two."

"Well, I am not quite sure about that, Mrs. Compton. I may be obliged to leave at the end of the week; but I will let you know to-morrow for certain;" and Harold Vaughan walked up stairs whistling "Oft in the still night."

## CHAPTER II.

TO-MORROW came and the next day, and the next, and still the young artist was an inmate at the little inn which he had chosen as the subject of a picture. He was painting it from the opposite bank under the shade of a noble oak, whose roots were firmly planted in the garden of the White House Ferry Lodge, as it was called; from this position he obtained a good view of any one going either in or out, and he had several times seen Mr. Vaudeville and his son, but the sweet songstress had not been outside the house. One day when the picture was nearly completed, and Harold was putting the finishing touches, a large retriever dog which, unnoticed by him, had been enjoying a bath in the river swam to shore, and landing close to the easel, shook himself so violently that both artist and picture received a regular shower-bath. Harold sprang up angrily, and was about to bestow anything but civil language on the dog, when the gate of Ferry Lodge opened, and Dorothy Vaudeville came running out. She stopped when she saw Harold, and advanced more slowly. She was about the middle height, well formed, but very slight; her complexion was most exquisitely fair and clear, her eyes blue; and her hair, of a deep rich gold (an envious person would have said red), was coiled loosely and naturally round her head.

"Oh, Sailor, Sailor!" she exclaimed as the dog rushed up to her, "how could you be so naughty!—I am afraid your picture is quite spoilt," she added shyly.

Before Harold could reply, Mr. Vaudeville came out to look after his daughter.

"Why, Dorothy, my dear Dorothy, I did not know you were going out; and you have no hat on."

"Oh, papa, do come here, just see what Sailor has been doing, shaking himself all over this gentleman's painting."

Mr. Vaudeville expressed his regret for what had occurred, and Harold having assured him that the damage was not irreparable, asked him whether he could recognise the picture in spite of the daubs.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Vaudeville, "it's very well painted indeed; but you have not chosen the best view by any means, the inn looks as well again from the end of my lawn, and if you will paint it from there I shall be very glad to purchase it of you; that is, if you do not put too high a value on it."

Harold assented gladly to this proposal, and determined to make the most of his opportunities, and find out whether Miss Vaudeville was as charming on better acquaintance as she was at first sight.

But the fates did not favour him ; he became very friendly with the old gentleman and with Frank ; the former was a good judge of pictures, and our artist was by no means a bad painter ; he had also travelled a great deal, which made his conversation interesting and amusing ; but Dorothy was kept carefully in the background, and only occasionally walked down under her father's wing to see how the picture was progressing. However, about a week after their accidental introduction, Mr. Vaudeville invited him to dinner ; and Harold, after having taken extra pains with his tie, and having more than once carefully consulted the looking-glass, was ferried across to the White House, and had the felicity of sitting next to Dorothy during dinner ; but this did not at all interfere with his appetite.

" You must give us some music this evening, Miss Vaudeville," he said, as soon as they retired to the drawing-room. " I heard you singing the first night I came to Stillmington, and I assure you it was a great treat ; I had not heard an English song for three years."

" You have been abroad, have you not ?" said Dorothy ; " how I envy you ! I have never been out of this place, except once. Last year I spent a few days with my aunt, who was then staying at Bellebrooke."

" Bellebrooke !" exclaimed Harold ; " do you know Bellebrooke ? Did you ever see Lord Strathley ?"

" No," answered Dorothy ; " he was on the Continent, and had been for some time."

" I used to know his father," said Mr. Vaudeville ; " but I have never seen the present Earl. Do you know him, Mr. Vaughan ?"

" A little ; I was at college with him, and we renewed our acquaintance last year when we met abroad. He is a very nice fellow ; but, of course, there is a vast difference between a noble Earl with lots of money, and a poor artist like myself."

" Is his lordship in England now ?"

" Yes, I believe so ; at any rate, he will be in a fortnight's time. He intends giving his tenants a feast to celebrate his return, and has kindly asked me to spend a few days with him. I have a sketch of Bellebrooke Castle here, Mr. Vaudeville. I brought my portfolio over with me ; I thought you might like to turn it over."

Having settled the old gentleman in his easy chair, Harold devoted himself for the rest of the evening to amusing Dorothy, which he did most successfully—indeed, he made such an impression on that young lady's mind, that the next morning at breakfast Frank caught her in the act of putting sugar into the cream-jug, and accordingly chaffed her in the most orthodox manner. Mr.

Vaudeville interfered rather hastily, and rebuked Frank for putting such notions into his sister's head.

"Do you think," he said, "that I cannot show a little kindness to a poor artist without Dorothy's falling in love with him—pooh, pooh! she has more sense than that. Why, I should not have asked him to my house; but he seemed a gentlemanly, well-educated man, and I knew he would be leaving the place in a few days, and then we shall not be likely to see him again."

Dorothy said nothing in reply to these remarks; but looked supremely uncomfortable, and every one was glad when the meal was over. Mr. Vaudeville kept his eyes open, and though he was, if anything, more friendly than ever towards Harold, being perfectly confident that his good feeling, and the knowledge of his inferior position, would keep him from making any advances to Dorothy, yet he determined to give him no opportunity of what he called "playing the fool" with her.

But our wisest precautions are often frustrated, and things which we take most pains to avoid are almost certain to happen. Three days before Harold's intended departure for Bellebrooke Castle, Mr. Vaudeville was summoned to London, and so urgent was the business that he had to hasten to the station in order to catch the fast train, and had barely time to give Frank a few hurried directions concerning his sister. Frank promised to be very careful, and so indeed, he was, for he never left her side for a moment longer than he could help. Harold Vaughan looked in in the afternoon; so of course they played croquet, and of course Frank asked him to dine with them, which of course he did, and made himself very agreeable to Dorothy, who blushed and became very shy and reserved.

"What time do you expect Mr. Vaudeville, home?" asked Harold as he wished them good-night.

"Not till to-morrow evening, by the slip."

"Well, then, Vaudeville, suppose you and your sister come for a row with me to-morrow. We might start early, and take our luncheon. Will you come, Miss Vaudeville?"

"I should like it very much, indeed," said Dorothy, brightening. "What do you say, Frank? do you think papa would mind?"

"Well, I don't know; I should think not. Oh, yes, Vaughan, we will come if it is fine; but we must be home to receive the governor; he won't like to find Dorothy out when he comes back."

"Oh, you shall be back long before he is. I am so glad you will come, Miss Dorothy. I am going away from Stillmington on Friday, and perhaps I shall never come here again.—Confound that boy!" said Harold to himself, as he walked back to the Inn across the bridge, "he never left Dorothy's side for a minute. I

think she's the sweetest, prettiest little thing I've ever seen, and he has a great deal of quiet dignity about her, too. I wonder how much she is in love with the poor artist. I'll find out to-morrow, if I can get rid of that fellow, Frank; for by Jove, I'll have that girl or my wife, if I can get her. I can fancy what a rage her father will be in when I tell him of my intentions; but he will soon be run over, and give us his blessing in due form."

The morning was fair and bright, not a cloud could be seen in the sky, there was not a breath of wind to ruffle the water, and the river looked like a huge mirror, in which everything along the banks was reflected with a peculiar distinctness. Dorothy was up sometimes as busy as a bee, packing the hamper and arranging her housekeeping before starting.

"Oh, Dorothy, do sit down quietly and eat your breakfast," grumbled Frank; "that's the twentieth time you've jumped up in about as many seconds; there's plenty of time, you may depend upon it, Vaughan won't be here for the next hour. Hullo!—why there he is coming up the lawn. Good-morning! I'm so glad to see you! come and have some breakfast, if Dorothy will let you; she has no appetite herself, and so she doesn't like any one else to enjoy their food."

"Oh, Frank, what nonsense you talk!" exclaimed Dorothy. "I've made an excellent breakfast; but I wanted to see to the hamper myself," she added, turning to Harold; "servants are so careless, they always forget half the things if it's left to them."

"Quite right, Miss Vaudeville; if you want a thing done well, do it yourself—it's a very good maxim."

"Whatever you do, don't forget the corkscrew," shouted Frank, as she left the room."

There is no occasion for me to go through the regular routine of a picnic, everyone knows that by heart. How fast stroke talks to the lady in the stern, especially if she is young and pretty, and is not his sister or cousin; how she forgets to steer, and runs the boat into the bank, for which, of course, she is severely reprimanded by bow and laughed at by stroke; how she discovers some lovely forget-me-nots on the opposite bank. "Oh, such beauties!" she must have some; stroke says she shall, while bow grumbles and exclaims, "What nonsense!" How they stop at Stenham for shandigaff; how by degrees the word "luncheon" creeps almost imperceptibly into the conversation, and at last, after a great deal of discussion as to the best place, "that charming little island" is declared to be "just the spot." Everyone knows what fun it is unpacking the campers and spreading the cloth, how rapidly the viands disappear, and the nonsense and bad puns that go down with them; then the campers are repacked, and some one suggests a stroll, "just to

stretch one's legs, you know." Now is the time for spooning—that is, if you can pair off properly ; but where there are only three, this is impossible. Frank would not leave Dorothy's side, and the whole object of the picnic would have been thrown away if Harold had not determined on a bold expedient. They had seated themselves again in the boat, and were already several yards from the island where they had lunched, when he felt in his pocket, and suddenly exclaimed—

"There, now ! I have left my cigar-case behind ; how very provoking ! We really must go back ; I wouldn't lose it on any account. Pull, bow, while I back ; that's right, gently now. Frank, my good fellow, you can get out more easily than I can—you will find it close to that oak-tree."

Frank sprang ashore, and at the same instant Harold pushed off the boat and pulled rapidly away from the island.

"Hullo, Vaughan, that's not fair !"

"All right, my boy, you can smoke as many cigars as you like—they're very good. I'm only going to explore that backwater, and will pick you up in a quarter of an hour."

"Oh, Mr. Vaughan," exclaimed Dorothy, in a half-frightened voice, "are you really going to leave Frank there—he will be so angry ?"

Harold made no reply ; but began to sing in a manly voice, "I've a secret to tell thee."

Frank could hear him quite plainly.

"Confound his impudence !" he muttered ; "I know what he's up to quite well. Well, faint heart never won fair lady ; but what my father will say I can't imagine. It's all my fault, of course, and I'm sure I did my best to prevent his coming to the point ; but who would have thought of his getting rid of me in that cool way. Here's his cigar-case ; so I'll try and console myself as best I can."

It was a good half hour before the little boat reached the island again. I shall leave it to my readers to guess what Harold had said, and what Dorothy had answered ; suffice it to say they were both quite happy, and had no idea they had kept Frank waiting so long. He thought it his duty to be very cross and sulky.

"I call it a great deal too bad," he said, as he took his place in the boat. "You've kept me waiting here for more than half an hour. I don't believe we shall be home before the governor now. You ought to have known better, Dorothy ; you know how angry he will be !"

"You must not scold, Dorothy, Frank ; I will take all the blame on my shoulders. The truth is, I had something to say to her, and as I knew you would refuse your permission if I asked for it, I

ok the reins in my own hands, and am glad I did so, for she has promised to be my wife ; so shake hands, old fellow, and say you're ad. You must look on me as a brother now, you know."

"It's all very well, Vaughan," said Frank, taking the proffered hand rather coldly ; " but I can't say I'm glad. I knew you had something of that kind in your head, and I have done my best to prevent your coming to the point, for both your sakes. If you think your father will ever consent to your marrying my sister, you will find yourself very much mistaken."

"I see no reason why your father should object," replied Harold, rather haughtily. "I should not have made your sister an offer unless I was able to maintain her in a position."

"That is just it," interrupted Frank ; " my father considers ours to be one of the oldest families in England ; and I am sure he will never consent to his only daughter marrying a poor unknown artist. Beg your pardon, Vaughan ; but that is the description you gave of yourself."

"If your father has no personal objection to myself, I think I shall have no difficulty on the score of connections ; but that matter shall discuss with him, and not with you."

The row back was accomplished quickly, and almost silently, and all parties were glad when they reached home. Harold stopped Dorothy as she got out of the boat, and Frank prudently walked on to the house."

"Do you repent of your promise ?" he asked gravely.

"I am dreadfully afraid of papa," was the timid answer.

"I shall ask you to do nothing against his wishes, darling ; but supposing I obtain his consent, shall you still be ready to be a poor artist's wife, and be looked down on by the world ?"

"I should not mind with you, Harold, and I can be very useful, and do all kinds of things."

"God bless you, my darling !" said Harold, drawing her towards him. "Now, I want to ask you a question. I could settle everything with your father, to-night ; but I should like better to leave for a few days. You will, no doubt, hear all kinds of cruel things said about me, and they will try to persuade you to give me up. Will you promise not to believe them, and not to fret ? I give you my word of honour, everything shall be settled quite satisfactorily about a fortnight at the very latest. Will you wait patiently till then, dearest ?"

"I will try," answered Dorothy.

"That is all right, then. I shall come and see your father to-day dinner this evening, but I don't suppose I shall see you ; so good-bye, Dorothy, till we meet again."

Mr. Vaudeville arrived, as had been expected, by the slip, and



he talked so fast during dinner-time about his London business, that he did not notice how excited Dorothy seemed, or how gloomy and sullen Frank was. They were just going into the drawing-room when the door bell rang.

"That's Vaughan, I daresay," exclaimed Mr. Vaudeville. "I thought he would look in to-night to wish us good-bye; he is going away to-morrow."

"Mr. Vaughan wishes to speak to you in the library, sir," announced the servant.

"Wishes to speak to me in the library?" repeated Mr. Vaudeville. "What can the fellow want—have you any idea?"

Dorothy looked steadily at a book she had taken up. Frank fidgetted and muttered something between his teeth; their father looked sternly at them for a minute, and then joined Harold in the library.

"Good evening!" he said stiffly. "I have just returned from London and am tired."

"I am very sorry to have disturbed you, Mr. Vaudeville; but I will not detain you long. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you, I prefer standing. I should not hesitate to sit down if I wished."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Vaudeville; I thought you said you were tired." Harold paused—he saw plainly enough that Mr. Vaudeville guessed his business, and was not prepared to give him a favourable answer; but he was seldom at a loss for a word, and with the greatest composure and nonchalance he declared that he had formed a very strong attachment for Dorothy, and that that very afternoon he had made her an offer of marriage which she had accepted, providing her father would give his consent.

"And may I ask, sir," said Mr. Vaudeville, vainly striving to suppress his anger—"may I ask how you came to presume so far on my kindness as to venture to hope for my consent? Do you know, sir, that ours is one of the oldest families in England! and do you think I should ever consent to my only daughter marrying a man without money, position, or even talent, to recommend him?"

"I was quite prepared for your objections, Mr. Vaudeville, and hope you believe me when I say that I would never have spoken a word to your daughter if I had not felt sure that I shall be able to remove them."

"I am glad to hear that," replied Mr. Vaudeville, "for it has not raised my opinion of you to find that you took advantage of my absence, and of Dorothy's youth and inexperience of the world, to draw from her a promise which, with my consent, shall never be fulfilled."

"I was going to add," continued Harold, "that my family is at least as old as yours, and I will undertake to maintain your daughter in a manner befitting her rank."

"It is very easy to talk, Vaughan, and if words were money and position, you should have my girl gladly; but although I own to being prepossessed in your favour, I love my daughter too well, and value her happiness too much, to trust her to a friend of a few weeks who was introduced to me by accident, and of whom I know little or nothing. No, no—it is out of the question, and you should have spared me the pain of refusing you. Take my advice; go to London, work hard and forget Dorothy quickly, as no doubt he will forget you." So saying, Mr. Vaudeville held out his hand in a stately manner and moved towards the door; but Harold topped him.

"Pardon me, Mr. Vaudeville," he said earnestly, "I cannot remain satisfied with that answer; I feel that it deeply concerns my happiness, and I hope your daughter's also. I did not expect you to believe my word; but will give you good and trustworthy references. You mentioned the other day, that you had been acquainted with the late Lord Strathley; his son is my greatest friend, and would, I am sure, be pleased to make your acquaintance. Should he fail to reconcile you to our engagement, I promise faithfully that I will not speak to Dorothy again. Will you agree to that, sir?"

"I shall have no objection to run down to Bellebrooke," said Mr. Vaudeville, after a pause; "but I will not promise to be content with Lord Strathley's account of you. Still, there will be no harm in hearing what he has to say; and if I think Dorothy is in earnest, and I can conscientiously give my consent, I will do so."

"Thank you, sir! thank you!" said Harold, shaking the old man heartily by the hand. "There is one thing more—Dorothy—ad I better see her?"

"No; certainly not."

"Then will you tell her of this arrangement, and assure her it will be all right. And, Mr. Vaudeville, when you go to Bellebrooke, will you take her with you; there is a very good hotel. I'll engage the best rooms, and will promise not even to look at her till you give me leave?"

Mr. Vaudeville smiled at the young man's eagerness.

"Well, well, we will see about that," he said, quite kindly—"I make no promises. Poor fellow!" he added to himself, "I am very sorry for him. I don't know when I have taken such a fancy to any young man; really, if Lord Strathley says he's respectable, I shall not say much about money. Now for Dorothy; I must go and tell her all about it."

Poor little Dorothy, she had been listening anxiously to every sound, and when she heard the hall-door close, and Harold's retreating steps on the gravel path her heart died away within her, and when her father entered the drawing-room she was sobbing as if her heart would break. All his resolves to be stern vanished in a moment, and it was not till he had soothed her grief by gentle caresses, that he told her what he had settled with Harold, taking care, however, to make it appear as if there was not the slightest chance of her ever seeing him again, and bidding her be a good girl and forget all that had happened as quickly as possible. This was just what the poor child could not do—nay, did not try to do; she would have considered herself false to her promise if she had done so. So she went about the house and garden heavy and sad, and loved to sit in the twilight and dream. This was her first trial—"Trial!" I hear some sternly practical, strong-minded woman, or some never-to-be-loved old maid say—"Do you call that a trial?" Yes, reader, most assuredly I do, a very great trial, and one hard to be borne. Dorothy was young, trustful, and loving—and if this trial had lasted long she would have sunk under it, and most surely have become hardened, unfeeling, unbelieving.

### CHAPTER III.

Exactly a week after Harold's departure from Stillmington, Mr. Vaudeville received the following letter, which he handed to Dorothy as soon as he had read it. It ran as follows:—

Bellebrooke Castle, Monday.

DEAR MR. VAUDEVILLE,—It will give me great pleasure to make your acquaintance as an old friend of my father. Harold Vaughan, my old college chum, is staying with me, and has, of course, told me of his visit to Stillmington and what came of it; but we will talk that matter over when we meet. Will you come to Bellebrooke for Thursday next, which is to be a gay day here? so bring your son and daughter,—you may trust Vaughan not to run away with the young lady. He has already engaged rooms at the "Strathley Arms" for you. I should be very pleased to put you up here; but then, I suppose, Miss Dorothy would have been left behind.

With kind regards, believe me, yours,

H. STRATHLEY.

"Well, Dorothy, what am I to say to his Lordship? shall we go?"

"I should like to, papa; but——"

"Never mind the *but*—we will go next Wednesday; I fancy a little change will do you good. Will you come, Frank; it is a nice place—quite worth seeing."

Frank stared at his father in astonishment; he could hardly

believe he was in earnest. Dorothy brightened and felt more hopeful.

"I am sure papa is coming round, Frank," she whispered shyly, or he would never take me to Bellebrooke, where I shall be sure to see him, you know."

"I hope it will all come right, little woman," answered he, kindly. "I can't make the pater out; he is running his head into the lion's mouth of his own free will."

Wednesday evening saw our travellers comfortably installed in the best rooms at the "Strathley Arms," an excellent dinner was ready for them, and Lord Strathley had sent some beautiful flowers and fruit from the Castle. Mr. Vaudeville asked a great many questions about his lordship, and gathered that he was a general favourite, and that his settling down amongst them gave great pleasure to his tenants. The waiter did not know Mr. Vaughan by name, but there were so many gentlemen staying at the Castle that that was not to be wondered at.

In the course of the evening, Lord Strathley's valet arrived; he had been sent by his master to see if there was anything they required; he had been instructed to say that a carriage would be sent the next morning to take Miss Vaudeville and her brother to the tent where the labourers and children who worked on the estate were to have dinner. Mr. Vaughan had begged him to say that if Mr. Vaudeville would meet him at the South Lodge, he would walk with him to the Castle and introduce him to the Earl. This Mr. Vaudeville readily undertook to do; and having made a stately bow, the grand gentleman in black took his departure.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Mr. Vaudeville, "his lordship is uncommonly polite! He must be very fond of Vaughan to make so much of his friends; but perhaps he considers my acquaintance with his father is a reason for his showing me this attention; at any rate, I am very much obliged to him."

The morning was clear and fine, and Dorothy considered this a good omen. She could not sit still a moment, but kept on running to the window to see if the carriage was in sight long before the appointed time. Mr. Vaudeville was also nervous and excited; he had read through a long article in the *Times* without having the least idea what it was about. Frank was the only cool one of the party; he amused himself by watching his father and sister, and devoutly hoped he should never fall in love to such an extent as to disturb the usual equanimity of his feelings.

At last the carriage came in sight, a handsome landau, drawn by a magnificent pair of bays. Dorothy clapped her hands as she exclaimed—

"Oh, papa, what a carriage, and what horses! How kind of Lord Strathley!"

"Did you expect to see a hackney-cab and a broken-winded cob?" asked Frank, laughing.

They dropped Mr. Vaudeville at the South Lodge, where he was joined immediately by Harold Vaughan.

"We are due at the tents now," he said hastily. "So if you do not mind, Mr. Vaudeville, we will go by this path—it is much nearer."

"I suppose Lord Strathley is already there!"

"We were to meet him on the lawn; but you must talk that matter over with him after the first set of people go, and before the others come. There is to be a tenants' ball to-night, you know."

"Is there, indeed? I had not heard of that!"

"Yes; it's a great nuisance, but the people wanted it. See, there is the house; you get a very good view of it from here."

They now began to draw near the tents, which were erected in front of the house; between two and three hundred people were assembled, a band was playing, and flags and garlands streaming from numberless poles and arches, had a very gay and brilliant appearance. They reached the lawn by a side walk, and directly they appeared in sight were greeted by loud cheers and waving of hats.

"You seem to be a favourite," said Mr. Vaudeville, who was nearly deafened by the noise.

"They are cheering Lord Strathley," was the curt rejoinder.

"Where is he? I don't see him."

Harold did not answer; but taking off his hat, bowed repeatedly to the people, who still continued cheering, at the same moment the steward came up and said—

"The dinner is quite ready, my Lord,—shall we admit the people to the tents?"

"Yes; certainly, Parkins. When they are all seated I will come and speak to them;" then turning to Mr. Vaudeville, he added, "I hope Lord Strathley has removed your objections to Harold Vaughan—at least, as far as his birth and fortune are concerned?"

"I thought you were something more than an artist!" exclaimed the old gentleman, as soon as his astonishment allowed him to speak. "I think it was very wrong of you to take us in in that way. Why did you not tell me who you were at once?"

"You must forgive me, Mr. Vaudeville; I wanted a wife who

ne for myself, not for my title and fortune. It was an odd of mine, no doubt; but thank God I have found just what I . Here comes the carriage—I suppose I may go and tell y it's all right, mayn't I?" Without waiting for an answer, flew down the slope, and was just in time to assist her out carriage.

t many months afterwards there were still greater rejoicings ebrooke. The snow lay on the ground, sparkling in the sunshine, flags and evergreens waved in the wind, the band joyously, the bells rang gaily,—for the Lord of Bellebrooke, dily becoming more dear to the hearts of his people, had t home his fair bride, and the story was in every one's mouth my lord" had wooed and won her as a poor artist without noney or position, and all agreed in saying that "my lady" uite disappointed at not having to screw and save, and that l rather looked forward to being despised by the world.



## A SIN AND A SHAME

THE millers of the olden time seem to have had the same good taste as their friends the monks, for they both selected the loveliest spots in England for their homes. Biddlestone Mill was placed in a deep "combe," or narrow valley, one of those singular geological *cul-de-sacs* which occur at the edge of the chalk downs. On either side the bank rose almost perpendicularly, clothed with a short, sweet herbage, which the nimble sheep cropped, treading narrow paths so close above each other as to resemble steps. Looking upward from the bottom, the blue sky seemed to rest on the hills, and to form a lovely dome to the valley. Higher up the combe there was a dark-green spot, where three springs of water trickled forth, after filtering downward through the chalk—cool, pure, delicious water; and the rill thus formed, bayed up by a dam, filled the mill-pond with a never-failing supply. The pond spread right across the narrow valley, and the osiers grew thickly round its margin. The water-lily floated and flowered on the surface; the proud drake, with his glistening neck, swam boldly to and fro, and the timid moorhens dived among the weeds. The mill was built of flint set in strong mortar, many-gabled, roofed with grey stone slates, with a deep porch, and a large mullioned window looking westward down into the fertile vale country below. The water from the wheel dashed and foamed along beside a lane which led out to the turning of the road. The stream ran under the road, and then fell sheer ten feet, splashing from one large stone to another, nourishing moss and huge ferns, till it rushed off in an eddying brook on its way to fertilise the rich meadows. High up, almost under the eaves, there was a narrow lattice-window, also looking westward, and so long had the tiny panes of glass been exposed to the wind and rain that they shone with prismatic colours.

John Barton, the miller, a man of few words, called the room up there "The Nest." The bird, his daughter Georgie, was in it that evening. A small room under the beams of the roof—beams black with age, but perfectly clean and tastefully arranged, full of the odour of fresh flowers, and of the breath of the sweet, soft wind gently sighing through the open window. She was dressed in a white muslin, open at the neck, displaying a small, delicate gold chain and locket. She was rather under the medium height, with a brow too large for perfect beauty; a fair, clear complexion,

with a tinge of the rose; large, lustrous blue eyes, and dark-brown hair—gold when the sunlight touched on it—falling to her waist. The expression of the face was almost too trusting, too innocent and childlike, denoting a confiding, sensitive disposition. While she worked at her sewing, there came the echo of a horse's hoof. She ran to the window, she saw the dust rise in a cloud, she saw the rider. What a weary time it was before he could get up the dark old staircase!

"Ralph!" Her arms were round his neck; he placed her on his knee; she clung to him, pressing her love upon him with all her force.

A tall, dark man, undoubtedly handsome; but there was a look in his black eyes which seemed to be ever searching for something afar off. An intellectual face; a high forehead, but a little too narrow. He held her in his arms, much as a father might his child, receiving her caresses with a pleasure indeed, but with his thoughts dwelling on graver matters. In her, too, there seemed to be a wish to say something, and yet a fear of offending. At last she timidly asked if he—

"Yes!" said Ralph, bursting out and frowning, "I've got it. I, Dr. Martin's assistant, by the favour of Sir James, Dr. Martin's friend, *I* am the selected candidate—£120 a-year to physic the paupers at the workhouse. Pshaw! all this anxiety and trouble to get *that*. It is maddening. I must take a cottage now."

"Ah! that would be pleasant. Will it be long before our—our marriage, Ralph?"

He frowned and pushed her away. She fell on her knees, and sobbed out—

"Oh! please forgive me, dearest. I—I—you know why—"

Her face grew hot and scarlet, then pale as death, and a tear fell on his hand. This stung him.

"You haven't the least confidence in me," he said.

"Oh, Ralph! I have *trusted* you."

There was that in the poor girl's figure which proved that she had indeed trusted him. Heaven grant that she had not done so too far! Does the spectacle of that which a man once eagerly longed for prostrate at his feet, and completely at his mercy, rapidly develope the tyrant in his nature? Something like contempt flitted across his features.

"I must go," he said.

She turned pale. He deemed it necessary to reassure her. He kissed her; he pressed her to him. The poor, foolish, loving heart revived. Then he left her and rode away. Eighteen months before, the fashionable doctor, summoned to attend the miller's



daughter, had sent his assistant, Ralph Burley. Georgie was very beautiful. But the story is so very old we need not repeat it. The man really had loved her. In his heart he did so still. But he had a brain and genius, and with that genius a burning ambition—an ambition which untoward circumstances had checked at every turn, till slow time and the iron of poverty had hardened and seared his heart. This appointment as the workhouse surgeon had come too late to satisfy or encourage. It insulted his inner nature instead. His subtle mind had formed higher schemes; and Georgie was a clog. Not that there was anything to fear from the girl herself; but her father. Barton, the miller, was a sturdy old man; no respecter of persons, and Ralph fancied that he had looked askance upon him of late, as if half-suspicious. Georgie's mother died in giving her birth, else her condition could not have remained so long unnoticed.

Ralph rode down into the valley with a frown upon his brow, unconscious of the beauties of the sunset and the gorgeous clouds in the west. How often has it been said that genius fails and is forced back upon miserable subterfuges, because no wealthy man has had the acuteness of vision to distinguish it from the crowd, nor the liberality to encourage it! But does it not also happen that when so encouraged, unless the genius be balanced with moral qualities, it is misled by its own ambition, and uses the opportunities afforded to its ruin. Sir James Crawley had by slow degrees marked out his doctor's assistant as a young man of extraordinary ability; he had invited him to his table, consulted him on his daughter's delicate health, till in the course of time Ralph grew to have the liberty of the place, and to come when he chose.

Maud Crawley was a woman completely different to all whom he had hitherto met. *Petite* in figure, elegant, and graceful; dressed always in the height of the fashion, her oval face lit up with ever-changing expression; now a frown, now a smile, now a mocking laugh. It was not so much her positive beauty as her manner which charmed. Her features were regular, but they were not lovely in themselves: her best was the mouth, so small and well-shaped; a perfect rosebud, which could not close but make two bites of a cherry. She had seen two London seasons. She remained at Crawley Court this summer, for there was a spectre this lovely creature dreaded, and that was consumption. Late nights, too much excitement; these had paled her cheek, made her step languid, and her pulse irregular. There really was no danger; but her mother had died of it, and Maud, then a child, had a vivid memory of the scarlet drops of blood on the handkerchief and her fainting mother on the sofa. So she remained at Crawley Court, wearied with *ennui*, yet afraid to venture. There

as no intention of evil in her mind ; it was merely the pastime of an idle hour this flirtation with Ralph. Accustomed to it all her life, she thought nothing of it. She had dwelt in spheres where it was the every-day business of all, and no one ever took it seriously. But Ralph had not. It was his misfortune that he had led too hard a life, too earnest, too much work, and thought, and study. When fortune at last began to smile upon him ; when Sir James extended his hand to him, he was too eager, too ready to believe that the world had opened its arms ; that he was assured of success now in all things. The intense vanity that existed deep down in the man's nature—that had been suppressed and beaten down by sheer force of circumstances—rose to the surface and indeed him. He was even so foolish as to believe that Maud loved him. In his mind the struggle was between his duty to Georgie and his ambition : he never doubted his power to satisfy it. Maud, the heiress of Crawley Court, or Georgie, the miller's daughter ; either—which he wished. That evening, walking with Maud in the garden, she put the crown upon his folly. As they parted, she snatched a moss-rose from its stem, kissed it, and placed it in his coat. She let him kiss her hand ; then darted away. Ralph rode slowly across the park, marking with keen eye the great oaks and noble elms ; the deer in the distant glades ; the rabbits composedly feeding. He glanced farther—the swelling undulations of rich land stretched away as far as eye could see, and they belonged to Crawley Court. His mind rushed on and pictured himself as master here. But it rushed back as swiftly ; it could never be while Georgie lived—for the old man would tell tales. Never—while Georgie lived. He spurred his horse on, and his heart grew sullen and bitter. The sound of the hoofs rang out the echo—"While Georgie lived."

A few days afterwards Ralph came on foot to Biddlestone Mill, and asked Georgie if she would like to go for a walk with him to look at the Workhouse—the new scene of his labours. Georgie was delighted. It was weeks since she had been out with him, but the old man grumbled sorely. Yet he did not forbid her.

"None of our folk ever went thur," he said. "My fader, nor his fader, nor hisn's fader never went anigh th' work'us. Bartons we be, and millers we be, and never had no doings with parish say."

"But, father, I am only going to look—"

"That's right enough ; thee's better not go fur anything aside. But it bean't thing ; it bean't th' thing. We've lived in this house time out o' mind, and that wheel here a bin turnin' his hundred year, and narn of us never bin to workus."

"But—but—"

"Aye, aye, nar a Barton's foot been inside *he* afore. But thee wants a day out; so get thee along, wench."

He turned into the porch and the pair started. Barton watched them from the window. "If th' ring wur on her finger," he muttered; "if th' ring wur on her finger. I misdoubt *he* to be fause. If he be." There was an ominous clenching of the great brown hand.

"Haven't you been well, dear?" said Georgie, sliding her hand into his as they entered the meadows. "You look so pale."

"The heat," said Ralph, as he clasped her round the body, and with a sudden exertion of strength swung her over a stile.

The unexpected motion dissipated the last speck of cloud from Georgie's brow. She was but a child; she looked up in his face, her eyes beaming; she sprang lightly over the furrows among the new-mown hay, and gathered the wild-roses from the hedge-row for his coat. She hummed snatches of favourite songs; the way was light beneath her feet, and too soon they re-entered the dusty road where she could not enjoy the freedom of the fields. They passed a cottage by the roadside. It was small, of red brick, and slated; but the red brick was hidden by a green creeper with masses of crimson flower, and the beds before the door blazed with geraniums and calceolarias.

"It is where I live," said Ralph.

Georgie gazed eagerly.

"How pretty!" she cried—

'And I shall be happy with Donald,  
And he will be happy with me.'

Ralph walked sturdily on. A few minutes, and they came to a pair of large green gates in a wall of great height. These gates were thrown open by a boy, and Georgie saw a vast square building which she knew was the workhouse. The hard, harsh appearance of the place, where all was utility and nothing beautiful, subdued her spirits. The master met them as they entered.

"I need not go over with you, Burley?" he said: "you know the way, and I am very busy."

So Ralph led her alone, first into the great board-room, with its long, broad table, armchairs, and huge inkstands; then over the ground floor wards and through the school. Then upstairs to the dormitories, the store-rooms, and the nursery. The extreme cleanliness of the whole place, the order and neatness which prevailed, did much to reassure Georgie, whose idea of a workhouse, founded on her father's prejudices, was a den of squalor and misery. It was true that the inmates did not look happy, but they did not appear wretched, and they made no complaint. They then

eturned downstairs, and visited the dining-hall, and afterwards the kitchens, where Georgie was deeply interested in the vast ranges and the method of cooking such quantities of food.

"And now where is the hospital?" said Georgie. "The place where you work. I must see that."

She was more eager to examine the hospital than any other department, because it was Ralph's. They passed across an open courtyard and into a separate building. There was just the faintest tinge in the atmosphere—a slight taint which even the most scrupulous cleanliness cannot entirely banish from the home of disease. The patients were in wards opening one into the other. There were two or three accidents—labouring men brought in from the fields, hurt by a waggon or a bull, several consumptive women, and many cases of severe rheumatism, so terribly common amongst the poor who work in wind and wet. Georgie full of compassion, went to the bedside of all, lingering especially by the women. Pausing as they were about to enter another ward, Georgie pressed Ralph's hand, and whispered, her eyes almost full of tears—

"I shall so like, when I am your wife, to come here and read the Bible to these poor people."

The latch rattled in Ralph's hand, but he said nothing. This ward contained an old man whose only disease was extreme old age, and who talked childishly; he called Georgie, "Polly,"—it was a pitiful spectacle; it shocked her greatly.

"Let us go into the next ward," she said.

The door was before them; she put out her hand and unlatched it. Ralph stood in the open doorway. Georgie went to the bedside and found a young woman of the labouring class—handsome, with black eyes and brown hair. She tossed and turned as if in great pain, and muttered something about her "forehead," the "wages," and the "hay." Georgie smoothed back her hair and bent over her. The poor girl turned, and her hot breath played with Georgie's brown locks.

"I will read to you," said Georgie, taking a small Testament from her pocket.

But at that moment Ralph sprang forward, and seized her so hard by the arm that he hurt her.

"We must go," he said in a hoarse voice, and drew her unwillingly away.

Hardly had they re-entered the old man's ward, and shut the door, when the nurse came bearing a bottle Ralph had sent her for.

"Ah! that is it," he said carelessly. "Give her two doses in quick succession. Come, Georgie!"

"How warm you look!" said Georgie as they recrossed the court.

In truth, great drops of perspiration stood on his brow. The matron met them in the kitchen, and asked Georgie to take a glass of wine; but Ralph was impatient to be gone. As they left the great green gates, Georgie reverted to the poor handsome girl on the pallet.

"What a beautiful colour she had!"

There was no reply.

From that day Ralph sat in his cottage, and waited for It to come. It! Slowly a week passed by; the inevitable is sometimes very loath to arrive. Every evening he sat at his cottage-window and waited. It came at last. A message from the mill. A man on a swift pony eager with the news.

"Miss Georgie was ill! Maaster sent him! The doctor must come at once!"

Ralph's face turned livid. Without waiting for his horse, which was in a stable at the village some distance off, he seized his hat and ran. At the mill door old Barton met him.

"She wur main bad yesterday," he said; "but I thought 'twould be all right—"

Ere the sentence was finished Ralph was upstairs. Georgie lay on the sofa in the Nest. She burst into tears. He said nothing, but sat down beside her, and buried his face in his hands. Barton's heavy footstep sounded on the stairs.

"Georgie, dear," said Ralph quickly, "you must go to bed instantly. I will run for medicine."

He started. Barton held him on the stairs, and would not let him pass till Ralph whispered, "Fever," in a chill whisper.

"Lord, help us!" groaned the miller.

Ralph came back with the medicine. From that hour he rarely left her bedside. Whatever skill could suggest was done; but the fever increased rapidly. Georgie saw that he was agitated, and thought that it was all on her account.

"He must keep calm," she said, "for her sake."

The large blue eyes, so unnaturally bright, went right to his soul. At last the crisis came. He watched the livelong night, and it withered him more than twenty years would have done. The fever left her; but left her too weak—she could not rally. She was dying.

Ralph left the room a moment, and went down round the house out of sight beside the great mill-wheel. It was still; the miller would not grind lest the noise should disturb her. In the moonlight he knelt down, and the agony of his soul went up. Let him die in her place; let what—a hundred wild, frenzied offers to the Almighty! When at last he got back to the room above, the deep blue eyes met his, as languid now as they had been brilliant before.

he spoke his name, and partly raised her head. He placed his hand under to support it. Suddenly he felt the muscles relax; the head was a leaden weight in his hand. Georgie was dead!

The huge wheel, iron-bound, with the green moss growing upon it, went round and round again after a little while. The rushing of the water, the monotonous noise of the hoppers, filled the great mill with a volume of sound. But the miller was not as he had been. Fifty-five years had John Barton, man and boy, watched that wheel go round. Here he was born; here he was married; here he saw his wife die; and now Georgie was gone. The man's whole heart and soul had centred itself upon the girl. In the monotony of his existence she had become to him as life itself. So he sat now upon a huge block of wood, his head upon his hand, his eye upon the wheel, and silently there shaped themselves sorrowful thoughts in his mind. He was the last of his race. He was very proud of his name; but that name now must fail. That part which was yet left of his life would resemble the water-wheel, round and round, without feeling, without hope. Day by day the miller sat longer and longer upon this block of wood, gazing with earless eyes upon the revolving wheel. At last, one evening, Johnson, landlord of the Crown Inn, Biddlestone, came in and sat down upon a bench silently. Between these rude natures the companionship of thirty years had caused a certain dull sympathy.

"Barton!" said the landlord, after awhile, "this is bad. Come over wi' I."

Barton made no reply.

"Have you heard naught?"

Barton turned his lustreless eyes upon the landlord.

"No; then harken. *She* (with a jerk of his finger upward) died o' fever, didn't she? Th' nuss at the workus is my missis' niece, and she come up last night. Nuss ses as th' doctor took *he* (another jerk upward) into the fever ward."

"What?"

"Into the fever-ward. Folk do say as he wur a-looking arter the Squire's daughter, and wanted to get rid o' *she*."

"If I thought that," said Barton, springing up and seizing an axe. "If I thought that—I'd—"

He swung the axe over his head and split the log of wood upon which he had been sitting in two.

Ralph Burley as he went about his duties felt almost instinctively that he was shunned. The Master's voice no longer cheerily welcomed him; the matron did not meet him with a smile. He was not invited to lunch in the private room. He had aged greatly since *her* death. His forehead seemed pinched about the temples; his hair fell off; his skin turned yellow. Yet with an iron will

he struggled on. He made no sign that he perceived any difference in the conduct of his old friends; he passed them with a haughty smile. His voice never trembled; his hand never shook. No one could guess the terrible conflict he went through every evening—the battle that begun as the sun went down. Sitting in the parlour in his cottage—the cottage Georgie had so longed for—there rose up in his breast a demon who struggled and fought with him. It compelled him to ask himself the question—Was he a murderer? Eagerly he battled with himself, bringing reason and sophistry, and all the weapons of the intellect against his conscience. The fever was rife in the district; she would probably have caught it elsewhere. No; not in the isolation of her life at the mill. He did not ask her to enter the hospital. No; but he knew when he took her to the workhouse that she would be sure to want to see it—he did not prevent her entering. He did not open the door of that fatal ward—no, but he did not put forth his hand to stay her. Why did he send the nurse for the bottle? to have her out of the way, for the nurse would never have allowed Georgie to go near an infectious patient. It was useless to argue. He was a murderer. A weaker man would have succumbed under the terrible agony he underwent, but Ralph determined to go through with his scheme. The only hesitation he felt arose from a doubt as to whether the time was yet ripe; had he not better wait awhile. Wait—ah! that was the one thing he could not do. His sin drove him onwards with sharp goads.

It is easy to blame Maud for these things. But, with all her selfish wilfulness, Maud would have shrunk in horror from any deliberate evil. She had no idea that there was such a person as poor Georgie—still less that anything bound Ralph to another. But it is dangerous playing with edge-tools; doubly dangerous when those tools are sharpened with gold and broad lands, and the playmate is poor and ambitious. Maud never for a moment dreamt that he had taken anything seriously. So that when Ralph came to her and expressed the hopes he had formed, and asked for her hand, her first impulse was to laugh. That laugh pierced him like a dagger. Then she felt angry, and finally, her better feelings overcoming, she felt thoroughly ashamed of herself. Straightway she told him, in too calm a tone to admit of a doubt, that she had meant nothing; that he was nothing to her. Then Ralph turned on his heel, and left her without a word.

Had this man Burley been in different circumstances, had he been even slightly favoured by fortune earlier in his career, he might have become a great man and an honour to society. How few of us are what we should have been had circumstances given our nature scope to expand itself! But most of us have been hemmed

and pressed down, and compelled to meet daily with dull and dispiriting circumstances, till at last these re-act upon our nature, and warp us from our original bias. Ralph was to be pitied as well as condemned. Who could analyse that man's mind as he returned once more to his solitary cottage? He sat upon his bed our after hour, silent and haggard. Towards the evening he bared his wrist, and took a lancet from his waistcoat pocket. At that moment there was the sound of carriage-wheels; the carriage stopped. The lancet fell from his hand. Steps came up the staircase; a hand was laid upon his shoulder. It was Dr. Martin.

"Ralph! is this true?" he said.

No answer.

"Ralph! I went to the Union to see how you were getting on. They told me a terrible tale. That you, my pupil, whom I thought so much of, had taken your betrothed to the fever-ward—that she had died from the infection—that you did this under an infatuation for Miss Crawley. Speak to me! Come, speak! stand up and refute these horrible suspicions. Nay, let me see your face?"

He stooped and drew back in horror from that sight.

"Ralph," he said in a broken voice, "the law may not reach you, but may Heaven have mercy on your soul!"

The same night a crowd collected round the cottage, with Barton, the miller, in their midst. The windows were smashed, the door was broken in, but he whom they sought for had fled, and was never seen again.





FATHER STILLING'S SUNSET:  
A STORY OF GERMAN HOME LIFE

IN THE LAST CENTURY,

Adapted from the German of Jung-Stilling,

BY J. LOBAINE HEELIS.

CHAPTER I.

TWO KINDS OF WISDOM.

IN a very hilly country district of Westphalia, whose heights overlook several small counties, is a parish called Florenburg. Its inhabitants have for ages entertained a great dislike to the word *village*; and, therefore, although they gain their living by agriculture, have always sought to maintain a superiority over their neighbours, who are only farmers. The latter, however, used to say that the worthy inhabitants had suppressed the real name of the place, which was *Florendorf*,\* and had invented the name of *Florenburg*\* instead. Be this as it may, Florenburg is, at any rate, a seat of justice; and the head of the magistracy at the time of which we speak was Johannes Henricus Scultetus; outside the courthouse he was called by unpolished and ignorant people Master Hans; but by the more genteel citizens was styled Master Schulde.

About four miles from this place, in a south-easterly direction, is a small hamlet called Tiefenbach, so named from its position between two hills, at the base of which the houses on both sides overhang the water collected from the valleys north and south, which here forms a river. The eastern hill, which is called the Giller, is very steep, and its western side thickly covered with beech-trees. It offers an extensive view over fields and meadows, bounded in the far distance by similar high hills. These, also, are thickly planted with beeches and oaks, and only here and there a gap may be descried where a lad is driving an ox, which drags a load of charcoal along the half-made roads.

Away, there, on the northern hill, named the Greiesburg, which rises towards the clouds in the form of a sugarloaf, and on whose peak is the ruins of an old castle, stands a house in which had lived for generations the ancestors of Father Stilling.

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\* *Dorf* means village. *Burg* means fortified town.

About the year 1740 there dwelt in this house a respectable old man, a small farmer and charcoal burner, named Eberhard Stilling. During the summer months he lived in the forest where he used to burn charcoal; but came once a week to Florenburg to see his family and provide himself with food for the next week. He usually returned home on Saturday evenings, so that he might be able to attend church on Sundays at Florenburg, where he was one of the elders. In these avocations consisted the principal business of his life. He had six grown-up children, of whom the two eldest were sons, and the four youngest daughters.

One day as Eberhard descended the hill, tranquilly gazing at the setting sun, and playing on his fife the air—"Der lieben Sonne Lauf und Pracht hat nun den Tag vollführet,"\* the words of which passed through his mind at the same time, he was overtaken by his neighbour Stähler, who was walking rather more quickly, and did not seem to trouble himself much about the setting sun. After walking close behind Stilling for some time, and fruitlessly endeavouring by coughing to attract his attention, Stähler began the following conversation—

"Good evening, Ebert!"

"Thank you, Stähler," rejoined Father Stilling, continuing his fifeing.

"If the weather continue fine we shall soon be able to gather our wood. I think we shall then be able to finish in about three weeks."

"Possibly," returned Stilling, who went on with his playing.

"I can't get along so fast as I used to do, young fellow. I am already sixty-eight years of age, and methinks you must be about seventy?"

"About that," said Stilling. "The sun is setting behind yon mountain. I cannot be sufficiently grateful for God's goodness and love. I was just thinking, Neighbour Stähler, that it is evening with us too. The shadow of death draws nearer day by day, and will overtake us sooner than we look for. I thank eternal Providence, which has supported and cared for me through life's journey."

"That may well be."

"And I look forward without apprehension to the supreme moment when I shall be freed from this old and benumbed body to pass to eternal rest with the souls of my forefathers, and other holy men. There I shall find Doctor Luther, Calvin, Oecolampadius, Bucer, and others, who were so often extolled by our late pastor,

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\* "The Sun has now fulfilled his Daily Course."

Herr Winterberg, who used to say that they were the most pious men since the apostles."

"That is possible. But tell me, Ebert, did you *know* the people you speak of?"

"How you talk! They have been dead more than two hundred years."

"Ah, that's a long time."

"Besides, all my children are grown up,—they have learnt to read and write, and can earn their bread, and will soon be able to do without me and my Margaret."

"That's all very well. But how easily may a boy or girl go astray—take up with poor people and get their family an ill-name, when their parents can no longer look after them!"

"I am not afraid of that. God be praised that there is no need for my care. I have implanted in my children, by precept and example, so great a horror of wickedness, that I have no longer to fear on that score."

Stähler laughed heartily, just as a fox might laugh (if he could), which had carried off a chicken from a vigilant cock, and continued—

"Ebert, you have a great deal of confidence in your children; but I think you would put your life away if I were to tell you all that I know."

"Stilling turned round, and leaning on his axe, while his countenance wore a satisfied and confident expression, said—

"What do you know, Stähler, which should make me sad?"

"Have you heard, Neighbour Stilling, that your Wilhelm, the schoolmaster, is going to get married?"

"No, I have not yet heard of it."

"Then I will tell you that he wants to marry the daughter of the deprived Pastor Moritz at Lichthausen, and that he is engaged to her."

"It is not true that he is engaged to her. It may be that he would like to marry her."

They walked on.

"Can it be, Ebert? Can you permit it? Can you give a beggar's daughter, who has nothing, to your son?"

"The honest man's children have never begged. And if they had—but which daughter is it? Moritz has two daughters."

"Dorothy."

"I could never quarrel with Dolly, and never shall I forget how she came to me one Sunday afternoon, and, giving Margaret and me her father's greeting, sat down and said nothing more. I saw in her eyes that she wanted something, and I read in her face that

she durst not ask for it. 'Do you wish for anything?' said I. She kept silence and sighed. I went and fetched her four rix-dollars. 'There,' said I, 'I will lend you these until you are able to return them.'"

"You might as well have given them to her. You will never get them back again."

"That was also my idea to give her the money. But if I had said so the girl would have been still more embarrassed. 'Ah,' said she, 'My dearest Father Stilling (the good child wept scalding tears), when I see how my old papa turns his dry bread over and over in his mouth, and cannot masticate it, my heart bleeds.' My Margaret ran and fetched a pot of sweet milk, and since then she has sent them sweet milk twice a week."

"And you can allow your Wilhelm to take that girl?"

"If he wishes to do so, with all my heart. Healthy people can earn a living; rich people may lose what they have."

"But you said before that you knew nothing about it; now you say you are sure he is not engaged to her."

"I know that he would ask my leave first."

"He ask you? Yes, you may wait a long time for that!"

"Stähler! I know my Wilhelm. I have always told my children that they may marry as rich or as poor as they please and are able. My Margaret had nothing, and I only a small estate with many debts. God has blessed me, and I can give a hundred gulden to each of them."

"I am not a man," retorted Stähler, "to look upon things in the indifferent way you do. When I do a thing I must know what I am doing, and my children shall marry as I think best."

"Every man makes his shoes according to his own last," said Father Stilling, who was now at his house-door.

## CHAPTER II.

### LOVE AND WAR.

MARGARET STILLING had already sent her daughters to bed, and was now awaiting her husband's return. In an earthen plate which stood in the hot ashes, was a piece of pancake for her Ebert; to this she had put a little butter. A large dish of bread and milk stood on the table, and the good woman began to feel anxious about her husband, and to wonder where he could be. Suddenly the latch of the door rattled, and he came in. She took his linen wallet from off his shoulder, laid the cloth on the table, and brought him his supper.

"Oh, Gemini!" said Margaret; "Wilhelm hasn't come in

yet. I hope nothing has happened to him. Are there any wolves, about?"

"He is all right," said the father, and laughed: for it was his habit to laugh out aloud, even when he was quite alone.

Presently Wilhelm Stilling, the schoolmaster, entered the room. After wishing his parents good evening, he seated himself on the bench, rested his face in his hand and seem buried in thought. For a long time nobody spoke. Old Stilling picked his teeth with a knife which he used always to do after a meal, even when he had eaten no meat. At last the mother said—

"Wilhelm, I was very anxious about you, and was fearful something had happened—you were so late."

Wilhelm replied. "There was no need to be fearful, mother. As my father often says, 'He who is about his lawful calling need fear nothing.'" Then he turned red and pale by turns, and at last stammered out: "There is a poor expelled clergyman living at Lichthausen (where Wilhelm kept a school and eked out his living by making clothes for the peasants); I would like to marry his youngest daughter. If you, father and mother, consent, there is no other impediment."

"Wilhelm," answered his father, "you are now three and twenty years of age. I have given you an education, and you have knowledge enough; but you cannot help yourself in the world, because you have club feet; the girl is poor, and has not been brought up to hard work. In what way do you expect to keep yourself for the future?"

The schoolmaster rejoined. "I think my occupation will suffice to keep me; and, as for the rest, I rely entirely on Divine Providence, which will feed me and my Dorothy as well as all the birds under heaven."

"What say you, Margaret?" said the old man.

"Hum, what ought I to say?" rejoined she. "Do you remember what I told you in our honeymoon? Let us keep Wilhelm and his wife with us; he can follow his trade. Dorothy shall help me and my daughters as much as she can. She is not too old to learn. They can take their meals with us, he must give us what he earns, and we will provide them both with what is necessary; that, I think, will be the best."

"If you think so," replied the father, "he may have the girl. Wilhelm, Wilhelm, bethink you what you do; it is not a trivial matter. May the God of thy fathers bless thee with all that is needful for thee and thy maiden!"

The tears stood in Wilhelm's eyes. He shook his father and mother by the hand, promised to be dutiful to them in all things, and went to bed; and after old Stilling had sung an evening hymn,

and had fastened the door with a wooden bar, and Margaret had seen that all the cows were lying down and chewing the cud, the two old people also retired to rest. Wilhelm went up stairs to his room which had only one shutter to the window. However, it did not shut so close, but that sufficient light came through to tell when it was time to get up. This window was still open and he went to it. It looked out upon the forest. Everything was quite still, only two nightingales sang, answering one another melodiously. Wilhelm sank on his knees, "Oh, God!" he sighed; "I thank thee, that thou hast given me such parents. Oh, let them have pleasure in me. Let me not become a burden to them. I thank thee that thou givest me a virtuous wife. Oh, bless me!" Tears and emotion choked his utterance, and then his heart gave forth unspeakable words which only those souls can feel and know who have been in the same position.

Never did mortal sleep more sweetly than the poor schoolmaster. His inward satisfaction waked him in the morning earlier than usual. He arose, went out into the forest and renewed all the holy resolutions which he had ever made. He went home at seven o'clock and ate milk and porridge, and bread and butter with his parents and sisters; after which, first the father, and then the son shaved themselves while the mother and daughters decided who amongst them should remain at home, and who go to church, after which, they got ready to go out. All this occupied half an hour; then they started for church, the daughters walking first, after them Wilhelm; the father with his thick thorn-stick bringing up the rear. When old Stilling went out with his children they were obliged to walk before him, in order, as he used to say, that he might see their walk and behaviour, and so could guide them to uprightness.

After service, Wilhelm went again to Lichthausen where he was schoolmaster, where his elder married brother, Johann Stilling lived. In a neighbouring house the old Pastor Moritz with his two daughters had rented a couple of rooms in which they lodged. After Wilhelm had read a sermon to his peasants in the afternoon and had sung a hymn with them according to accustomed usage, he hastened as quickly as his crippled feet would let him to visit Pastor Moritz. The old man sat at his harpsichord and played a hymn-tune. His dressing-gown was very clean, and you couldn't see a rent in it, but there were hundreds of patches. Next to him, on a trunk, sat Dorothy, a young woman of two and twenty; she, too, was very cleanly, but poorly dressed, and sang the words of the hymn which her father was playing. She signed to Wilhelm and smiled brightly. He seated himself by her side and sang out of the same book. So soon as the hymn had come to an end the Pastor greeted Wilhelm, and said—

"Schoolmaster, I am never so contented as when I am playing and singing. When I was a curate I used very often to have singing, because amid so many voices united in praise the heart seems wafted above all that is earthly. But I must speak of something else with you. Last evening, my Dolly whispered to me that she loved you; but I am poor—what do your parents say?"

"They are quite satisfied," replied Wilhelm.

Dolly's bright eyes filled with tears, and the venerable old man stood up and took his daughter's right hand and gave it to Wilhelm, saying—

"I have nothing in the world save two daughters; this one is the apple of my eye—take her, my son, take her!" He wept. "May the blessing of God descend upon you and make you blessed before him and His saints, and before all the world. Your children must be true Christians, and your posterity great. They must be written in the Book of Life. My whole life has been consecrated to God; I have pursued my course with shortcomings, but without stumbling, and have loved all men; may this be also your rule of life, and my bones shall rest in peace." Here he dried his tears. The betrothed pair kissed his hands, cheeks, and mouth, and after that, kissed each other for the first time, and then they sat down again. Then the old man said—"But your betrothed has club feet, Dolly. Haven't you noticed that?"

"Yes, papa," said she, "I have noticed it; but he speaks so well and so piously with me, that I seldom notice his feet."

"Well said, Dolly; yet maidens generally take notice of personal appearance."

"I too, papa," was Dolly's answer. "But I like Wilhelm as he is; if he had straight feet he would not be Wilhelm Stilling, and how then could I love him?"

The pastor smiled pleasantly, and continued—

"You will have to order the cake this evening, for your betrothed must eat with you."

"I have nothing," said the innocent girl, "but a little milk and cheese and bread; who knows if my Wilhelm will be contented with that?"

"Yes," rejoined Wilhelm, "I would sooner eat a piece of dry bread with you, than rich milk with white bread and pancakes."

Meanwhile, Herr Moritz put on his worn brown coat with black buttons and button-holes, and, taking his lacquered stick, said—

"I will go to the bailiff and borrow his gun, and then I will try to shoot something." He often did this, for he had been very fond of shooting in his youth."

*(To be continued.)*

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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MARY BURROUGHES.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

### FRESH LIFE.

IT was the middle of the night when Madame Delachose reached her home in Stamford Street. The house was shut up and in darkness, excepting that a light was burning in Mary Burroughes' bedroom. Madame opened the door with a latchkey, lighted a candle which had been left on the hall table, and went up stairs at once to Mary's room. She was not in bed; but sitting dressed at a table reading a packet of old letters. She huddled them rapidly into an open desk as Madame entered.

"I expected you," she said. "Is all well?"

"Very well," said Madame.

"And my boy?"

"He is an angel," was the reply.

"Thank Heaven! I don't know what I feared; but I had a terrible dread upon me. And why did not Mrs. Andrews write?"

"The woman knew that your father had arrived, and she will write to you no more. She will write not to you at present; but to me."

"And this Mr. Neville, did you see him?"

"Yes, I saw, too, Mr. Neville. My word, Mary, but that is a fine man, that Mr. Neville!"

"Did you find out anything about him, whether he ever knew me, for instance?"

"Oh, yes; I was diplomatic. I went to Leigh and I meet this Mr. Neville, as if by accident. I rush forward as if I see an old acquaintance. 'I think I speak to a friend of Mary Burroughes,' I say with emotion."

"Mary Burroughes?" he replies; "oh, the great Heaven!"

"Then he grows cautious, does this Mr. Neville. He pretends



to think I had said some other name, and I get no more out of Mr. Neville; but I am certain, for all that, he knows Mary Burroughes very well."

"Too well," said Mary, sadly. She sat silent for a minute or two, and then she seemed to shake off some unpleasant thoughts, for she smiled, and her face lighted up all over, and lost for a moment its usually haggard look. "I have some good news, Madame, to give you," she said; "although I hope you will be a little sorry too. Those lawyer people at Gray's Inn have told my father that he is entitled to property to the amount of some thousands of pounds. It will all be settled before long; but in the meantime, we are to go to Puddlehurst in Sussex, and make the acquaintance of an aunt of my father's, who is still living."

"Oh, Mary, what news! Then you will be no more *modiste*, and I shall be Madame Delachose, a widow, and without any partner at all."

"You will keep the friend, Madame, if you lose the partner. I have not had many, and you have been very good and true to me."

The little Frenchwoman threw her arms round Mary and kissed her.

"Yes, I am friend where I love, and true friend. Truer than true; for if truth stand between me and my friend, then so much the worse for truth."

"And you are glad, Mary?"

"I hardly know; but I am excited and restless. I have been dead for many years, and it is like life returning to a corpse. I don't know whether it is true life, or only some shock which can make the dead start from their sleep. I hope and I fear again. Yes, I think I live once more—listen, Madame, you shall hear more of my story than you know already. I hope this money will buy back the father of my child!"

"Ah, Mary, do not say that. I could take back the father of my child—of course, I mean if I was not a widow—if he was villain, murderer, or perhaps, although I do not know, even if he had been traitor to me; but if he was mercenary, if he would sell his life for money! No, I tell you, no, and a thousand times no!"

"Ah, Madame, you do not understand."

"Not understand, Mary? I am not old, certainly; but I have had experiences. If a man is mean I wash my hands of him, once and for ever."

"It is no use, Madame—bad or good, it is all the same to me. While he lives I live, when he dies I die: he is all I have, although I never see him. He robbed me of all; he took my innocence; he imposed upon my love; he destroyed my belief in right and wrong;

and I have no hope left, but once more some day to share his fate, and no faith but that we shall both be condemned alike."

"And why did you leave this man, then, Mary, if he is so much your master?"

"Because he is my master, because I am a dog, if you like, but still his dog, and faithful at least to him. And he, too! is he faithful? He cannot marry again; at least, he is bound to that. But is he faithful? I do not know, but he is mine. Other women he may love, or pretend to love, and I can bear it, for they are but fools and playthings. They are nothing to me; for he can be nothing to them."

"Mary, you frighten me. What is this tie that binds you to a lover who does not love you?"

"Do not say that, Madame."

"Well, then, who does not show his love?"

"Yes, Madame, that is it, perhaps."

"What, then, is the mystery? Is it a secret society?"

"It is a secret, Madame Delachose. I can explain the tie no further."

"How you must have loved that man!" said Madame, musingly.

"I cannot comprehend it; you were beautiful, you were not poor, you had friends, you had no husband to annoy, and nothing to revenge; how could you do it?"

"Because I had no God, Madame. I was reading love letters when you came in; but they did not harm me. Here are the letters that led to my fall. They are all alike. They are very clever, and they taught me what they were meant to teach me, that there was no God in heaven; and then he who imparted this great secret told me where to look for a God on earth, and I found him."

"Mary!"

"Look at these lines upon my face. How many tears have gone to make these furrows, Madame? You cannot tell, no, nor can I count them. And yet, in spite of all, there has been no tear of repentance; and I do not think there can be while he lives and is true to me. Now go, Madame, thank you a thousand times for all that you have done, and don't be angry with me; don't think me cold in future. I cannot speak often as I have spoken to-night—it would kill me."

Madame kissed her, and said softly—

"Sleep, Mary, dear; perhaps to-morrow the sun will shine brighter. Good-night!"

When she got to her own room, Madame knelt down and made vow, it was all the prayer she said that night, and she looked grim and savage when she had finished it. Nor did Mary

Burroughes pray much ; she undressed slowly and hesitated. "I might begin now," she said, "to leave it off ; and then she turned and unlocked a cupboard. On the top shelf were a number of small bottles and a measure glass. "God help me !" she sighed, but she stretched out her hand and took the bottle, while she asked for strength to resist temptation ; and, in another minute, the dose of laudanum was measured out and taken, and the coveted rest was gained for a time.

At breakfast time next morning, George Burroughes explained matters to Madame.

"It seems my aunt is alive, and wants Mary and me to stay with her at Puddlehurst. I think we had better go ; blood is thicker than water, and she is my aunt. Of course, as for any affection, I don't pretend to it—in fact, the thing is impossible ; she never saw me since I was a child. I suppose I saw her, but I was a deal too young to recollect much about it. But that is not the only news, Madame. It seems I shall come into a good bit of property at Puddlehurst, and I feel necessarily interested in the place on that account. In the meantime, we had better leave matters here as they are at present ; and if by-and-bye, we have to dissolve partnership, I hope, Madame, you will not find George Burroughes ungrateful to his daughter's friend."

"You are too good, Mr Burroughes."

"No ; not in that way usually. I am keen enough at business and like my rights ; but in anything about my Mary I am soft. I would give my life-blood for those who have befriended her ; and as for her enemies, if she had any, well, the Lord might have mercy upon them, but I'd have none."

Mary looked at her father for a moment, and then she fondly stroked his head ; she said nothing however, and soon she and Madame left the room to pack up.

"I wish I understood Mary," said George Burroughes to himself. "She is fond of me ; but she seems so far away from me. When she patted my head just now, I could not help feeling as if she was patting the stuffed skin of some pet she had once been fond of and had lost. That's a deuced odd idea to come into my head, but it's true for all that, unless I am going crazy ! Ah, well, sufficient for the day is the evil of it, and perhaps we shall shake down comfortably together in good time."

When George and Mary had departed, Madame occupied herself with the duties of the establishment, and it was not until the evening that she had much time for reflection.

"It is bad," she mused ; "when Mary finds out the child is dead she will go mad ! Then Mr. Burroughes, if he ever discovers that there was a child, he will go mad ! and I am mad already ! I burn

with rage against that man—that priest—that Neville! If I was not a lone woman I would make a fine noise; but, alas! what can I do when there is no one to help me? Ah, it is a terrible business!” And then Madame wandered into Mary’s room and sat down in her chair. “That is her desk,” she soliloquised; “that is where she keeps the letters of that man without honour—bah! all men are alike for honour! It is women alone who understand the meaning of that sacred word. I wonder if I could open that desk and read those letters? my faith, here is a key made for the purpose—tremble, you man without honour, although you see me not, while I erad your false words!” There were at least two dozen old letters tied up in a bundle with a faded bit of riband. Madame began at the beginning. Ah, Mr. Neville, you are clever; you begin very modestly. You have seen her at church and you ask permission to call, and you remain with respect as sincere as your admiration, ‘Walter Neville’—my word, it is like Faust and Margaret. And now we grow warmer. ‘My love! my angel! my dearest! ever while this heart beats, it will beat with love for Mary.’ Well, I think you are a little bit of a liar, Mr. Curate, or else you have got another heart down at Leigh! This letter is better, he proposes to marry her. My word, he must have been in love for a little time! Why did not Mary say Yes? Ah, I see, she did say it. Here are six letters all the same, my promised bride, and all that nonsense; and then he signs himself ‘soon your loving husband, Walter Neville.’ Then she must have written asking him not to marry her—that was clever! she thinks he does not want the marriage enough. Here it is! he says, ‘I will never give you up, Mary. All you urge about our different positions, about my father and my mother, is less than nothing. I am ready to sacrifice all for Mary. Many have given up everything for a woman; but they never had the excuse that I see in Mary’s sweet face!’ Well done, Mr. Neville; and that is the last. And then, of course, he does not marry her. Well, Mr. Neville, I have read your letters and I sit now as judge, and I say, it is a dishonourable action. Suppose I take these two letters? Mary will not miss them. Who knows, perhaps some one will be glad to get them and thrust them down his false throat? Yes, man without honour,” said Madame, rising and putting the two documents in her pocket. “I appropriate your letters, and the laws of society shall be avenged!”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## FRANK AT HOME.

FRANK DE CALVERLY arrived at the expected time, some six weeks after the General had received the letter announcing his intended return to England. He should have been proud of the welcome he received in the home at Brook Street. He had always been the favourite child both of his father and mother, although he had given them a good deal of trouble. He had been intended for the Church; but he got into difficulties at Cambridge, and the General was at last obliged to pay a large sum of money for him to satisfy a gambling debt. The General would have refused, but the family lawyer strongly advised the payment, and recommended the General not to make too many inquiries. So the General paid the money, but insisted upon Frank leaving college and joining the army. To his great disgust, the commission was given in a regiment serving in India, and there Frank had been in exile for five years. In some respects he had been lucky, death had been very busy among his comrades, and Frank was a captain after a very short service. It would be difficult to find a finer specimen of male beauty than was presented by "Frank Henry Penruddocke de Calverly," as he sat at the dinner-table with his father the day following his arrival in England. He was tall and well-proportioned and his features were very regular, his complexion was clear and pale, and his hair and beard light brown and curly; his eyes were light blue with a curious metallic glitter in them. They could smile and so could his mouth; but the general expression of the eyes meant watchfulness, and that of the mouth and lower part of his face determination, but his manner put a stranger observer off his guard. It was difficult to suspect purpose in the reckless airy bearing of Frank; he seemed so much a creature of impulse; so boyish in many of his ways that women never suspected him of being anything worse than a trifier, and men thought him a jolly good fellow, just a little wild. His father was, however, a closer observer; and the General was afraid of Frank, although he was fond of him.

"Yes, my boy," said the General, as the two men sat together over their wine after the ladies had left the room, and had been followed to the drawing-room by the only other gentleman who had dined with them. "Yes; there is some alteration in Florence, as you remark. The fact is, that there has been a foolish little engagement, and Florence fancied, or perhaps fancies, an attachment to a young fellow we met at Leigh. By-the-bye, of course you know the man, how could I be so stupid! Walter Neville?"

"Bother the glass!" said Frank, as the claret ran over the

table-cloth. I beg your pardon, sir!—very stupid! it's this arm of mine twitches so. Sometimes I think I shall see some swell pill about it."

"See a *pill*, Frank?"

Frank laughed and explained. "I mean a *doctor*; we always call the medicos swell pills when they get up to gold lace on their caps and general's sabres."

"Oh, I see!" said the General—"very good! I wonder what they do it for! I never saw a doctor yet who did not carry his sword like a syringe. But, of course, Frank, you know this Neville."

"Oh, yes, sir, I know him, or rather I knew him a little at Cambridge."

"What sort of a man was he there?"

"He was a self-sufficient, domineering fellow, full of what you call high principle, and all that sort of thing."

"I'm not sure, Frank, but what that is the right sort of thing."

"Oh, of course; but this man was all for carrying his principles out."

"I see," said the General—"quite impracticable."

"Oh, quite so, sir. A sort of fellow that if you made him go a mile, would go two out of general benevolence."

"Ah," laughed the General; "hit him on the one cheek, and he would turn the other."

"No; by Jove he would not, sir!"

"Then, after all he did not quite act up to his principles, Frank? And what did you and he quarrel about?"

"Did he say we quarrelled, sir?"

"No; he denied a quarrel. He only said that you had dropped away from each other. Different pursuits and that kind of thing; but, of course, I knew there must have been a row. What was it, Frank, if I may ask?"

"All rows are about one thing, sir."

"You mean women?"

Frank nodded.

"Well, I won't ask you any indiscreet questions; but I really want to know if you think it likely that Neville would make a fool of himself with a woman?"

"Likely," said Frank; "pretty certain, I should say. With a dozen for the matter of that."

"I have a particular reason for asking you, Frank. You saw that young fellow, Lorimer, at dinner,—did it strike you he was rather attentive to Florence?"

"Well, yes, it did. If you had told me that he was attached, I should not have been in the least surprised."

"Just come a little nearer Frank, and help yourself. Between you and me, Frank, this is rather a serious business: Lord Lorimer is an eldest son, and will be Earl of Skueness some day, with thirty thousand a year. Now, this fellow, Neville, has but a beggarly five hundred a year when his mother dies; so that you see this question of his morality assumes great importance."

"I see, sir."

"There is no engagement, Frank, my boy; and I think the affair might be broken off by judicious management. Now, luckily, latterly there has been a good deal of dissatisfaction at Leigh with Mr. Neville; and your mother and I began to think of making some inquiries."

"What has he been up to, sir?"

"I hardly know. Your aunt Miss Penruddocke wrote and said there were all sorts of stories about him. Some of them seemed silly enough,—he bought his butter and milk from a Dissenting tradesman—he refused two invitations to tea with some old maids; I believe he kicked their dog when it bit him once. Then he objected to shave close, like a Catholic priest, to please his vicar. And then there was some story about a drowned child, and the mother coming down and meeting Mr. Neville at the grave in the churchyard at midnight. It was all uncertain until this morning when I received a letter which certainly does look promising. Wait a moment, my boy," and the General stepped into the library and returned with a good-sized packet. "Here it is! listen to it, Frank! 'Sir, I understand that your daughter shall engage herself to a curate, by name Neville, at the village of Leigh. Very good, then I tell you that the father of the child in the churchyard at Leigh shall marry the mother. I claim this Mr. Neville, and he shall never marry your daughter. And why, do you further ask? Read these letters, sir; and then if they are not enough, you apply to Madame Delachose, 2, Stamford Street, Rotherhithe.' Well, Frank, there is no mistaking those letters—look at them."

Frank took and read them. He shaded his face with his hand, so that the General could not see the expression. The eyes glared with malice, and the lips were tight closed and merciless; but when he took his hand away he looked unconcerned enough, although paler than usual.

"I think, sir," he said, "you had better leave this to me. I will call on Madame Delachose, and, with your permission, I will take these letters."

"Be careful, Frank!"

"I can be careful enough, sir; I have had some lessons in my time."

ry well, then, say nothing at present; and if you won't take a wine, Frank, we will join the ladies."

Following morning Frank called on Madame Delachose. She him very graciously, and listened attentively to him while inquired the reason for his visit.

"I inquire, Madame," he asked, "where you heard of any sentiment between this Mr. Neville and my sister?"

"I, then, you deny the engagement—is it so? here, then, is the letter. It is not clear altogether, for my correspondent is just stupid; but it is clear enough. Read, then, this letter. It is written in a bold hand and easily legible. It began—

DURED MADAM,—I think it my duty to inform you that the co-resident Mr. Neville, is engaged to be married to a daughter of General de

I should say men are generally soft when in this state, and a quiet man on the sly (so to speak) might bring in more than any action, if your respected husband think fit. I shall be happy to attend to communications on this or any future occasion; and with kind wishes to Madame Delachose, I remain, honoured madame,

Your obedient servant,

HUMPHREY BUGGE.

"I tell these letters surely, Madame," said Frank, "were not to you?"

"No, me, oh, no! nor is the child mine. Mr. Bugge presents a little child; but I make my compliments to Mr. Bugge, and decline the honour. I have not mentioned the name of the only Mary."

"Suppose I know it, Madame?"

"Possible!"

"Not quite,—the mother's name is Mary Burroughes."

"Did you tell me that?"

"Yes, as at college with this Mr. Neville."

"Did you are his friend?"

"His friend! I would ask nothing better than to stand alone for a single hour, where we could have our quarrel out."

"Is it so, then? but I need not ask,—I saw your eyes! You are an actor sometimes, but no man ever acted like that. I trust you speak the truth this time. Well, then, Mary Burroughes is another."

"Did you where is she now?" asked Frank.

"She is at Puddlehurst, in Sussex, with her father."

"Puddlehurst? how very singular."

"Why?"

"Because I am going to Puddlehurst myself, to see the widower officer in my regiment. I should like to help this Mary if I could; but I don't see my way clearly. The fact is I want to quarrel just yet with this man Neville; but I



think I could give the girl some information that would serve her."

"Can you not call on her?" asked Madame.

"True, but it is awkward to ask for a long interview on a first visit. I will tell you what would do. Suppose Madame, that you write to Mary Burroughes, and tell her that you have seen me, and that I can be of service to her. If she would meet me at the railway, I could explain matters."

"Yes, that is true; but she would not know you."

"Not know me?"

"Bah, you are vain as handsome. You think so fine a man would be known everywhere. But if I tell her to look out for a handsome man, yet you may not know her, for Mary is not so handsome as she once was. Listen, you shall wear a pink in your button-hole, and Mary shall have a pink bow on the end of the parasol,—is it not so?"

"Capital, Madame! And this child, Madame, is it dead?"

"Is the little Henry dead, you ask? Yes, he is dead. He fell into the river. You are faint, sir?"

"No, thank you; only for a moment. Was he drowned? Does not Mary know?"

"She knows nothing. She thinks that child is alive still at a place called Talminster. It was singular that man Neville jumped into the water to save that child, and he did not know it was his own!"

"Did he?" asked Frank.

"Yes."

"Then ten thousand curses b——t him!" exclaimed de Calverly. In another moment he had recovered his self-possession.

"Excuse me, Madame, for swearing before a lady."

"I pardon, for he is great villain, this Mr. Neville!"

"And now, Madame, I will take my leave, and I hope our acquaintance may not cease with this one visit."

"You are too good!"

"Then I may call again?"

"Ah, certainly; my house is at your disposal."

"Then for the present adieu, Madame."

When Frank saw his father, he said to him—

"If you want to get at the facts of this business, have nothing to do with Madame Delachose, she is a very dangerous woman; but if you can get hold of Humphrey Bugge, the policeman at Leigh, you will know more than that woman will ever tell you."

"I shall write, Frank, to Mr. Neville, and demand an explanation."

Frank said nothin for a minute or two.

"As you like, sir; but I wish you to clearly understand one thing. No allusion must be made to me in this business. If there were any tales at Cambridge, I am not going to allude to them excepting, of course, to you."

"I see, Frank! I cannot say but what your scruples are right—in fact, they are honourable to you. Will you give me back those letters?"

"Yes, sir; but take my advice, or you may rue it. Say not one word as to how those letters came into your possession. Tell my mother this too."

"And when shall we see you again, Frank?"

"Not for a few days, sir; I have business at Puddlehurst."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE ACCUSATIONS.

THE Rev. Mr. Neville, accompanied by his mother, went up to town at the request of the General, who apologised for his inability to proceed himself to Leigh, on account of a threatened attack of gout, to receive an explanation which he stated he considered absolutely necessary, and not capable of being deferred.

Very little was said on the subject as mother and son travelled up to London. They both suspected that the General and Mrs. de Calverly thought Florence might do better in the matrimonial way, and were anxious to induce the curate to give up his pretensions; but neither liked to broach this view, and so they waited patiently for the General's explanations.

Their reception in Brook Street was by no manner of means friendly, although the General was courteous enough. He had received them in his library, and Mrs. de Calverly was not present. After a few minutes of trifling conversation the General proceeded to business:

"I have written to Mr. Neville, my dear madam, to request some explanation upon matters affecting his conduct, which I may say are at present both mysterious and capable of an interpretation which would be painful to all his friends, if true. If Mr. Neville wishes it I will make our interview private; or should you, my dear madam, desire to be present, I will request Mrs. de Calverly to join us."

The curate said he should prefer his mother to be present, and the General left the room to fetch his wife.

When they returned she shook hands with Mrs. Neville, but contented herself by giving Mr. Neville an elaborate but freezing greeting,

Having requested his auditors to be seated, the General commenced: "Mr. Neville, I regret to say that rumour has been very busy with your name in connection with that unfortunate child drowned at Leigh."

Mrs. Neville started, and the curate coloured crimson. In another moment he was cool again; but his manner was not exactly what it had been when he arrived.

"That chap means to brazen it out," said the General to himself. "I must remark," he continued, "that it is not desirable that a minister of the Church of England should, in fact, behave himself as though he were not a minister of the Church of England. Young men will be young men; but an open parade of loose notions of morality is bad taste, and, if you will pardon me for saying so, ungentlemanly."

"I am not aware, General de Calverly, that I am in any way interested, at least, in the way you imagine, in that unfortunate child."

"Then, Mr. Neville, I must ask you why the child bore your name? I have reason to believe he was called Henry Neville. Is that so?"

"Yes, I suppose that is true."

"Do you know the mother, Mr. Neville?"

The curate looked hard and resolute as he answered, "I believe I do."

"She is not your wife?"

"Thank God, no?"

"And now, Mr. Neville," said the General, with his most gentlemanly manner, and in his quietest tone of voice, "I am afraid I must read a letter," and the General produced one of the documents received from Madame Delachose. It was the passionate epistle in which Walter had refused to release Mary Burroughes from her engagement. When the General came to the passage where Frank said he would give up mother, father, and all, for her dear sake, the curate groaned with agony. He was deadly pale as he started to his feet.

"Stop, sir!" he said. "How dare you read my letters? You of all men, too!"

"Walter," said Mrs. Neville, "be calm, dearest."

The curate sank down upon his chair, and muttered, "Let him go on."

"I shall add no more, Mr. Neville. Of course, I do not ask you to acknowledge the paternity of that child; but you will excuse my suspicions, which I confess will not be dissipated, excepting by your declaring the name of the woman and the name of the father of her child."

"You have the woman's name upon the letter," said the curate.

"No, only Mary."

"And you, General de Calverly, know no more than that?"

"If you choose to assume so, Mr. Neville, I shall not contradict you; but I must bring you back to my question. Will you state the name of the mother and father of that child?"

"No," said the curate, very calmly.

"Walter?" said his mother.

"Nay, madam, I am answered already," replied the General. "Mr. Neville will understand that from henceforth we are strangers!"

"Can I not see Miss de Calverly?" asked the curate, in a hesitating manner, as if he was stunned and puzzled.

"Certainly not," replied the General.

"Can my mother see her for a moment?"

"To what purpose, Mr. Neville?"

"Merely that I may hear if she believes in my guilt."

"Perhaps it would be as well, General," said Mrs. de Calverly. "Will you follow us, Mrs. Neville?"

The curate was left alone for ten minutes, and then Mrs. Neville returned.

The stiffest of bows and curtseys closed the interview; and the curate, giving his arm to his mother, proceeded to their hotel.

Mrs. Neville looked sadly at her son when they met in the sitting-room.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Walter?" she asked, timidly.

"Yes, mother, I have got a story to tell you."

"Would it be better to do so, Walter? I doubt and fear now; but I have no certainty, and still some hope. It may kill me to have to doubt you; but oh, my boy! shall I have to despise you?—I could bear anything but that!"

"I don't know, mother. I think I do not judge clearly about it at all,—it was so strange a blow, and so unexpected, that I think for a time it upset my reason, and the old horror comes back when the story is revived. If you despise me I must bear it; but you must hear me."

"And you will conceal nothing, Walter?"

"I do not say so; but I will tell you no lie. Sit down, mother, please, and let me get it over; it seems to me while I hold this wretched secret that I care for nothing. It has taken away love and friendship, friend and bride, and now a new and better love. What wonder if it take away my mother? Sit down, I say, and hear me."

Mrs. Neville did as her son desired her. She was not a weak

woman; but there was something about her son's manner which overawed her. His suffering was evidently real and very hard to bear, and as she looked at him her resentment faded from her mind.

"Do you remember, mother," began the curate, "when I obtained a large sum at Cambridge from my father, and refused to give any explanation, excepting that it was to be employed to a good purpose?"

Mrs. Neville nodded her head, but did not raise her face; she could not bear to look upon him, he seemed so utterly wretched.

"Well, my story begins a few months before that. There was a young girl living at a milliner's in Cambridge; she was very beautiful, and I lost my heart and I made a fool of myself. That is a simple story so far."

"Did you ruin her, Walter?"

"Be quiet, mother! let me tell it all my own way or it will choke me. Did I ruin her? No! I tell you that I loved her! I was but a boy,—I had no more thought of harming Mary Burroughes than of committing murder. I asked her to marry me; and that letter, read by the General to-day, was my reply when Mary Burroughes wished to break off the engagement."

"Why did she wish to break it off, Walter?"

"Because, I suppose, she had a little pity for her most miserable dupe. It was an accident that broke off that marriage, mother. It was on the Wednesday evening that I entered the house where she lived, through the side gate, and strolled round to the sitting-room, which was at the back of the house, and opened into the garden. To my surprise, I heard Mary's voice in earnest conversation with another. I knew his voice, too. It was that of my most intimate friend. I don't know what made me do it—I stopped to listen. There was a little porch which sheltered the garden door, it was nearly closed, but not quite, and I could see into the room. It was a nice sight, mother, for a bridegroom! There she stood, with her face flushed and her eyes streaming with tears, with her arms round my friend's neck! What was she saying, do you think, mother? She begged him to take her away, to save her from marrying me! And, mother, he refused. I heard him, when she dropped her head with shame and said, 'How can I do this sin now?' I heard him laugh and say, 'Nonsense, Mary! marry the fool! You will have a husband and a lover too then.' What do you think I did, mother? I did nothing,—upon my soul, nothing at all! It seemed that I had only one hope, and that was, that no one should know that such a miserable dupe and fool had ever existed. I crept away at last like a thief, and got home to college

While I was wondering what step to take, I got a letter from Mary's aunt, to say that the girl had disappeared, and that my neck-handkerchief had been found in the porch. I remembered clutching at it, and thinking I was choking. I went down to the house at once, and I think that Mary's flight was due to her having caught sight of me as I glided away from the window. I never saw her afterwards but once."

"Then, Walter, dearest, you are free from sin! May God forgive me for being vile enough to doubt my own boy!"

"Free from sin, mother? Foolishness is sin! Think of the love I had wasted. Consider what I would have done to win that mockery of woman's love. Father, mother, prospects, all! Nothing was too good to fling at her feet, and she knew it; and he knew it, and he laughed in scorn and contempt as he destroyed in lust the purity of the temple where I had offered up my foolish love."

"Thank God, Walter, for your escape. Foolish, do you say? You were not foolish; you were a boy, and acted like a boy; but, thank God, again that you were my own own boy, and don't blush before your mother, Walter. There is no honest wife or mother, nor a pure girl in England, that would look with contempt on such foolishness as yours!" She held out her arms, and Walter kissed the tears from her eyes, and then the two sat hand-in-hand for a minute, when the conversation was resumed in a different tone. They were friends again, and better friends and closer than they had been for years. Mrs. Neville, for one, did not regret the journey to town.

"What became of her, Walter?"

"Ah, mother; now we come to my revenge,—that is to say, if it was revenge. Do you know, mother, I can never satisfy myself whether I did right or wrong. I am not sure, if it was to be done over again, that I would act as I did; but it is too late now."

"What was it, Walter?"

"I must go back now to that money business, mother. Mary's seducer was a gambler. I wonder, now, how I ever became so infatuated with that man,—I ought to have known better. I had heard that he did play high, and I knew that he had strange notions about morality; but he seemed in some ways so innocent, that I put the best constructions upon everything. I thought it was all fun and frolic, and, although I should not have recommended him as a companion for others, I never dreamt that he would injure me. Fool that I was not to know that if he were false in one thing he would be false in all,—for he had nothing to guide him but his own wayward will. The very next week after Mary's disappear-

ance I was astonished at being called upon to pay up a promissory note for one hundred pounds. My friend had drawn it, and it seems I had accepted it. Mother, the signature was a forgery! I will do him the justice to say he had no intention of defrauding me, nor of putting himself in the power of the law. The money to take up the note was, I found afterwards, actually lodged to his credit in a bank; but in his flight with Mary he had forgotten to give any directions. Well, mother, I bought that note with your money, and I have it still; and I made a strange use of it. I followed my friend, and I gave him his choice—he might marry the girl, or he might go to prison for forgery. He had his choice.”

“And did he marry her?”

“Yes, mother, after a little struggle. But he made a stipulation which has led to all this harm,—he would marry only on condition that the marriage was kept secret while he and Mary lived, unless he chose to disclose it. I gave in at last. And now, mother, you see why I cannot give up the name of the father of Mary Burroughes’s child. I think it is my turn to ask questions now. What did Florence say?”

“Florence, my dear,” said Mrs. Neville, “behaved like a very bad daughter. To all her father told her she simply replied, ‘I cannot believe it,’ until the General was almost frantic. ‘Will nothing convince you, obstinate girl?’ said the poor man at last. ‘Yes, papa, dear,’ said Florence. ‘Perhaps you will inform me what proof is wanting?’ he inquired. ‘Only Mr. Neville’s own confession, papa!’ that is what Miss Florence said—so keep up your spirits, Walter, and wait. Florence is worth waiting for.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### REST AT LAST.

PUDDLEHURST was not a very lively place. It was but a village, and depended for its very existence on a small town about two miles distant. The baker who supplied Puddlehurst drove over from the town daily, so did the butcher; and if these enterprising tradesmen had discontinued their visits, Puddlehurst would have been reduced to live on cocks and hens, washed down by the beer of the local inn, “The Green Lion.” There were but three houses of any pretensions at Puddlehurst. One was “Oatlands,” now shut up, where the grandfather of George had resided; another was “Maida Villa,” where his aunt lived, who had lately given this invitation which George had accepted for his daughter and him.

self ; and this third great house was " Duffell Hall," and belonged, or rather did lately belong, to the very " Major Mansell," who had commanded the wing of the regiment which had distinguished itself at " Ramgungewagly-wollah," when the poor major lost his life there. The major had been twice married, and his eldest boy, now fifteen years of age, was heir to the landed property and house ; but the house was at present inhabited by Mrs. Mansell, the second wife of the major, and now his widow.

The arrival of Mrs. Mansell at Puddlehurst had been quite an event, and following as it did so closely upon the visit of George and his daughter to Miss Burroughes, it had been a little too much for the minds of the inferior female population of Puddlehurst, and the women stood perpetually in little groups at their garden-gates. The general opinion was favourable ; there was no doubt that Miss Burroughes' grand-niece was good-looking, and there was a little romance about her, in consequence of the family quarrels between her great grandfather and her grandfather. As to Mrs. Mansell, no one could praise her enough, she was such a pretty dear, with her one child and her dozens of Indian shawls. George, too, was approved of. He might marry again, the gossips considered ; and why should he not by-and-bye take the widowed Mrs. Mansell for a wife ? Mary Burroughes was happy for many reasons ; it was something to have got the widow of a brother officer of Frank's for a neighbour. George Burroughes was less contented ; his aunt was rather trying, she was a very fair and quiet old lady, very kind and very harmless ; but by no means a lively companion. George called her " an animated vegetable," she passed all her mornings in the garden collecting slugs and snails, which she carried off tenderly to the nearest hedges to mourn over the repast of which she robbed them.

" The world is wide enough for us all," she remarked, as she filled the basket for the second time with a collection of slimy slugs. " Don't injure them, nephew George," she said ; " remember the lines, ' Welcome, welcome, to my cup, couldst thou sip and sip it up.' Kindness to the lower creation is a duty."

" I don't know, ma'am," said George, who had a horror of slugs, " that you would like it if any one took you up by the back of the neck tenderly while you were at dinner, and carried you off to the coalhole."

The old lady pondered, and then remarked—

" I think, George, dear, I only meant that we should not inflict any pain upon animals, excepting for our own benefit. You see, I must look after my roses !"

" Oh, certainly, ma'am ; I was only joking."

" Were you, George ? how very singular I did not know that any of our family ever joked !"



In the afternoon the old lady had to be amused by having the newspaper read to her, and this fell to Mary's lot, for George managed to be away from the house a good deal. But Mary did not much care, she had something else to occupy her thoughts. She had seen Frank. She met him at the little railway station as she had been instructed to do by Madame, and the pair wandered away among the lanes which led away from Puddlehurst. Mary tried to think as she walked rapidly by his side, as he strode away for a quarter of a mile without speaking; but she could not arrange her ideas. All seemed absorbed in the consciousness that Frank was there, and by her side. He stopped at last in a sequestered spot and spoke—

"Well, Mary, we have met again." He held out his hand and she placed hers timidly in his; she looked up wistfully in his face and the tears stood in her eyes. Frank gave a little laugh. "Don't be a fool, Mary; we are too old to be sentimental. Mary could not help it; tears streamed down her face, and she threw her arms round his neck and hung there. Frank kissed her carelessly, and then untwined her arms. "Mary," he said, "you had better be sensible, or by Jove you will not see much of me. Suppose some one saw you? I came down here to meet you to get this sort of thing over. I must come to Puddlehurst to see Mrs. Mansell; and I wanted to tell you that we must meet as strangers."

"Frank, dear," said Mary, "you have not asked after the boy."

"By Jove, no! How is he, Mary—quite well?"

"Yes, dearest. And, Frank, have you heard that my father has come into some large property here?"

"No; how could I possibly have heard it?"

"Yes, Frank, all the Burroughes estate. And, Frank, dearest, don't you think that you could let the secret be known? Oh, Frank, look at me—look at my face, think what I was, and what I am; and dearest, dearest Frank, have mercy!"

Frank de Calverly hesitated.

"We will see, Mary; but in the meantime beware, for if the secret is told, it shall be in my own way, and in my own good time. And now, Mary, good-bye! you will see me again perhaps to-morrow. I shall get Mrs. Mansell to let me accompany her when she calls upon your aunt—of course they visit?"

"Yes."

"Is your father here now?"

"He was in London last night; but he will be back to-night."

"Very well, then, I will make his acquaintance, and yours too, Mary, for the first time. Mind that! You can act a part pretty well."

"Frank," said Mary; "don't speak so harshly. If I acted a part once it was for you."

"Ah, well," he replied; "it will be for yourself now; so there is less chance of your breaking down. There, good-bye—no more nonsense;" and he shook her hand carelessly.

Mary drew down her veil and left him; Frank lighted a cigar and strolled backwards and forwards until she was out of sight.

"I don't know but what I might do as she wants," he said to himself, "if there is money enough; but it must be a good sum to reconcile me to the sacrifice. How the woman has altered, to be sure! I wonder how I ever could have cared for her! I don't think I ever did much, and if it had not been for wishing to cut out that cursed Neville, I should never have got into that scrape. By Jove, I ought to have told her the child is dead! It's all the better he has gone in some ways, because the whole of the past could be kept a secret now, and we might get married over again without having to explain the history of the youngster. Never mind, I have had enough serious conversation for one day; and now think I might make my way to Mrs. Mansell's.

There were two or three lanes intersecting each other near the spot where he had the interview with Mary, and Frank de Calverly took the one that branched slightly to the right. If he had taken the one to the left he would have met Mary Burroughes again. It was just as well he did not, for he was in no humour for sentiment. And there in the shade of some willows that overhung a dark pool, lying in some waste land which bordered on the roadway, sat Mary, the very image of despair. Her hands were clasped over her breast, and her breathing was short and hurried.

"I wonder," she said herself, "if I am dying! I never felt this pain so terribly before. Oh, if it were not for my little Henry, how glad I should be to go! surely, God might forgive me, for if I have sinned, oh, how I have suffered! And this man does not even care for me, and would be glad if I cumbered his path no more—perhaps God will take me soon. What was it aunt read last night? it has been ringing in my ears all day. I know—'Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.' Lord help me!" said the poor creature as she fell upon her knees and stretched out her hands to Heaven. "I am so fit to die, and scarcely sorry for my sin."

On the following day Mrs. Mansell called upon the elder Miss Burroughes, and introduced Captain de Calverly to that lady and her relation. The conversation at first was not very interesting. Miss Burroughes mentioned that the weather was hot, and supposed it was hotter in India. Captain de Calverly considered it was rather decidedly.

"Did Mrs. Mansell often take tea with the native ladies?"

Mrs. Mansell laughed and said, "not very often. Was Captain de Calverly fond of gardening? if so, Miss Burroughes would be delighted to show him hers."

The Captain was devoted to gardening, "in fact, could not get on without his 'molly,' " he said.

Miss Burroughes drew herself up rather at this.

"Your Molly, Captain de Calverly?" she said meekly, but firmly.

"Yes, madam. Oh, I beg your pardon, for using the Indian name; it does sound like the English word, to be sure. You see, my dear madam, that our mollies are our gardeners in India."

Miss Burroughes was so puzzled that she felt unequal to carrying on the conversation much longer unassisted; for George and his daughter were both silent.

"I suppose Mary is shy," thought the old lady; "but really George might help me out a little."

Luckily, just in time to save a dead pause, George opened his lips.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "Captain de Calverly; but I think I must have seen you before, or your relations. May I ask if you are connected with General de Calverly, who was stopping at Leigh this summer?"

"He is my father," replied the Captain. "Did you meet him there, Mr. Burroughes?"

"Yes, we were all mixed up together in a most unpleasant business."

"What was that, George?" inquired Miss Burroughes. "He does keep things so quiet, Mrs. Mansell, that I never heard he had been at Leigh. Did your father tell you, Mary?"

"He told me, aunt, he had been at Talminster at the time of a railway accident; but I forget about Leigh."

"You would not listen, Mary," said her father. "Why, I consider I was quite a hero there, as heroes go now-a-days. I jumped into the water up to my waist!"

"Oh, what an exciting story!" cried Mrs. Mansell. "Please, do tell it to us, Mr. Burroughes."

"Don't you think we had better be going, Mrs. Mansell?" said Frank, as he half rose from his chair.

"No; I don't think so, Captain de Calverly. I'm determined to hear this story. I declare it is quite refreshing to hear of any one in the water this hot day. Please, do go on, Mr. Burroughes."

Frank bit his lips and sat down. He shifted his chair so that he could keep a good look at Mary Burroughes' face.

"I am not a good hand at a story," began Mr. Burroughes;

but I will try and make it as short as possible. I was on the beach at Leigh, when all of a sudden I saw a young man jump into the water; and then a young lady began to scream, and then the old gentleman began to shout."

"How very interesting, Mr. Burroughes!—who were they?"

"The young lady, Mrs. Mansell, was this gentleman's sister, Miss de Calverly, and the elderly gentleman was his father, General de Calverly, and the young man was Mr. Neville, a curate down at Leigh."

Mary started and raised her eyes quickly. Frank was looking at her fixedly, and there was a stern expression about his face which warned her to compose herself.

"Pray go on, Mr. Burroughes."

"Then I ran up and the General asked me 'what I meant by setting my fellow-creatures down before his face?' So then I got into the water and pulled the young man out."

"Dear me!" said the elder Miss Burroughes; "was he dead?"

"No, aunt; but the boy was."

"What boy?" inquired Mrs. Mansell; "you never said a word about a boy."

"Didn't I? oh, yes, there was a boy, and the curate had jumped in to save the little fellow; but he was too late; and I don't know to this day who the little boy was."

"Most interesting!" said Captain de Calverly. "Thanks, very much, for your story. We really must be going now, Mrs. Mansell. I shall lose my train. I want to get back to town—business at the Horse Guards, you know."

Mrs. Mansell rose.

"What a pity," she said, "we cannot hear any more! You don't know the name?"

"No," said George; "Mrs. Andrews, at the inquest, who had charge of him at Talminster, would only say 'he was a love child, and that his name was Henry.' My God! what is the matter?" she said, as Mary rose from her chair; but she pushed him away.

"Don't touch me," she said, and she staggered across the room and clutched hold of Frank de Calverly's arm. "Tell him," she said in a thick, choking voice while she pointed at her father, "tell him it is not true. How dare he come back to us and tell us these lies!"

She gazed wildly in Frank's face; whatever she saw written there killed her. She flung up her arms above her head, and, with stifled cry, fell senseless on the floor. When Frank and her father raised her she was at rest.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## IN THE "TIMES."

FRANK DE CALVERLY was left alone in the sitting-room, while George Burroughes carried his daughter in his strong arms to her bed-room, and the women followed him, hopeless, helpless, and bewildered, and yet finding relief in doing something about their dead sister, although they knew their labour was in vain. In a few minutes Frank heard a rapid step approaching, and he drew himself together, and set his teeth. He was not a coward—he could face danger and death as well as any man, if there were need for it; but the need never existed in Frank's imagination unless some selfish purpose of his own was to be accomplished, and could not be attained without the risk. He knew that there was danger to himself now approaching, and his nerves were instantly hardened to meet it.

George Burroughes entered the room with a rapid step, and walked up to Frank. His face was pale and haggard, and he looked ten years older than he had done an hour before. His features seemed to have got smaller, and the muscles about the mouth were contracted as though with pain; his eyes were half hidden by his down-drawn eyebrows; but then there was a fierce light in them, which boded no good,—he looked dangerous. He placed his hand heavily on Frank's shoulder, who sat still and never rose from his chair."

"Who are you?" he said; "speak, man! say it out! whatever it may be, bad, or worse than bad, devilish or damnable,—say it out! Tell me no lies—there have been enough of them—let me know what you have done to Mary, and then we will have our reckoning!"

"Frank kept his eyes fixed upon George's countenance, and every muscle was prepared for resistance if the man had moved the hand, which still rested heavily on his shoulder. He had made up his mind what to do—he would tell the truth. There was absolutely nothing to be gained by a falsehood, and Frank never told one without an object. He kept his gaze on George's face, and said, quietly—

"She was my wife."

George staggered back as if he had been shot. He fell into a chair, and stared at Frank with eyes that seemed for a time to have lost their meaning. Before he could speak again Miss Burroughes and Mrs. Mansell re-entered the room."

"What does it mean, George, dear?" said the elder lady.

He could not speak, but pointed to Frank.

Mrs. Mansell addressed the latter coldly—

“Captain de Calverly, will you give any explanation or not?”

Frank drew himself up, and bowed to Miss Burroughes and Mrs. Mansell.

“I have,” he said, “already given to Mr. Burroughes all the explanation I am bound to give—I do not know that any is due to others. However, I repeat in your presence what I have said to him, his daughter, Mary, was my wife!”

“Your wife!” said Miss Burroughes; “how could you use her so cruelly? You must have deserted her for years!”

Intelligence seemed coming back to George Burroughes, and again the angry light burnt in his eyes. He would have it out, he thought, with this man yet.

“How dared you, you villain?” he said, as he seized Frank by the throat.

“Stand back!” was the reply. “Take away your hand, sir; I will give no answer to threats. You to ask me why I left my wife for a few years! Why, you were her father, and deserted her for a lifetime!”

He had hit home as he intended. The blood rushed crimson to George Burroughes’ face, and he fell backward in a fit. What could have happened to the afflicted family if Madame Delachose had not soon appeared upon the scene is impossible to conjecture. Miss Burroughes was helpless from age, George was shaken by his fit, and unable to collect his ideas; Mrs. Mansell was ignorant of all the facts, excepting that Frank and Mary had been man and wife, and Frank de Calverly had left Puddlehurst. But Madame held the clue to the mystery.

“It is all clear to me,” she said to Mrs. Mansell. “I do not explain to the elderly miss, for she has outlived the emotions of the female heart; but with you, madam, it is different. My poor friend, Mary, had a large sensibility, and she encouraged two lovers at the one time. She will marry Mr. Neville and this Captain de Calverly too. Then comes the baby, and after that the jealousy! and what wonder, when she calls the baby Henry after the one lover, and Neville after the other?”

“You are wrong there, Madame,” said Mrs. Mansell; “here is a copy of the baptismal certificate, which has been sent with that of the poor woman’s marriage. The child was named Henry only. My own idea is that the marriage was kept secret on account of the different rank of Captain de Calverly and Miss Burroughes, and that, when the child was put out to nurse, the name of Neville was given with it to Mrs. Andrews as that of the father, merely to deceive the woman. It is not at all unlikely that Captain de

Calverly would choose that very name if he had got tired of his poor wife and wanted to vex her."

"Then he is a bad man; he makes a fool of everybody. He deceives Mary—but she was only a child; and then he makes a fool of me. I am mad when I think of it. Listen, Madame Mansell, and pity me. I, myself, went to this very Mr. Neville and accused him of being the father of the child of Mary, and when he denied it, I denounced him to Mrs. de Calverly, the mother of this very captain."

"What did you do that for, Madame Delachose?"

"Because this Neville was to marry a young miss, a sister of the husband of Mary. What shall I do?"

"You must write to Mrs. de Calverly and explain the mistake, of course. I don't think we had better say anything about this Mr. Neville to poor Mr. Burroughes, my dear Madame Delachose."

"No, you are right there, madam. It does not do for men to know too much. They are like Adam, when they eat of that fruit of knowledge—it never agrees with them. And the elderly Miss Burroughes," continued Madame Delachose, "what use to tell her? She studies only the insects and the snails! I am as ignorant of the lives of caterpillars as she is of men and women with warm blood in their veins. For the present, then, adieu, while I write to Mrs. de Calverly."

"My dear," said Mrs. de Calverly to the General, on the following morning, "this is a most extraordinary woman!"

"What woman?"

"This Madame Delachose. She has had the impudence to write to me—and she must be mad as well as bad, I should think. Here is what she says:—'Madam,—I withdraw my letters and accuse Mr. Neville no longer. He is not the parent of the child at Leigh—I made a little mistake. The real father was Captain de Calverly.'"

"Oh, the woman is mad, my dear!"

"Papa, dear, may I come in?" said Florence, as she tapped at the door.

"Yes, my dear. What is it?"

"Look here, papa; here is the most extraordinary announcement in *The Times*, down here in the death column. 'At Puddlehurst, on the 14th October, at the residence of her aunt, Miss Burroughes, Mary, the wife of Captain de Calverly, 203rd Light Infantry.'"

"Confound their impudence!" cried the General. "Get me a Bradshaw, my dear. When is the next train for Puddlehurst? There's the postman! What the deuce has he brought? Some

other surprise, I should not wonder. Why it's from that fellow Neville!"

"General!" said Mrs. de Calverly, warningly.

"Why, this is most extraordinary!" continued the bewildered man. "You may stop, Florence. If it is true, it is only right you should hear it. 'Sir,' it begins. 'I find that it is no longer necessary for me to refuse to give you the information you demanded as to the parentage of the little child drowned at Leigh. He was the son of Frank de Calverly and his wife Mary. May I request to be excused from entering into any details of their secret marriage some years ago, when your son and I were fellow-students at college?'—devilish nice students!" ejaculated the General. "'I shall feel obliged by you informing your son that without his permission I shall decline to discuss this matter with any one.'"

"Papa," cried Florence, "Frank is coming! I saw him in that cab."

"Then I am not well," said the General. "I have got a tooth-ache. You can see him, my love, if you like; but I can't;" and the old General beat a hasty retreat, and walked up stairs to his bed-room and locked the door.

When Frank entered he was dressed in deep mourning; but his manner was not at all that of a man broken down with sorrow.

"There, don't cry, mother," he said as he kissed her; "I see that you have read it in *The Times*, and the sooner we get it over the better. You can stop, Florence—what's the use of running away?"

"Yes, it is quite true, mother. I married Mary Burroughes at Cambridge nearly six years ago, just after I was of age. I daresay the Rev. Mr. Neville can recollect all about it."

"Frank," said his mother, "we have just got a letter from Mr. Neville,—read it."

He did so, and returned it.

"Yes," he said, "Neville is right. I made a fool of myself, mother, and married a milliner's apprentice!"

"Oh, Frank; how could you?"

"I suppose I was romantic, mother. What does it signify? I am not the least bit romantic now, and the girl is dead."

"Frank," cried Florence, "please, don't talk of your poor wife like that!"

"Excellent women!" sneered Frank. "First my mother tells me I ought not to have married where I loved, or was loved too well, and now my little sister bids me mourn for a woman I hated! Be sensible, mother. The thing is past and gone, so far as I am concerned; and so, please, tell this Mr. Neville that I thank him for keeping my secret so far. I don't imagine I shall ever meet him to tell him so myself. Can I see my father?"



"He is not well, Frank."

"Ah, I suppose so. Taken suddenly ill, I suppose. I saw his head over the window-blind as I drove up. It does not signify a bit; he can write to me, and, if he wishes it, I will come here as usual on my return from Paris; but I shall only come on condition that no further reference is made to my domestic losses. Good-bye, mother dear!" he continued, as he kissed her, and his voice softened a little as he saw her grief. "I am really sorry you are so vexed. Good-bye, Florence!" and Frank left the room, walked quietly down the steps, and drove off in his "Hansom."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### OLD AND NEW.

WINTER had come round again, and Leigh was deserted. The beach was cold and desolate. The pleasure boats had buried themselves bottom up in despair, and hid their faces in the shingle, far above high-water mark. Their owners came down to look at them once a day, and then went gloomily back to mind their business. The female population chose this season for retirement, and Dr. Jerningham was fully employed. He had just come from the residence of Mrs. Baffles, who had presented Mr. Baffles with his annual, which in this case was a fine boy, when he met the Rev. Mr. Moodle.

"How are you, Dr. Jerningham?" said the vicar; "and, by-the-bye, how is poor Bugge?"

"I hardly know," replied Dr. Jerningham. "His is a very queer case. His wife tells me he was taken ill when that tombstone was put up."

"Which tombstone?"

"I mean the one over the little child drowned here. 'Henry, only son of Captain de Calverly and Mary his wife.' It seems old Bugge told his wife that the poor woman was not dead, and he knew it. He would not tell her why he said so; but he was an altered man, she says, from that day."

"He is really ill now, I suppose?" said the vicar.

"Oh, no doubt at all about that."

"It's very annoying, because he won't see Neville, and insists upon my attendance," continued the clergyman. "He says a captain can't be a curate; but what he means is more than I can tell. What do you think he said to me yesterday? 'The Scriptures were given to us for our learning—weren't they, parson?' said he—very vulgar, poor man, to call me such a name. I said yes, they were undoubtedly. 'Then,' said Bugge, 'how about the judge—"

ment of Solomon? When two women claimed one child he chopped it in half, didn't he?" Yes, I explained; he gave the order, but he had no intention of carrying it out. "It was a live child, wasn't it?" said Bugge. "Undoubtedly," I answered. "Then," replied old Bugge, "where's the use of the story? You can't chop a dead child in two to find out the real mother, can you? to say nothing of the act about cruelty to animals,—oh, get along with you!" Upon my word of honour, Dr. Jerningham, that man actually told me to get along!"

"And what did you do?" inquired the medical gentleman, "did you get along?"

"No, sir," said the vicar, "I retired. I don't think, either, I shall go any more. The new curate comes to-morrow, and he can look after him."

"What time is the wedding to be?" asked Dr. Jerningham.

"At twelve," replied the vicar. "It is a very good match, and I daresay Neville will do better where he is going than here."

"He is a very nice fellow!" said the doctor. "I can't make out what the people had against him. I heard all the tittle-tattle, of course, but I could never make head or tail of it. There was some story about a bucket, and I traced that home to the Misses Jenkinson; but there was nothing in the bucket. Then there was a cock-and-bull story about a French dressmaker; but my wife tells me that Miss de Calverly is getting a great part of her outfit from the very woman, a Madame Delachose, so it is not very likely that there was anything wrong in that quarter."

"No," replied the vicar; "my own idea is, that the people here do not consider Mr. Neville advanced enough in his views; he won't go back to the primitive ages. He is good in many ways. He is going to India now in the best of spirits, to try and convert the Hindoos. Nothing can be more praiseworthy, of course; but why does he neglect other things of more importance? I asked him yesterday—nay, I begged of him to be married in a skull-cap and surplice. I have every reason to think that was the primitive custom; but no, he refused!—as I may say he has invariably refused to comply with my most reasonable wishes. However, I wish him well. Good-bye!"

"It won't be much of a wedding, after all!" said Miss Flora Jenkinson to her sister; "and if it wasn't for her silly aunt, Miss Penruddocke, it would not be a wedding at all. The General and his wife won't be there—they are at Malta; and Captain de Calverly, he don't approve of it; and altogether it's about as poor a business as could be. I pity the poor girl—I really do! How she can marry a man whose character is ruined, as one might say, is

more than I can tell. I think it is telling on her even now. Don't you think she looks quite old and haggard at times, Jemima?"

"Yes, dear," replied her sister, and I expect they will have a bad day for the wedding. I do believe it will rain."

"You don't say so, Jemima! I believe rain is wanted badly, and we might read the prayer for rain to-night, eh?"

"Certainly, if you wish it, Flora," said Jemima, who had to be a little particular at present, and never contradicted her sister on any account.

But it really did not look like rain that afternoon when Florence and Walter were standing in the churchyard, as the red sun set and the cold wind gently sighed through the branches of the old elms.

"Come, Florence, dearest," said the curate, "it is getting late and cold for you—the old year is dying gently, and to-morrow begins a new life. Come, dearest—come," he said, as he tried to draw her away from the tombstone; "let the dead past bury its dead!"

"Ah, Walter," she said, as the tears streamed down her face, "I am so sorry for her. Why should I be happy and she so miserable? It makes me afraid, Walter. It is not good for a woman to love too much."

"No, Florence, you must not say that. A woman cannot love a man too much so long as she loves God above all. Stop crying, Florence, dear,—it is I that should feel afraid, and ask you to pardon the old love and tremble while I bless you for the new. Come!"

And the old churchyard was left in solitude, while the moon rose and lighted up the tombstones, and shone upon a wreath of everlasting flowers, which glittered upon the grave of little Henry.

M Y L A D Y.  

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THERE is nothing so complete  
As the love I bear my sweet—  
Nothing without flaw or stain,  
Save the joy betwixt us twain.  
Sorrow is a thing of night ;  
But my Lady walks in light,  
And all darkness flies apace  
From the sunshine on her face.

Very lovely are her eyes,  
Opening with a glad surprise  
Like the violets in spring—  
Have you heard my Lady sing ?  
Gentle is her voice and low  
As the river's silent flow,  
And when full of girlish mirth  
There's no sweeter sound on earth.

At her smile my heart bounds free,  
Like a gallant ship at sea,  
Strong to bear the storms that break  
Through its timber-shivering creak ;  
Plunging deep, to rise again,  
All uninjured by the strain.  
Beating up against the wind  
With a trail of light behind.

Do I rave in idle tone,  
As if love were mine alone ?  
Need a monarch blush to say—  
“ This wide kingdom owns my sway ? ”

in another's breast both glow.  
Do you deem my boasting vain?  
Wait till you are loved again.

JOHN I



## NILE-BOAT RECREATIONS.

BY A. LEITH ADAMS, F.R.S.

## CHAPTER I.

monotony of Nile-Boat Life.—Intelligent Occupations.—Antiquities.—Natural Objects.—Sacred Animals and Plants.—Old-World Paintings on the Tombs and Temples.—Poultry of the Ancient Egyptians.—Familiar Birds.—Pigeons Domesticated B.C. 3800.—Sacred Monkeys.—Antiquity of the Dog.

AMONG the many tourists who go up the Nile during the winter months, either on the score of health or pleasure, there is always a considerable number who, but for the delicious climate, would have been happier at home. Once Alexandria, Cairo, and the Pyramids have been inspected, and he or she are fairly settled down in the Nile-boat, they look out for long spells of *ennui*, provided they have no tastes for painting, antiquities, or natural history. Many invalids and persons recommended to try a change of climate, find themselves worse instead of better at their journey's end; indeed, the tourist who has no active pursuits, mental or bodily, soon gets tired of the monotony of the river life and humdrum existence, which savours little of the enjoyment of society at home. On the other hand, an inquisitive person may seldom know a dull moment. Of course, the landscape painter will choose his ground according to circumstances. As to the antiquary and naturalist, after a slight previous acquaintance with the Pharaonic monuments as described in Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians," or even "Murray's Guide Book," and some knowledge of European animals, he may commence work at once; and what between the land and water there will be plenty of objects to engross his attention. I will not attempt to point out a third of the attractions, but merely indicate some interesting features with reference to the ancient and modern beasts and birds of Egypt; the former as shown on the monuments, the latter as they appear to the voyager on the well-beaten track between Cairo and the Second Cataract.

There is no single feature of the Egyptian monuments more striking than the accuracy in the outline, and often in the colouring of pictures of animals executed from three thousand to five thousand years ago. One has only to pay a visit to the Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum and the museum at Cairo to become satisfied on these points. No doubt the genial climate has a preservative effect, whilst the majority were cut out in solid granite

or its dark variety procured from the famous quarries at the First Cataract above the town of Syene, from whence the appellation "Syenite" has been derived. Another remarkable feature in the antiquities is the excellence attained by the ancient race in polishing the hardest rocks, more especially those of the obelisks and pillars, considering that it is not much beyond a quarter of a century since the process attained to anything like perfection with us, and that, too, by means of steam and other forces quite unknown to the ancient Egyptians.

The great expanse of cultivation in Egypt with the Delta and its shallows, marshes and lakes, offer excellent retreats for water-birds. Here occurred, no doubt, many of the fowling scenes so faithfully shown on the monuments. But how different were the conditions then, when the fowler was enabled to bring down his quarry with clubs! whereas, now-a-days, the punt gun seldom gets a chance at the wary water-birds, which, from long persecution, have inherited fear to an extent unknown to their progenitors of the olden times. They must have been, moreover, more plentiful, although, judging from historical records and the monuments, it seems that the human race was more numerous than at present.

Although animal worship is and has been prevalent in all ages of which any knowledge has been preserved, there is the fact that nowhere has it been so universally or more carefully practised than in Egypt during Pharaonic times. As to its origin there is little known. There is a supposition that the habit of wearing helmets in the form of animals led towards a veneration for the objects represented on the beaddresses of the ancient inhabitants of the Lower Nile. By other historians, amongst whom is Sir John Lubbock, there is an opinion that the naming of individuals after certain animals has eventuated in a respect or veneration for the creature so distinguished, and which in time became the subject of adoration. The Hottentots often name their children after animals, and no one dares to eat the flesh or wear the skin of the bestial god-parent. With the ancient Egyptians, however, the practice was carried to a far greater extent. They respected many animals and plants without considering them sacred, whilst they venerated others as the earthly representations of the Deity. Thus, the dog, cat, ibis, hawk, monkey, &c., were emblematic of gods, whilst certain other animals and vegetables were considered sacred to them; and lastly, it would appear that many natural objects were embalmed and preserved without reference to any particular idol. Perhaps as the priests superintended all the religious ceremonies, no definite rule was established, and they exercised their craft much as it happened to suit their fancies.

The second use to which natural objects were applied, was in

the communication of ideas ; so that between the language, religion, and art drawings, we have a faithful record of the chief animals and plants of the country at a period far beyond the first faint rays of literary history. The dates of many of the monuments are recorded on their walls in the shape of ovals containing the name of the monarch then reigning. The embalmed remains of animals, and even human mummies unless found in vaults and duly marked, make it impossible to assign a particular date to them. However, the majority of embalmed bodies of man and the lower animals found in the old Necropolis of Thebes are decidedly of pre-Christian times.

The records of the ancient denizens of the country are preserved either by painting on the walls of the tombs and temples, or on the papyrus paper, or on stone in the form of sculptures, figures, intaglios and hieroglyphic writing. They formed, as just observed, part and parcel of the language, and of the peculiar picture writing ; in the latter they represented either a word, letter, or sound. They were chosen, no doubt, also, from either some real or imaginary attribute, to represent gods, beings, or objects connected with the religion and mythology of this wonderful people.

Many birds and beasts were sacred, and according to Herodotus, who travelled in the country as early as 450 B.C., it was considered unlawful to kill certain animals, and even the penalty of death was inflicted on the destroyers of a cat, ibis, or hawk, whether the animal was killed wilfully or by accident. The Egyptians displayed not only remarkable powers of perception with reference to the wild beasts of the country, but showed great aptitude in domesticating many species. We have but to observe the herds of oxen, as exhibited on the monuments, and so often mentioned in the Pentateuch, to fully realise the perfection to which they attained in rearing cattle ; whilst the vivid delineations of the home farm and its stock of cattle, geese, and so forth, testify to their agricultural proclivities.

The process of mummification, so extensively practised on their dead, was extended also to many animals, and the funeral customs were carried to a ridiculous extent in the case of such as the cat and dog. Whenever a cat died, all the family shaved off their eyebrows ; and they made a clean sweep of every hair on their bodies on the death of a dog. These animals, with the sacred ibis, hawk, and many others, including shrew mice, were embalmed by the priests and buried in sacred houses.

On the walls of the famous tombs of Beni Hassan are represented a picture of Egypt three thousands years ago. Here theowler of the period is hawling his clap net, not apparently in any way different from that used by bird-catchers of the present day.



In its meshes are numbers of the white-fronted and Egyptian geese, besides the mallard and other sorts of ducks, the pied kingfisher, pied wagtail, hoopoe, and other common Nile birds, still more or less plentiful along the banks of the river.

The white-fronted is the more common of the two geese, and is met with in flocks in Upper Egypt during the winter months, where, from frequent molestation, it is compelled to feed by night in the wheat fields, from whence it may be seen returning at daybreak in vast numbers to the open shallows and sand islands in the river. This was the goose that the early Egyptians domesticated, and which, according to the pictures, they seemed to prefer to the red or Nile goose, perhaps for a similar reason to that which now obtains with individuals in captivity, viz.—that it bred more freely. The former does not seem to have been included among the sacred birds, but it appears among votive offerings on the walls of the temple of Amada in Nubia. The poultry-yard was evidently a very important portion of domestic economy thirty or forty centuries ago, if one may judge from the vivid representations preserved in museums. A choice and admirably-executed picture of this description, but unfortunately much destroyed through mutilation, is to be seen in the lower Egyptian gallery of the British Museum. Like many other invaluable representations on the walls of the tombs of the Kings of Thebes, it has been subjected to what may be designated the Vandalism and rapine of the learned, only second to the wanton destruction or puerile mischief of the ignorant tourist, who paints or carves his name on the monument, and smashes an idol in order to carry away a souvenir of his wanderings. The fragment referred to shows a flock of white-fronted geese being driven into their pen. Observe the herdsman in the rear, driving them along, and the frightened geese nearest to him spreading out their wings to accelerate their movement, also the expression of the leading geese and others, all are so fresh and so like nature, that you can scarcely believe that the picture was drawn in the 18th Dynasty, *i.e.*, 1500 B.C.

According to Herodotus, the Nile goose, or vulpanser, was considered sacred. It appears in the hieroglyphic writings, more especially on the shields or oval cartouch of certain Pharaohs, where it signifies "son of the sun." It was also an emblem of the father of the god Osiris, and although considered by certain historians as not sacred, was, no doubt, revered by the people. Many of the sketches referable to this species are executed with marvellous skill; no doubt the richness of its plumage and conspicuous appearance attracted the early artists of Egypt, whom we find striving to represent the variegated colourings of its upper parts. Thus, the head and neck is painted red; the breast and belly blue; the back

yellow, with the tips of the wings red, strangely combining in certain instances the features of the pintail duck as regards the caudal feathers; but perhaps the diversities of colouring exhausted the resources of the ancient animal painter.

It seems to have been the case, that whilst studious to represent truthful outlines of objects, either from lack of materials or with a desire to make them more attractive, it was a common habit to exaggerate the colourings. For example, many of the vultures and hawks are shown with very fanciful tints on their plumage; the pied wagtail, which is one of the most common birds along the banks of the river, and was seemingly the ideal from which a representation in the hieroglyphics expressive of "evil" was taken, but why or wherefore is a mystery. Had the sparrow been selected one might have supposed it then, as it is now, one of the most destructive birds in the farm, so was it also very plentiful.

Another well-known, but only a winter resident is the hoopoe. Here the old-world artist has been most happy, as regards the outlines and colouring, giving invariably a faithful likeness of this very characteristic bird, which is seen frequently perched on the ends of brick walls of houses and ruins. Perhaps it may have been on this account that it was selected to represent a brick-bat in the picture writing, seeing that the dwellings then, as at present, were constructed of crude bricks. The word "prolific," is expressed by a bird which is not like the sparrow nor swallow, although several Egyptologists have applied either name to it promiscuously. As regards the former, there can be little question of its claims to fruitfulness, as exemplified by the enormous flocks to be seen in the towns, villages, and fields. There are two species, the common Eastern house sparrow and the striped-bellied or Spanish sparrow. It is a very striking sight at sunset to observe vast flights of these birds passing over-head towards their roosting places, as on they come in a dense mass of thousands of sparrows, oscillating to and fro, now wheeling to the left, now to the right, then stooping downwards, and shooting up again with a rapidity and exactitude perfectly wonderful.

It is worthy of notice that among the feathered and four-legged animals domesticated by the ancient Egyptians, ducks are not represented; moreover, it may be observed that there are no data to show that the domestic fowl was known to the ancient Egyptians. The object so-called on the cartouch of the builder of the Great Pyramid resembles a chick, both in appearance and figure; but it might be the young of the quail, which is still plentiful throughout the cultivated districts. There is a picture on one of the tombs, and another in the British Museum, where geese, quail, and evidently ducks, are being salted and preserved for future use.

Pigeons both wild and domesticated have been plentiful in Egypt from very early times. The common rock pigeon (*C. livia*), is generally distributed, and its compeer of the dove-cote often returns to the rocky wilds. Every town of any pretensions has a public pigeon house, more on account of the economic value of the manure than for the birds. At Siout it is a lively scene to sit in your boat and watch them swarming about the houses and settling on the tops of palm-trees, or like sea-gulls hovering over the river for the purpose of picking up refuse thrown overboard. The traveller inquisitive on points connected with natural history will do well to examine the walls of the Theban temples. On that of Medinet Haboo, there is observed a very vivid representation of the coronation of the warrior monarch, Rameses III. (B.C. 1300.) Here among all the state display of the times are shown priests in their robes letting off carrier pigeons, which seem to be conveying tidings of the event to distant points—indeed, Egyptologists assert that there are notices in ancient papyrus manuscripts of tamed pigeons having been used in Egypt as articles of food no less than three thousand years, and upwards, before the birth of Christ, thus testifying to the long domestication of the pigeon.

The turtle dove (*T. Senegalensis*) is universally distributed over the habitable parts of Egypt and Nubia, and breeds in the middle of the large towns. When the ancients wished to represent a "widow woman," they drew a black dove; neither the above nor the pigeon have been found embalmed.

The monkeys were sacred to the god Thoth, secretary to Osiris, the Jupiter of the old Egyptians. One species is evidently the *dog-faced ape* (*Simia hamadryas*) a native of Ethiopia, from whence it was probably obtained; it appears constantly in the hieroglyphic writings, as well as in pictures and statues, the visage in the latter being often half dog, half monkey. The other is the little green monkey of Ethiopia; both are common in museums.

The presence of the camel in Egypt during the sojourn of Abraham is a matter of history, and yet, strange to say, it has never been met with in the paintings or hieroglyphics, the feathers of the ostrich are seen on the heads of the gods, and were no doubt brought from the south by the tribes as tribute, or obtained during conquests. The elephant also appears in pictures; but none of these seem to have been either sacred or emblematic of a deity.

It is remarkable to contrast the various breeds of dogs figured on the monuments of Egypt several thousands of years ago with the present races: And when we think how much longer it took to produce the different varieties, the mind is carried back to epochs extending over at least six or seven thousand years. The dog that shown in the above. There, a skiff is being pushed suddenly

s represented on the oldest temples and obelisks has much of the character of the Scotch deerhound, only the muzzle is not so narrow and pointed, the body is lanky, the tail quite curled in a tight circle on the back, and the ears, instead of being erect, stand out on either side, or hang downwards. On the walls of the tombs various breeds resembling mastiffs, lap-dogs, and turnspits, of different colours are faithfully exhibited. Among the latter, is a pariah dog, like the present cur of the large towns, and of the east in general—perhaps the progenitor of the half-fox, half-jackal looking dog, so plentiful in Cairo and Constantinople. The sharp nose, bony eye, cocked and triangular ears, bushy tail, generally tipped with white, may be said to be common characters in all the forms of Eastern pariahs. The prevailing colour is a light fawn, darker on the back with the tips of the hairs often white. No doubt the jackal and pariah frequently inter-breed; at the same time from the exceedingly numerous varieties of the dogs of almost every country, and the many species of wolves, wild-dogs, jackals, and oxes, it is impossible to arrive at even an approximation towards the origin of the domesticated races, whether they have sprung from one or more species. At all events, it is clear that no animal has been longer associated with man than the dog.

## CHAPTER II.

the Cat, a sacred animal.—Fowling Pictures.—Pharaoh's Rat.—The Fennec and Jackal Worshipped.—The Gier Eagle of Leviticus.—Rapacious Birds.—Process of Embalming Birds.—Scarab Beetle.—Sacred Hawk.—Celebrated Judgment Picture.

THE antiquity of the *cat* as a household animal dates back a long way before the Christian era. The animal is vividly portrayed in the oldest sculptures and paintings of Egypt. There were evidently three sorts. First, a large cat, of a tawny colour, with dark bars on its forelegs, like the wild species or *chaus*, and another, smaller, with brindled markings. The latter was more common, and, as far as the representations and mummied specimens extend, would seem to have been equally plentiful with a third cat, named the *sacred cat*, or "*felis Bubastes*." But whether or not the two latter were separate species, or only varieties, does not appear. It is, however, the case that all were equally venerated.

The cat is figured in several fowling scenes. One, in particular, from the walls of the tombs of the kings, is in the British Museum. Although a fragment, and, unfortunately, somewhat mutilated, still the outlines and colouring look almost as fresh as when executed some two thousand years ago. I don't know a more suggestive picture of the fowler of the period and his work than is

through dense masses of papyrus, a tuft of which has just been seized by a child, seated between the legs of the fowler, for the purpose of being out of his way, whilst a girl behind, with a large nosegay of water-lilies in her right hand, is holding the spare throw-sticks in the other. The man is clutching three heron-like birds in his right hand, whilst he is on the point of tossing a bent stick, like an Irish shillelah, with his left, at storks, geese, ducks, sparrows, and a bird like a goldfinch. These are either perched on the expanded tops of the papyrus plant, or flying off in trepidation. To add to the life-like reality of the scene, red and speckled butterflies and dragon-flies are flitting among the rushes, whilst a cat is represented in mid-air, with a wag-tail in its hind claws, and a finch in its fore-paws, when, at the same time, it is snapping its jaws at a terrified Nile goose. From this and similar pictures observers have concluded that the cat was taught to retrieve and even capture birds; at all events, the representations would seem to indicate as much. Even at the present day, it is asserted by Shaw\* that cats are taught by the Tartars to fetch and carry game. Its attachment to localities may have given rise to the idea of the ancients, that superhuman agency was the cause when cats were seen entering houses on fire.

The only other objects remaining unnoticed in this remarkable picture are the fishes seen swimming below the skiff; among others is the bulti and the lepidotus, both sacred species.

The ichneumon, or Pharaoh's rat, is still met with in Lower Egypt. It appears to have been venerated, and was domesticated, as is the case with allied species in India. Like them it devours snakes, and is extremely destructive in the poultry-yard; hence, it is not likely to have been a favourite, although it is introduced, like the cat, in assisting the fowler to capture birds. The current belief, both in Central Asia and in Egypt, that the ichneumon is proof against the bites of poisonous snakes, is now shown by numerous instances to be a myth. It is said to feed on the eggs of the crocodile. According to Herodotus, "All cats that die are carried to certain sacred houses, where, being first embalmed, they are buried in the sacred city of Bubastes. All persons bury their dogs in sacred vaults within their own city, and ichneumons are buried in the same manner as the dogs; but field-mice and hawks they carry to the City of Buto; the ibis to Hermopolis; the bears, which are few in number, and the wolves, which are not much larger than foxes, they bury wherever they are found lying." The Greek historian, no doubt, in his rapid journey through the country, was dependent, more or less, on hearsay, and seems to have gained a

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\* High Tartary, Yarkund, and Kashgar, p. 351.

great deal of his natural history, as well as other information from the priests at the temples. No doubt the Romans introduced certain animals, whilst it is possible that bears may have been brought from the East long before the conquest of Egypt, as they appear in pictures of early date. The bear, however, is not a native of any portion of Africa now-a-days. It is highly probable, however, that individuals may have been brought from Syria, where the brown bear is still found. As to the wolves, the animal referred to was clearly the jackal. The little fennec forms a very conspicuous object in the hieroglyphics and in other representations. Sometimes seated on its haunches, with tail and ears erect, at others on all-fours, but invariably on the alert, the long ears giving it quite a distinctive character.

The fennec and jackal were the sacred emblems of the dog-headed god, Anubis. The former is represented in the most ancient sculptures, whilst the latter takes its place in those of the later dynasties. Mummies of the fennec, jackal, and fox, have been found at Thebes, and elsewhere. The celebrated caves of Lycopolis have produced quantities of remains, mostly charred teeth of these animals.

The bird-catching pictures of Beni-Hassan display several methods including the clap-net. An exaggerated picture is represented on the inner walls of the temple of Edfoo. There a net is being hawled in the marshes containing ducks, cranes, and herons, whilst the coot is seen running across the meshes, in which a gazelle and oryx are imprisoned. Traps of metal and spring-made hair nooses, and other ingenious devices for the capture of wild beasts and birds, are drawn in various pictures, and, seemingly on principles precisely like modern contrivances for the same purposes.

The uncouth and weird-like form of the vulture could scarcely have escaped the attention of such observant naturalists as were the ancient Egyptians. The common Egyptian vulture, known as Pharaoh's chicken, is the *rakham* of the Arabian historians, and the "gier-eagle," mentioned in Leviticus. It is extensively spread over Asia and Northern Africa. The griffon and cinereous vultures are generally distributed throughout the country, but are seldom seen unless when gloating over a carcase, when they assemble in numbers and share the repast with the former and the hooded crow. The practised observer can only distinguish the differences between the two last-named vultures; so that they were doubtless confounded by the ancients, who considered all the bare-headed species sacred to Minerva; and in the hieroglyphics it represented the word "mother," from a fancied idea that the bare head and neck had been denuded in order to provide soft nests for the young. It appears, therefore, on the head-dresses of the queens, whilst the

"bird and globe," representing the king, or Pharaoh, refers to the Egyptian vulture, which has not a bare neck. As before noticed, the colouring and outlines of the vultures, especially on the ceilings and on the pillars of the Theban and other temples, are often much exaggerated; however, both in the pictures and picture writing there are excellent outlines—indeed, the etchings on several obelisks are remarkably well done. Although the Egyptian vulture was embalmed like the preceding, there is no proof that it was worshipped. Sometimes an individual of the great bearded vulture visits the hills along the river valley; but as far as the representations extend that is no proof that it was known to the ancient artist, who would have at once seized on the very characteristic tuft of bristles growing from the lower mandible, and immortalised the famous "*læmmergeier*," which is still found on the Swiss mountains and certain ranges of the Tyrol. It is common in Abyssinia and the higher lands of Algeria, and throughout the Himalayas.

The most common rapacious birds in Egypt are the black and Arabian kites, and it seems strange that neither in representations nor in the mummy-pits have specimens been found, whilst several instances of the pallid harrier and moor buzzard have been discovered; and yet, as regards numbers, the two latter are far less common. Perhaps the kites may not have been considered clean. An eagle frequently occurs in the hieroglyphics, where it has the force of the letter A; and Strabo and Diodorus state it was worshipped at Thebes; whilst *Ælian* says that the black vulture, probably the cinereous vulture, is the descendant of a vulture and eagle. It is, however, difficult to be certain in regard to several birds shown in the writings and on the monuments; embalmed specimens of the spotted eagle are not uncommon. When we think of the "throw-stick," "bow and arrow," and "sling," unless many of these birds were very much tamer than now, it is not likely that such as the eagle would be often killed by one or other, and more especially is it difficult to surmise how they managed to embalm so many hawks, unless they were individuals who had died in captivity.

The bird mummies were subjected to the process by injecting the bituminous substances into the trunk through a wound in the belly. The brain was not removed or disturbed. After freely be-daubing the outer surface, the tips of the wings and tail were more or less twisted together, and the legs either bent at the ankle joint, and placed on the front of the breast by the sides of the wings, or stretched out at full length, as was the case usually with short-legged birds, such as the kestrel, eagle, and so forth. Long-necked birds had the head brought down and placed on the belly, whilst the same part in the former was preserved in the natural posture.

There seems, however, to have been no rule as to position of the head and extremities, the object being to so form the mummy that it might be easily placed in the jar, after which the lid was sealed, and the whole placed in pits among others of the same description. As before noted, sometimes the body was wrapped in clothes and buried.

The contents of the gizzard of several mummied hawks contained remains of the sacred beetle, of which the well-known and precious stone representatives, named "scarabeæ," are representations. The common large beetle (*Ateuchus sacer*) was the revered emblem of the "Sun and the World." To an observing and superstitious people it must have been a sight for contemplation to observe these insects rolling their massive pellets from the dark, slimy margin of the retiring river, where they may still be seen as busy as ever, pushing their "ball" along, whilst the little kestrel hawk, the emblem of the god "Horus," or the "Sun," hovers over, and like an arrow shoots downward, and bears the unexpectant beetle off in its talons. The veneration wherewith certain sorts of scarab beetles were held by the old-world folks, has created a belief among antiquarians that these stone representatives may have been used as money; at all events, the numbers and variety met with, either in the form of rings on the fingers, or in bracelets, neck ornaments, and the like on human mummies, show that they formed an important element of personal adornment, and until the tombs had been well rifled, no modern traveller fancied his trip to Egypt complete until he came into possession of a scarab. Now, however, since they have become rare, it is not uncommon to pay a heavy sum to some cunning lapidary, who plies a good trade by selling these and other counterfeited antiquities to the unsuspecting voyager.

Although many of the sacred animals, such as the ibis, cat, hawk, and such-like, were buried separately, there is often a strange jumbling up of different kinds of beasts, sacred or not, in the same tomb. Thus, on several occasions, birds, cats, snakes, toads, mice, scarab beetles, etc., have been discovered mummied in one grave.

Many of the more common insects are faithfully portrayed on the monuments, such as the locust, bee, dragon-fly, butterflies, and moths, of species still abundant throughout the country.

It is not easy to discriminate—indeed, impossible to be certain—what beasts were not sacred, if their preservation is to be considered a token of the veneration in which they were held, or merely that they were embalmed with the view of accompanying the spirit of the dead to the world of bliss. It seems that the process of embalming was confined to the priesthood, who we may well suppose exercised their ingenuity in all manner of devices, in order to



add to the solemnity and mystery of the office. Certain authors surmise, that whatever object is represented in the hieroglyphic writings was worthy of the same consideration as the most venerated deities. Indeed, nearly all the more common and characteristic animals, and many plants, were carefully deposited with the dead, or offered up as sacrifices at the altar. Next to the ibis, the bird familiarly known as the kestrel (*falco tinnunculus*), was the most revered of all the feathered tribe. This very common and conspicuous hawk is seen at rest, or hovering over almost every field. It is also very tame as compared with the denizens of Europe, and if little molested now-a-days, was certainly less so by the ancients, if their penal laws are correctly stated by Herodotus and subsequent historians, inasmuch as, like the cat and ibis, the punishment of death fell on the head of the person who killed it, either wilfully or by accident. Whenever a hawk died, the body was handed over to the embalmers and subsequently deposited in a sacred tomb. It mattered not where or by what means its death was occasioned, in common with other sacred animals, it was wrapped in linen cloth and followed to the grave by a procession of mourners, whose outward signs of grief were shown by beating their heads, and such voluntary penances as testified to the veneration wherewith these animals were held. The hawk was partially revered in the City of Philæ at the top of the first cataract and worshipped in Lower Egypt, where it was looked upon as the type of the sun and representative of the local deity. The majority of the mummied hawks, as also the bronze and wooden models, also the drawings and intaglios on the monuments, point to the kestrel; however, other embalmed hawks, such as harriers, and the spotted eagle, just referred to, are met with occasionally in conjunction with the sacred bird. As in the case of the ibis, it was a common custom to feed tame and wild kestrels, persons being deputed for that especial purpose. The part played by the hawk in the religious worship was similar to that of the dog-headed functionary, being the weighing of the good and bad actions of the souls of the departed before they were ushered into the presence of Osiris. Accordingly, there are various striking representations of the hawk-headed judge, balancing scales in his hand, whilst a terrified procession of spirits are advancing with the dog-headed official in the rear.

Another very striking and characteristic picture, retaining all the distinctness of the day on which it was made, is to be seen at the entrance to the upper Egyptian gallery of the British Museum. The scene represents one of the Pharaohs being ushered into the presence of Osiris with the hawk-headed judge, Horus Ra, by his side. The anxiety of the monarch to embrace the deity is vividly depicted as he holds out his hand for the purpose of acceptance,

ilist the blue-faced god, seated on a throne in all the pomp and  
nopoly of office, stares at the new-comer with stately majesty.  
e representation is suggestive of the time-honoured belief that  
king can do no wrong, and contrasts with like pictures, where  
trembling souls of common mortals are undergoing the same  
leal.

Several handsome rapacious birds are to be seen along the river's  
urse. The pretty little black-winged kite is common in the Delta.  
e peregrine, lanner, double-bearded falcon, sparrow-hawk, osprey,  
d the long-legged buzzard, are common. The latter is very plenti-  
throughout the cultivated tracts.

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#### A MAIDEN'S GIFT.

WITH what off'ring shall I greet him,  
As he seeks his home once more,  
After years of toil and labour  
On a foreign, friendless shore ?

If I give him pearls and jewels,  
Will he care for them ? Ah, no !  
He'll but value them as coming  
From a friend of long ago.

He cares nought for rank or riches—  
No ambition fills his mind ;  
But, instead, he seeks a something  
Which on coming he shall find.

Yes—on his return I'll give him  
What he'll prize all things above ;  
For I'll give him, freely, gladly,  
All the fulness of my love.

EDWARD S. GIBNEY.

## TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

BY DR. ALFRED J. H. CRESPI.

WILL the world ever have common sense? Will it ever look beneath the surface? Will it ever estimate men at their proper worth, or, at least, base its estimate of them on their education, ability, piety, industry, and position, and not be altogether influenced by the accidents of birth and fortune, and by the notion that, since it is aristocratic and well-bred to do nothing well or useful, any person has strong claims on its attention who is a professional man? Who that is wise would respect a man destined never to earn a labourer's pittance, leading of choice a life of frivolity and idleness, hopelessly waiting for briefs or patients, because, though unfit for it, he has joined a profession, honourable, no doubt, in the extreme, but only when embraced with zeal and high principle, and made the object of life; certainly not honourable when valued solely for the position it confers, even on those deficient in education and perseverance, and who, were they shopkeepers, would be forced out of the field by more enterprising and more industrious rivals.

The whole fabric of modern English society is, in many respects, remarkable for its hollowness. It is the unjustifiable custom to depreciate one calling or social station, and to unduly exalt others. To such an extent is this the case that men of small fortune and ordinary ability cannot, and do not, think for themselves. They must obey the dictates of the world. They must anxiously think what their neighbours are likely to say. Much of the odium which attaches to persons who have forced their way a few rounds up the steep social ladder, and which finds vent in ridiculing their manners or doings, is but the fruit of the same thing. In plain English, the business man who rapidly gets together a fortune of five or ten thousand a year is compelled to do many things from which, in calm moments, his soul revolts. He gets forced—"elevated," the world would call it—into the society of persons who despise him because he has heaped together those riches which they considerately assist him to spend. They watch his conduct narrowly, pry into his family secrets, ridicule his many poor relations. He is branded as a man who neglects those who have claims on him,—as a man, in fact, who tries to enter a privileged circle, and then to shut the door on friends and relations. And yet such a man has no other course open to him, unless a person of princely fortune, or of marvellous force of character. Such a man can rarely display

gentlemanly feeling or true kindness. The courtesy and condescension which persons of good family or large inherited fortune can and often do display, is not anything of which they ought personally to be proud. They can be on familiar terms with almost everyone, and are not suspected of having anything to hide. No one fancies that they have poor relations, or that their brothers are clerks, their cousins grocers.

In such a state of society the rich merchant and the great manufacturer are compelled to act deceitfully. It is these people who are most certain to send their sons into professions. It is these persons who must sacrifice all to secure a gentlemanly calling for their children. The most expensive cavalry regiment, the most exclusive college at Oxford, must be found out. Profusion and display must be summoned to the assistance of father and sons, who even then find it hard to hold their own, and who, but for their wealth, would be pitilessly kept down by those whose great grandfathers had the same struggle in their day.

Every man who has had two or three sons to place out in the world must have felt the difficulty of knowing what to do with them. Free choice he can seldom be said to have. He has twenty things to think of, all unconnected with the occupation itself. The father may at last make up his mind, but the mother has, perhaps, set her heart on something else. Perhaps the parents may be perfectly agreed, when one of the sons obstinately refuses to see with their eyes, and is bent on following his own inclinations. Sometimes a father allows himself to be unduly biassed by the supposed respectability of a certain calling, and forces a reluctant son into it. At other times, the father's want of means, or the distance at which the family is residing from the great centres of population, renders it impossible, or, at least, exceedingly difficult, to do justice to the sons, and they are sent into occupations for which they have no aptitude, or they enter a suitable calling amidst difficulties almost insuperable.

Probably, however, the commonest cause of the injudicious selection of an occupation is to be looked for in the large family which many persons of moderate means find themselves happy in possessing. In these days, unfortunately, though the quiver may be full to repletion, there may be serious difficulties in the way of emptying it. The unhappy father whose good fortune is to be responsible for the temporal welfare of five or six young sons, and as many daughters, and who does not know how to dispose of them with any prospect of success, looks around with dismay. He cannot afford to educate them properly. He cannot wait till their strength is matured, and their intellect sufficiently developed to fit them for the rough work of life. The mere saving of the few

pounds their education would take is important. Their prospects from the first are bad, and too often they settle down into the seedy, threadbare clerk, or still worse, they obtain one of those humble posts which bring their holders a precarious salary of eighty or one hundred pounds a year, and keep them in the same position half a lifetime.

The health of lads is often sacrificed for life by their being sent at an early age into a close and unhealthy shop or office. Their growth is from the same cause stunted, and their brain, early overtaxed, never attains its proper and natural vigour. The miserable history of these lads is generally something of this kind,—they are, when young, sent from shop to shop, or office to office, just as circumstances seem to make a move expedient. As long as under the supervision of their parents they are foolishly transferred from any business in which they might ultimately make a little headway, to any other in which there is an immediate rise of a shilling or two a week, though the latter may give them no assured prospect. Later in life, after years of humble servitude, they drift about the world like ships without a rudder.

In a large proportion of cases a son's future career is determined by a train of circumstances not under the control of the father. The latter has, therefore, little difficulty in settling what to do. The prejudices of class, the circumstances amid which the family moves, and the advantage of possessing powerful friends, make it expedient to send one son into the army, a second into the church, a third to the bar. There is, perhaps, small choice in the matter. In many other cases the condition of things would, to a stranger, appear little different, and the son's future would seem just as much settled. The father, it may be, has a thriving business. He knows that he could find plenty for his sons to do. What more can be possibly needed? Sometimes he is content to let well alone; and without demur on the part of anyone the sons do as the father desires. Sometimes, however, the father—a successful and well-to-do tradesman—is keenly alive to the disappointments and anxieties of a business career. He thinks nothing of the many inseparable from a professional life. Can he not, he wonders, send his sons into professions,—they are clever lads, too good for trade? The respectability of the higher occupations, the opportunity they place in the way of one man in twenty of attaining eminence, their apparent though not real immunity from the annoyances of a business life, the delusory hope of a brilliant prize, lead even his sober judgment astray. The boys, for whom he could so easily provide, are made to sacrifice a certain and ample income and a well-established position for the precarious, expensive, and poorly-remunerated career their kind but injudicious father selects for them. Perhaps it may,

on the other hand, be a professional man who finds himself overstocked with sons. He is unable to send them into professions; but he cannot consent to send them into what he understands as business. Panics, failures, and difficulties alarm him, and his sons, at small expense, it is true, are disposed of in such a way that they are consigned to a life of poverty, in a respectable subordinate position, which could not perhaps lead them to a competence were their abilities of the best.

When a father finds himself placed in the unenviable and responsible position of having to select some profession or trade for his son, there are two or three considerations which he would do well to remember. What are his son's wishes, and what occupation will, under the circumstances of father and son, afford the latter the most certain prospect of leading an useful, honourable, and happy life, and of obtaining a sufficient income to free him from pecuniary anxiety.

A really sensible man with the welfare of his children at heart, who has to choose for them, ought not to allow himself to be blinded by the supposed dignity of one calling to the prejudice of another. All work is honourable. One occupation may be more difficult or responsible than another, and one post may, from special reasons, be ten times as well paid as another. But why should public opinion consider a cavalry officer more aristocratic than an infantry officer of corresponding regimental rank? Why should it place the barrister above the surgeon? Why should it think more of a clergyman than of a dissenting minister, all other things being in both cases the same? Honour should be abundantly meted out to those especially honourable from any cause, or whose services are of peculiar value. Honour should not be given to one and withheld from another because class prejudices place one occupation above another without any reference to the usefulness or responsibility of the work done. There can be no occupation, unless injurious to mankind, or actually dishonest, which debars those who enter upon it from leading an upright and honourable life.

The inclinations of a son ought invariably to be consulted, and as much as possible the fixed bent of his mind should be discovered. It is not uncommon for parents to profess anxiety to do all in their power to make the future of their sons happy and prosperous. What, however, is the course generally adopted? Perhaps a foolish mother is anxious to have a clergyman or a doctor in the family. The child is early taught that he is too good for trade—as if any man could be too good to follow an honourable calling; he is induced to declare a preference for a certain walk in life by the prospect held out to him of having a large church, or of riding

about in a carriage and pair, pocketing fees. No attempt is made to show him the peculiarities and difficulties of the profession for which he is supposed to have a liking. On the strength of a few boyish remarks, many a father has sent his sons into occupations which in later life were intolerable to them. Children are generally quick to form their likes and dislikes from those of their parents. They are nearly always greatly influenced by their seniors. In the majority of cases they are as much forced into a profession or trade, though appearing to have a leaning in that direction, as if their parents had deliberately chosen for them without pretending to consult them.

Care again should be taken not unduly to influence a child's mind by an expression of preference for a certain calling. It would be at least as important that the father should not permit himself to be misled by the silly remarks of his child, which, unless evidently coming from the latter's very soul, he might mistake for deliberate expressions of opinion. Many a boy is believed to be admirably fitted for a club doctor's life, because he is fond of cruelly maiming the cats and dogs of the neighbourhood under pretence of dissecting them. Forthwith, as he has showed himself well qualified to perform operations on the human body, he is trained up as a surgeon. He subsequently settles in a poor street, and never has a chance of performing an operation as long as he lives. Or a fond mother discovers great aptitude in her youthful son for an artillery officer's life, because he has a passion for firing off, to the imminent peril of his eyes and limbs, small brass cannons. A mere foolish fancy should be disregarded, but no pains should be spared, where there is freedom of choice, to find out the bent of the child's mind. When it is found that a boy has deliberately chosen a calling to which his father has great objections, the latter might candidly and clearly point out his reasons; but he ought never to assign false ones. In the latter case, the boy may yield to his father's earnest request; but he will have a vague feeling that he has been unfairly dealt with, and will perhaps despise the parent who has deceived him, and detest as long as he lives the calling into which he has been unwisely forced.

A lad will, nine times out of ten, succeed better in an occupation for which he has a decided liking than in any other. A father may earnestly reason with his wayward child, but he should never coerce him, nor treat him as a criminal, because he continues firm in his resolution to follow his inclination. The son, perhaps, chooses a walk in life from which the father turns with disgust or horror, but if the latter be truly wise he will not adopt extreme measures. He may believe that poverty, disappointment, even misery will be his son's portion; still it is better to leave the son alone. The

father may have formed bright schemes for his child's welfare ; but is it likely that these schemes will reach perfection unless the son falls in with them, and does his best to give them life and substance ?

If a father is truthful and honourable, it seldom happens that he has much difficulty in pointing out to his son the mistake the latter is about to make. Not one boy in twenty will, if properly treated, refuse to reconsider his choice ; not one in fifty will ultimately enter a profession against which a wise and loving parent adduces powerful arguments. When the prejudices of the father are merely pitted against those of the son, why, then the latter is as likely to carry his point as the former. The most splendid prospects are often wasted when a young man is forced to enter an employment from which he turns with deep-rooted aversion. A man is generally far happier in an occupation he really likes, on a small income, than in a less congenial calling with ten times as much money.

After all, in nine cases out of ten, the son will not raise objections to his father's choice ; so that the latter is practically unrestrained. It rests with the father to free himself from the snares which prejudice and folly wind around him ; and to select that calling in life, whether profession or trade, which, under the circumstances in which he is placed, seems the most suitable. Bacon was right in repeating with decided approval the wise precept, *Optimum elige, suave et facile illud faciet consuetudo*. Were parents and children oftener to remember and practise it, there would be fewer disappointments, fewer broken hearts, fewer failures in the glorious but difficult battle of life.

The certainty with which the course of study required for a profession can be ascertained is in many cases a powerful inducement to select a professional career, and has determined the career of tens of thousands of lads. There is nothing easier than to find out the steps by which admission to the Medical Register is insured. There often is, on the other hand, much uncertainty in finding out how to dispose of a son in business. A clergyman settled in a rural district, has no trouble in sending his son to Oxford, and in due course, he takes his degree and is ordained. But, though, perhaps, not unwilling to place his son in an office, he may be unacquainted with business men, and have no conception of the steps he ought to follow. What wonder if, at the end of a few weeks of ill-directed inquiry, he gives the matter up in despair ? His discouragement may be excusable ; but it is bad policy in the long-run. It may be hard to find suitable openings for a lad of fifteen intended for business, but are the difficulties in his case comparable to those which dismay the newly-fledged barrister, waiting with an anxious heart for briefs ? Getting a lad into an office is not analogous to sending



him into a profession. It ought rather to be contrasted with the steps necessary to enable the said son, after he has finished his professional studies, to get something congenial and remunerative to do. Which of the two is the harder, the more discouraging, to start in trade or in a profession?

Parents in the higher walks are often alarmed by the fear that their sons, when they have learnt a trade, may long wait for favourable openings for setting up on their own account. They are able to give each son two or three thousand pounds. How much better, they think, to let the young doctor or lawyer spend this money in getting a practice together than for him to try to establish himself as a merchant! The truth is, in trade the men who get on best are those who have a moderate fortune, and who are obliged to be cautious and energetic. Having no money cripples a tradesman; too much money in his early days tempts him to be careless and extravagant. What seems easier—what is, in fact, more humiliating—than to place Dr. Smith, or Mr. Jones, solicitor, on a brass plate, and wait wearily for years until the people in the neighbourhood find out that their poverty-stricken neighbour, the doctor or the lawyer, would be thankful to receive a few fees?

Trade encourages independence and self-reliance. A profession often makes a man servile and dependent. In the former, unless a man succeeds to his father's position, there is no expectation that anyone will place him, or will have the power to place him, in a good position. No young merchant expects his rivals to present him to a lucrative business, or to make openings for him. There are plenty of opportunities, but they must be sought out and diligently used. They rarely present themselves unasked to those who do not look for them and create them. The most worthless curate may, however, hope to be presented to a living. The well-born barrister may look forward to the time when, having been called seven, ten, or twelve years, he will be eligible for one of the posts for which barristers of a certain standing are qualified. In the army seniority and influence will carry any lieutenant to the highest rank. In a profession many unfortunate men of moderate abilities and small influence, whose prospect of promotion is absolutely worthless, wait till their hair is white, despondingly and wearily, for something or another to turn up, for some one or another, who has the power, to pick them out of the crowd of eager candidates and make them happy.

The uncertainty of a commercial life is more apparent than real. Every now and then the world is startled by the rumour, sometimes well-founded, that a large house has gone for a million, dragging with it twenty smaller concerns. Failures among shop-

keepers are common enough, and the liabilities of the bankrupts are often heavy. After all, the proportion of these cases is small, and generally speaking, want of capital, overtrading, incompetence, or fraud, are at the bottom of the difficulty. An idle and incompetent man opens a shop. He depends wholly on credit for everything. Of course he fails; but perhaps he commenced without a single sovereign. Competent men are sometimes overtaken by misfortune, but they usually preserve credit enough to set up again, and are ultimately successful.

In the case of professional men failures are lamentably numerous, and the consumption of capital is enormous. Few professional men, unless of uncommon ability or brilliant prospects, earn enough for their support during the first ten years of practice. Large sums are expended on their education, enormous sums in the purchase of partnerships, and still larger sums in supplementing small earnings. As a class, professional men spend fully three times what they earn. As things now go, officers, barristers, and physicians, though they may gain in social position, seldom pay their way out of their earnings until they are forty or more. Some of the most successful physicians in this country have spent ten or fifteen thousand pounds on their education and in getting together a practice.

It is quite the exception for business men who are industrious and enterprising to fail. It is quite the rule for men in the upper walks of a professional life to spend far more than they earn. In the former case the crash, if it comes, is startling, and commands public attention; in the other case the process of spending a fortune is slow and gradual, and escapes general observation. After all, though few professional men at their start in life are without some fortune, it seems more than doubtful whether more medical men and solicitors do not pass through the Bankruptcy Court than business men, when equal numbers of the two are compared; but it is necessary to remember that many men who commence in business and do well never succeed to a shilling.

In commercial life there are wonderful opportunities for enterprise. Openings can be made and followed up. A huge business can be created. No doubt there is room for perseverance and energy in a profession, but surely not to the same extent as in trade. While the thriving manufacturer is adding to the wealth of the country, and making improvements in production, and calling into existence new sources of wealth, the young barrister waits, and can only wait. Advertise he cannot; solicit orders for briefs he must not. Opportunities for showing what he is do not present themselves for years. All professional men need patience; many never live to reap the fruits of that patience; many of them are

enervated and corrupted in the process of waiting. But the business man can push ; true, he needs caution and shrewdness ; but if he has them he can turn them to account ; he need not permit them to rust away.

In many professions promotion, which one man obtains, stops the progress of colleagues for years. There is one post to fill up ; there are a hundred competent men to hold it. When a bishopric falls vacant, or a judge dies, there may perhaps be one man of superlative merit who takes the post of right ; generally there are fifty persons of tried ability and long standing quite able to discharge with credit the duties of these responsible offices. A canon is perhaps promoted to the bishopric, and no one grudges him his honours ; but other canons as able as he feel a pang of disappointment at the hope deferred. When next there is a vacancy they are dead, or too old, or out of favour with the prime minister. There are, it is true, wonderful runs of luck—they are nothing else—in every profession ; but who that is wise will dare to count on them ? and what about the many young men who never have one smile from that fickle goddess,—fortune ?

On the other hand, as a contrast to this sad repletion under which all professions groan, there are trades actually suffering from want of competent men to seize upon the many opportunities occurring in them. In many cases clever men with a little capital have no difficulty in establishing themselves. Unlike what obtains in professions, success in trade does not mean loss or disappointment to all but the fortunate favourite of chance, who has gained the coveted prize. As one business improves it carries others up. Energetic and pushing merchants and manufacturers are sometimes actually able so to develop a trade—so to turn to profitable account the resources of their district, so to utilise the available labour and capital at hand—that prosperous towns become, if the expression may be permitted, rivers of wealth flowing over the world, imparting life and vigour to all, but not taking prosperity and happiness from any. At best the labour of a professional man is only the less of two evils. The physician, the barrister, and the officer may do good service, each in his way, but in a certain sense all three are evils. The money paid to them must be looked upon in the light of insurance against the greater losses which would come if they did not exist. How much better were there no wars, no litigation, no disease !

It is not easy to compare the advantages and disadvantages of trades with those of professions. The number of trades is immensely large, the grades of workers employed in them many, and the chances of success greatly vary. The professions are com-

paratively few. With certain limitations, the interval separating the heads from the successful men in a profession is not so great as that between the leading men and the beginners in some branches of commerce. In all occupations, whether trades or professions, there are wealthy men; and in a certain sense the rich and influential—those who, in fact, are already on the ground—can and do keep down the poor and humble. The eminent lawyer or clergyman certainly is a great man, and in his own part of the country is a person of influence and weight; so is the rich merchant, so is the prosperous manufacturer. The young professional man, however, who can just pay his way, has a better social position than the young business man. This must be admitted. Honour and local consideration are, in truth, the reward which many professional men receive, but they have to wait long for other pay. A man of good means, content to plod on patiently, may think himself well paid by the privileges he obtains from belonging to a profession. If such a man never gets anything but honour he may continue happy. But what about the poor barrister or the penniless surgeon? Neither of these men gets much honour; indeed, he must have, as a *sine qua non*, a sufficient income if he expects to take a good position. It is certainly not sufficient to be clever and to belong to a profession to stand well in the opinion of the public. He *may* achieve eminence; some do who have had terrible obstacles to keep them down; but, in plain English, it is a mistake for any poor man to enter a profession unless he has first-rate abilities, or is passionately enamoured of his profession. The want of money will damp his ardour. The disappointment he must expect will make him prematurely old. It is galling to an energetic man to have to sit with hands folded, and to wait. Fortunately few English gentlemen, whatever their poverty, stoop to practise the low, detestable arts which sometimes bring an income in early life even in the closest and most overstocked professions.

One of the most serious disadvantages pertaining to a professional career is the expensive tastes such a life encourages. It has truly been said that Oxford teaches a man to spend a thousand a-year, but it cannot tell him how to earn as many shillings. The young clergyman likes to be well dressed and to live in comfortable lodgings; he is fond of books; he is expected to subscribe to every object in which he takes an interest. The consequence is he often hardly knows how to pay his way on less than three or four hundred a-year, though he may not be able to earn a third of that sum. His brother, working his way up in business, has quite different tastes. He cares little for books, takes small interest in the little luxuries of a refined home; he is,

in fact, able to live with comfort on a hundred and fifty or two hundred a-year, though he may have every prospect of earning five times that income in the course of a very few years.

There are not in the United Kingdom much more than a hundred thousand professional men—using the term professional in the ordinary English acceptation. In nine cases out of ten there has been, in one way or another, a heavy outlay of time and money to fit these men for their present sphere. Many of these men hold a deservedly high place in the estimation of the public. Some are well paid. A considerable number earn what would be a good income were they not led into heavy expenses in consequence of being professional men. As it is, their earnings are not enough to enable them to pay their way, and were they to try to live on them they would suffer in public opinion, and would lose much of the consideration with which they are now treated. In every profession there are many men who, as far as money goes, never make the smallest headway. This is notoriously the case in the army and at the bar. Of the really poor men in a profession nine in ten never know what it is to be free from harassing pecuniary difficulties. They are tempted to spend freely, and ridiculed if they do not, while their poverty takes from them nearly all the honour and consideration they would, were they richer, receive as their right.

Nor should it be forgotten that professional men are as a body picked men. Not only are the ranks of the professions recruited with large numbers of able men drafted into them because thought to be of exceptional promise, but the examinations imposed by the universities, the bishops, and the army and medical examining boards, if not of as much use as might be expected, keep out thousands of idle and inferior men, and raise the acquirements of the remainder considerably. Besides this, the long and careful preparation necessary before entrance can be obtained to some professional circles has nothing even remotely corresponding to it in trade. A young man in an office or a shop learns a great deal, still his time is not merely occupied with learning the routine of business. He is an assistant, and generally earns wages. He must make himself useful, or he has to give place to some one more competent. Any lad, however incompetent, can call himself a merchant, but no one except an arrant knave will claim to be a Fellow of Balliol, or a barrister-at-law, unless he has actually some right to these distinctions. Consequently the members of professions naturally form a more select and competent body of men than other classes, admission to which may imply nothing at all.

It is not unusual to make a preposterous error in comparing professional with commercial men. A father indignantly asks

whether if his son does not take orders he is to become a grocer's assistant, earning his board and lodging and forty pounds a-year. One moment's reflection must be sufficient to show it can rarely be a question of deciding between a profession and a subordinate position in a retail shop. It is nevertheless true that many professional men, whose fathers expended a couple of thousand pounds on their education, would have done better had they learnt a good retail trade, and, after gaining proper experience, had purchased a respectable business and set up on their own account. The majority of professional men have friends to assist them, and ought to be able to get together a little money; in some cases they could command more than enough to purchase a first-rate wholesale business. Young men of this stamp would enter offices on a different footing from ordinary clerks. Perseverance and ability would enable them to acquire in seven or eight years a thorough knowledge of trade, and during the whole of that time, instead of being a heavy expense to their parents, they might be earning enough to live upon. Then, at four or five and twenty—sometimes earlier, seldom later—they could either work up a business or purchase a partnership, and their prospects would be really admirable.

There must be in this country, on a moderate computation, twenty thousand professional men who are never likely to earn a decent livelihood, men whose time and abilities are being literally thrown away without benefit to anyone. On the average, these men might have had from one thousand to ten thousand pounds a-piece to begin life. In business they could have worked to some purpose under good auspices. They would then have been spared the pangs of disappointed ambition; they would not have rusted in genteel idleness and contemptible poverty. Under other circumstances they would have been worthier citizens, more energetic men, and more happy and prosperous. What a gain to themselves and to the country had it been so!

In every large town, especially in the great manufacturing centres, there are plenty of energetic, practical men, who would be thankful to take in a partner who could put into the business from two to ten thousand pounds. In trade money makes money. A little additional capital sometimes enables a business to be immensely extended, and large returns seldom fail to reward the industrious and competent.

It is no slight argument in favour of trades that the business man need never be idle. He can always find something to do; day after day, week after week. Solid remuneration is his reward in the shape of money. Many barristers and physicians are absolutely without employment. If studious they can read. They

may sometimes, not always though, find ways of doing good if disposed to exert themselves. But for years at least they cannot hope to have a business which fully occupies their time, and the temptation to idleness is often too strong to be readily overcome. An effort is needed to use their time to advantage, and they often feel that they are of little good in the world to anyone. Surely it would be no small blessing to have abundance of employment and to be saved from the fate which proverbially awaits those who have nothing to do.

It is unfortunate that as soon as a lad in the middle classes shows more than common ability, his parents jump to the conclusion that it would be a sin to throw him away in trade. He could, they proudly hope, do much better in a profession. University men look down on trade and despise business men as an inferior and vulgar set. There is not a shadow of foundation for either of these opinions. Ability of the rarest and most commanding order is needed to carry on successfully, still more to get together a large business. There are few professional men so keen, active, and thoroughly sensible as a really able merchant prince. Great success in trade is rare unless the abilities of the merchant are of the highest order. No doubt many first-rate business men are vulgar and ignorant; this is due to the number of them who have risen from obscurity, as well as to the large proportion of persons of low birth and defective education to be found in all branches of trade. The professions are full of men of good family and first-rate education. That trade alone is not the cause of the difference unquestionably often existing, is proved by the large numbers of gentlemanly and refined men to be found in offices; yes, and even in large shops.

As a means of training the intellect, trade does not seem to offer the advantages unquestionably possessed by professions. But, after all, five years in a well-regulated office will do almost as much for the majority of young men as the same time at one of the universities. The results of the two courses of education may seem different; but, in truth, this dissimilarity is more apparent than real. What the business man loses in polish, in superficial acquaintance with a few classical authors, he gains in sound practical wisdom, in sterling common sense, in self-reliance. What the professional man gains in mere book learning, he loses in the power of thinking accurately, of weighing evidence, of forming an opinion, of seeing men, women, and things as they really are, and of acting promptly and with decision.

A manufacturer does not take the same interest in book learning as the rector, nor is it reasonable to expect that he should. He is not, however, necessarily less intelligent, nor does he make a less useful member of society. His thoughts run in a widely

different groove; instead of knowing Horace and Livy, Homer and Thucydides, he knows men and motives. He may not know the state of Rome in the turbulent days of Cæsar, but he is well acquainted with the condition of affairs in his own country. He is, in other words, quite as well educated, and, moreover, often a much more useful member of the community.

Nothing is to be said in support of the view sometimes taken of the inherent respectability of a profession. Of course it is a noble thing to relieve the sick and dying; it is a grand thing to keep offenders against the civil law in check; it is a Christ-like thing to raise the fallen; it is a heroic thing to keep sacred, even at the cost of life and limb, the banner of liberty. But is not the man who builds houses making men happy? Is not he who places work within the reach of the indigent just as deserving of praise as he who clothes the poor? Are not they who lead pure lives and whose example sheds brightness on the dark world around good and great? There are many ways of elevating and assisting men, and of relieving their grievous burdens. Certainly the law, the army, the church, and physic are not the only callings privileged to raise the tone of society, to draw mankind nearer to God. Let it be frankly conceded that every trade, every occupation, every social station has duties, privileges, blessings peculiar to itself, then men will think less of the glories of a profession, more of the good they may do as upright tradesmen.

It is perhaps partly in consequence of this habit of abruptly separating trades from professions that some of the absurdities of our present system have arisen. There is a strong prejudice in this country, perhaps not an unreasonable one under the circumstances, against working at a profession as if it were a trade. Doctors and clergymen who are thought to be on the alert for fees or for preferment, never escape severe and often ungenerous censure. In the case of the Church this feeling is so strong that many clergymen hardly dare to accept a better living, though an addition of £100 a-year might be a godsend. But the business man who pushes with all his heart and soul, never spares a friend, never loses an opportunity of making money, is exalted to the skies and held up as an example to the world. Why should there be two standards by which to measure men, because they happen to follow different walks in life?

How can the professions be looked upon as affording openings, and a decent prospect of a livelihood unless they are made the object of life? Why should not professional men as well as tradesmen be adequately paid for their services? No shopkeeper would spare a rector who owed him money. No doctor would be treated with civility if he lived in a poor-house, and were known to be



heavily in debt. Surely the labourer is well worthy of his hire. The man who deals in advice, not goods, ought, as he is expected to pay his tradesmen, to be in his turn paid, instead of being branded as grasping and hard-hearted if he refuses to be satisfied with a little gratitude for a great deal of work. As things now are, the professional man unfortunately dependent on his calling, must work at it and must try to earn money by it. He need not—nay, he ought not to think only of money—it should not be the object of life; but if he is cramped by poverty his usefulness will diminish. No man can preach well who fears the knock of the bailiff. No man can write well whose thoughts are occupied with the best way of paying ten large bills with a twenty-pound note. No, the man who has few money troubles is much more likely to do good and to be good.

Of course, if the professions are to be filled only with men of large income, why then in England, at any rate, men will be found in plenty who will toil hard and unselfishly for the honour which every successful professional man is sure to get, glad that, while getting honour, they are doing abundance of good. If as a medical man once said, the doctor should be grateful to anyone who calls him in, though with no intention of paying, then poor men must keep away from the professions, and choose only occupations which are a source of wealth. Honour and gratitude are valuable in their way, but they will not pay the rent, nor satisfy the tax-collector.

And yet it is repugnant to the feelings of most right-thinking people to look on the Church or physic as a means of getting a livelihood. But what can be done? It would be hard to say that the services of the rector and physician are so valuable that they are absolutely priceless, and that no remuneration ought to be paid for them. There is no reason to think that able men will ever flock into professions solely for the loaves and fishes. Those who have this motive alone at heart soon find that the loaves are exceedingly small, and that the fishes are so few that those are happy who chance to find one or two.

Is it possible to imagine anything more preposterous or contradictory than the wish of many a father that his sons should enter a profession, because then they would, he hopes, get honour and a modest but sufficient income, while all the time he protests that no one should look upon a profession as a means of getting a livelihood, or should think of it as a source of emolument? Higher motives ought to actuate the professional man, he thinks. The latter should not care for money; doing good ought to be his only object, his one thought. Of course, however, the professional man must, he adds, keep up the dignity of his calling. He

at least must be strictly honourable, and give to everyone his due.

The disinterested and lofty motives, which induce many professional men to work hard and long for an utterly insufficient income, are above all praise. Happy are those whose good fortune or pure disposition enables them only to think of doing good. It has repeatedly been said that the professions will never rank as high as they might until money is altogether banished from the question; that must signify, in plain language, not until the professions contain only wealthy men, content to receive nothing but honour and gratitude, and who will look upon fees and stipends as secondary objects. So be it; but surely those are not doing their best to hasten the advent of that day, who encourage men of small means to enter professions which even now do not always escape the stigma of being trades, though three-fourths of their members are not earning a livelihood. Would it not be better to take a loftier view of trades and professions, and while admitting that every industrious man ought to be able to get a sufficient income whatever his occupation, point out to him that whatever his sphere in life, or his calling, he is endowed with a nature above that of the brutes, and that his thoughts must never be of the earth earthy, though he may have to work hard to satisfy the wants of his body?

The professions cannot plead that their members are broader minded than tradesmen. Alas, no; it is not a man's occupation which makes him generous, magnanimous, liberal. There is little to choose between the two great classes. There is deplorable narrowness in professional as well as in commercial circles. What surprising ignorance there is of any calling except of the one in which a man is passing his life! There are medical men ignorant of the names of the leading Churchmen of the day. There are hosts of solicitors who have never read a line of Butler or Paley, who do not know the name of an eminent divine, and to whom the treasures of English literature are unknown. There are plenty of clergymen who think more of the third-rate vicars of their own district than of the leading scientific men of the country, and who seem not aware of the existence of eminent divines outside the pale of the Anglican Church. When professional men know more of one another they may begin to complain of the ignorance and narrowness of business men, certainly not till then.

After all, there will be no lack of men to enter the trades of this country, and the professions are in their turn not likely to be understocked. In the present state of public opinion, the latter will long be thought the most honourable; the former will generally

be the most useful. The tradesman will heap up the fortune, which his son—the lawyer or the doctor, will spend in keeping up his position. Well, will it always continue to be so? There must, there will some day be higher and grander views of life.

As a means of accumulating a colossal fortune, trade will always have immense advantages over professions. There are professions in which a thousand or fifteen hundred a-year is an unusually large income. Not one officer in a hundred ever earns so much, nor is the proportion of clergymen much larger. Successful lawyers and doctors often get more, but the expenses of the latter are so heavy that, in a pecuniary sense, medicine is little better off than the Church, though both far surpass the army and the bar. With the exception of judges, bishops, and field-m Marshals—of the last, by the way, there are four, and two of them are royal dukes—not one professional man in a thousand earns five thousand a-year, not one in ten thousand double that sum. The suburbs of every important manufacturing town swarm with business men earning from four hundred to ten thousand a-year, and few great towns are without two or three millionaires, the income of one of whom would exceed five times over that of the most successful professional man in the empire.

The acquisition of a large fortune, however, ought never to be the principal object of life; but it may be fairly assumed in the present state of society, that if the rich prizes in any calling are few and small, the average earnings are almost sure to be low. On the other hand, when many men make large incomes and some a princely fortune in any occupation, it may be taken for granted that a fair return is not unlikely to reward the majority of earnest, conscientious workers in it.

All occupations, whether the care of souls, the management of an office, or the relief of disease, can be entered upon with the purest motives, and though the struggle is difficult, they can be made to increase the happiness of mankind.

Surely, then, there can be no walk in life in which something may not be attempted for the higher glory of God. It is as easy—sometimes easier—to do good in business than in a profession. It is not absolutely easy in either. It is as easy to avoid temptation in the former as in the latter. What, cannot the conscientious, humane manufacturer look after and promote the higher interests of his men as well in business as if he were in orders? Cannot the merchant be a father to his clerks and porters? Cannot the shop-keeper set his assistants and his family a good example? and can he not, in the various relations of his anxious daily life, set a good example and help to raise the low—now, alas! too low—tone of

trade morality? Of course he can. So can a farmer or contractor, if he has the inclination, watch over his dependants and guide them gently and lovingly to a higher level.

When death comes and snatches the busy man away from his many occupations, the great and loving Father of all will not inquire whether he was a tradesman or a professional man, whether he was rich or poor, whether he ranked high or low in the good opinion of this frivolous world; but whether in his trade or profession he lived as became a man having the glorious light of the Gospel to keep him from peril, and the example of Christ, the Gentle and Merciful, to guide his feet into the way of peace.

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D E C E M B E R.

DARK days are now proverbial, but this month  
Engages higher thoughts of holier life;  
Commenting on the past, remembrance brings  
Each deed performed, and duties left undone.  
May next year's hope and promise be fulfilled  
Before another reck'ning comes too late.  
Enable us, O God, to do Thy Will,  
Repressing evil, and promoting good.

M. A. BAINES.

## TWEEDDALE COURT:

A NOVELETTE.

BY MRS. HIBBERT WARE,

Authoress of "*Dr. Harcourt's Assistant*," "*The Hunlock Title Deeds*,"  
 "*The Water Tower*," &c.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## SECOND-SIGHT.

A FEW days after Marion's interview with Mackoull found her traversing Candlemaker Row and entering the old Grey Friars churchyard, with a very different companion leaning on her arm—Aunt Janet, in short, who tempted by the beauty of the afternoon, unusual at that time of the year, had been taking a stroll with her niece, after a short indisposition, which had confined her to the house, and now sought the churchyard, to see the stone newly placed over the grave where the poor old army clothier was at rest, after his busy, stirring life.

A breath of warm, soft air, as of summer, seemed to mingle with the breeze that gently whispered amongst the branches of the drooping willows, and the sunlight that fell, in chequered rays, on grassy mounds and blackened old monuments, was never more bright or dazzling in spring-time, than on that lovely day when the old year was drawing towards its close, and the last sere and yellow leaves had fallen from the trees.

"It is a quiet, peaceful spot this, green and fresh too, in the midst of the crowded piles of buildings all round it," said Aunt Janet, as they walked towards old Mackoull's grave; "but Marion, I think it is a pity that whilst they are talking of so many improvements in the city, they do not make one great one, and sweep away Candlemaker Row. Why, child, the walls of the houses in the Row are like so many headstones to the graves beneath; and though I am not superstitious, as you know, I could not sleep in my bed with all these dead people hemming me in on all sides."

Marion smiled at the latter part of her aunt's remark,—a faint smile, for her mind was painfully preoccupied. She had not seen Mackoull since they had met in the King's Park, nor had she heard from him; and at times a vague feeling of uneasiness and

dread came over her, which she tried in vain to banish, as to what might be the next tidings she should hear of him.

"Dear me, Marion, to fancy what this place once was!" said Aunt Janet, as she paused for a moment and looked around the churchyard. "Beautiful gardens full of trees and flowers, and the fine old monastery of the Grey Friars overshadowing the picturesque grassy slopes which are now covered by these homes of the dead. So it was till the Reformation, like a devastating torrent, swept all away—monastery, and monks, and gardens. Poor St. Francis and his Grey Friars! no one thinks of them now. Well, if the spots laid waste by the Reformers had never been put to worse uses than this, I would not complain."

"But it was Queen Mary who gave the gardens for a place of interment," replied Marion.

"Oh, yes; but she, poor thing, could not hold her own against John Knox and his crew," exclaimed the old lady, in a tone of bitterness, "far less protect the poor monks from being driven hither and thither. Well, praised be God, we live in different times and though I shall not live to see it, such is the increasing liberality of the age, that possibly monks and nuns may tread once more our old closes and wynds."

"I wish I could think as you do," said Marion, abruptly; "and perhaps I should become a nun."

The old lady started, and gazed inquiringly on Marion.

"Nay, la-sie! nay! What is it you say? I am sure I have always kept faith with your good father: I have always been most careful never to meddle with your religious opinions; and if I have sometimes taken you to our poor chapel, it has always been with his consent—he is a most liberal-minded man. Nay, lassie, I could ill fancy bonnie, bright-eyed, laughter-loving Marion, a nun—and she so fond of visiting and fine dress,—though, alas! my poor bairn," she added, speaking in a sadder tone, "I would rather have you eager for a little more pleasure, as you once were, than sorrowful, and pale, and quiet as you are now."

"Never mind, dear aunt; spring-time will come again," replied Marion, trying to speak cheerfully. "And now, see, here we are at poor Mr. Mackoull's grave." And, in fact, they had reached the spot where the pure unstained whiteness of the new marble contrasted with the dark old crumbling head-stones and monuments on every side.

A strangely varied scene that quiet spot presented: the walls of tall old houses, the abodes of the living, enclosing the churchyard on every side, and seeming to lock in the habitations of the dead. Very sadly near each other these two homes seem to be. The churchyard is very full, and upon its slopes of green turf, so

trimly kept, and under its drooping willows, there are many stones and monuments; but all round the graveyard, at its very edges, are other relics of the now long-forgotten dead, still more stones and monuments, and these are very old, so old, some of them, that the inscriptions are quite illegible, the stones are damp and crumbling to decay, the skull and crossbones, emblems of death carved upon them, partially moss-grown, and the grass beneath rank and wild, whilst the dark, sombre walls, against which these monuments are reared, form also the walls of the homes of the living.

Just facing the spot where Marion and her aunt stood, a child leaning from an open window, plucked at the turf growing over a grave beneath. A stone juts out just beside this window, and its shadow falls on a little curly-haired boy, on the last lingering scarlet bloom of a geranium, treasured by its poor owner, and darkens the gloom of the wretched apartment within. It is an old monument, the stone green and damp, and blackened in most parts by the lapse of centuries. In the carving, besides the skull and crossbones, is a representation of death, throwing aside his cloak and showing his grisly skeleton form. Strange contrasts abound: monuments marking the last resting-place of the once great and powerful in the land, side by side with the sordid homes of the poor, the miserable rags of the latter hung to dry on poles thrust from the windows, fluttering against moss-grown tablets, recording the high lineage and lofty rank of those sleeping their last long sleep under the green sod beneath.

Aunt Janet stood for a few moments by the grave of Mackoull, her mind busy with memories of times gone by, and saddened by the reflection of the troubles which had embittered the old man's life towards its close, and had probably, indeed, hastened his end. He had been one of the few remaining links which connected her with the past. For many a long year they had not met, and the tastes and dispositions of the army clothier and the Highland gentlewoman were utterly dissimilar; but she had known him from his infancy till manhood, when he went to make his fortune in London, and whatever might be her feelings as to his trade and his political principles, she had always esteemed him for his honour and probity. Her sad thoughts and recent indisposition combined, perhaps, in inducing the feeling of lassitude and weariness of which she complained to her niece, and taking the arm of the latter again, the two left the churchyard and made their way to Tweeddale Court.

The short winter afternoon was drawing to an end, as the two ladies entered the Close; but the bright sunshine still shone, and its reddish beams penetrated into every nook and corner of the place, lighted up the dim glass in the windows with a crimson glow, and threw a gleam into dusky entries, and on the dark staircases,

It flooded the roof top of the large old mansion at the bottom of Close,—the home of Marion's infancy and childhood, and, indeed, the only home she had ever known. A great change had come upon Marion within those old walls. From a gay, laughing, amiable girl, she had become a woman, with a woman's thoughts and feelings, and, at the same time, sorrow and disappointment had weighed upon her, and the wreck of her hopes had left in her moral nature a desolation and blight, not inaptly figured by the decay and ruin of the old mansion of the Tweeddals,—a mansion now, indeed, sadly altered, though traces of its former magnificence still remained, for Begbie had done something in the way of renovation. Amongst a few relics of the former noble occupants of the house was an oil painting let into an oak panel in the drawing-room, said to be that of the second Earl of Tweeddale, who, like the Vicar Bray, was apt to change his politics with the times: who fought for Charles the First, then for the Parliament at Marston Moor, then assisted at the coronation of Charles the Second at Scone, afterwards sat as member for Haddington in Cromwell's Parliament; again, at the Restoration, he put off the Republicanism and clothed himself in the silken attire of the Cavalier; and, lastly, disclaiming the principle of the right divine of kings, he made a Marquis by William the Third.

At the back of the house, Begbie's drawing-room looked out on the roof-tops and crowded streets of a large city; but in earlier days, in front of those old casements, there stretched away the thick and pleasing foliage of a whole plantation of lime-trees, and beautiful gardens, descending in a succession of ornamental terraces as far as the Cowgate. In this room, Marion and her aunt found Begbie in company with Norton, who had called during their absence.

Norton and Bella had, at the request of old Mr. Mackoull, been called, not very long before his death.

After a little conversation, Begbie and Norton went out to settle some affair of business connected with the property of the man, for the former was one of his executors. They returned as it was growing dusk, to find the whole household in great confusion and alarm. Aunt Janet had been taken suddenly ill shortly after their departure—so ill that Marion had thought she was dying, and had sent in haste for a doctor. The old lady came to herself, however, soon after the arrival of that functionary, and as Begbie reached home had fallen into a deep and quiet sleep.

MacNab pronounced the attack a slight fit, and also informed Begbie, on leaving, that he considered that his aunt's brain was somewhat affected.

"Such utter nonsense!" exclaimed Begbie, as he walked



hurriedly up and down the room where Aunt Janet had been reposing herself, after her walk, in a large old chair by the window, when she was so suddenly taken ill. "My aunt is as sane as you or I, Mr. Norton. Her intellect is unusually bright and unclouded for her time of life; but these doctors must have something to say. However, here is Marion; we shall have a true version of the affair from her. My love, what does that twaddling fellow MacNab mean by saying that my aunt's brain is affected? I only understood you to say, when I came in, that she had become suddenly insensible."

"That is all, papa," said Marion, who looked, however, pale and terrified; "but she has had one of her visions again, and, of course, Mr. MacNab thinks it is all nonsense, and that aunt must be wandering in her mind when she talks of such things."

"I am sure I beg. MacNab's pardon," replied Begbie; "for, upon that point, alas! my poor aunt is certainly rather crazed."

"What are these visions? are they heavenly ones?" asked Norton, with some curiosity.

"Oh, dear no," answered Begbie; "they usually relate to corpses and shrouds, and such-like pleasant matters. My poor aunt, Mr. Norton, believes herself endowed with the faculty of second sight, which you have probably heard of—a very unfortunate and disagreeable gift to be in possession of, it appears to me. She has not been well lately, and her visit to the churchyard, I fear, was inopportune; it has, no doubt, suggested this spectral apparition, or whatever it has been. Has she heard a voice again in the Close, Marion, and transformed it into mine?"

"Oh, no; it's much worse than anything she has ever seen before," replied Marion, with a shudder, whose constant intercourse with her aunt, had infected her in some degree with the superstitious terrors of her aged relative.

"Lord, help us! it must be something gruesome indeed, then," exclaimed Begbie, in a voice alternating between mirth and vexation. "Really, Mr. Norton, this second sight has been the bane of my aunt's life. These visions are nothing but the effects of an overstrained and enthusiastic imagination—"

"This bodiless creation, ecstasy  
Is very cunning in——"

as our great poet writes."

"Well, papa; but you must allow that very curious things are related concerning second sight, and they have come true, too."

"Mere coincidences," answered Begbie. "But what, on earth, has the vision revealed this time, to my poor aunt? Second sight will be the death of her some day, I expect."

"I will tell you all that happened," answered Marion, "and

what my aunt said to me. After you had gone out, I went to the harpsichord and she sat down in that chair by the window, and said she would rest a little. Twice I stopped playing, and turned round to look at her, thinking she was asleep——”

“Aye, just as I thought, a dream,” interrupted Begbie.

“No, papa, indeed it was not. Aunt Janet was wide awake—her eyes were open, and she spoke to me on both occasions; she was talking about Harris for several minutes.”

“Ah, Harris, Harris,” replied Begbie, disconsolately. “No wonder she has such strange, gloomy fancies, born and brought up in such a place. I have been there once or twice, Mr. Norton, and I have often thought that the wild rugged scenes, which nature presents there, may have much to do with the delusions common to the inhabitants of those parts. The scenery is terrible in its savage grandeur,—not a tree nor a shrub, nor a leaf; only rock and water. The sea on all sides—and such a sea!—breaking against black, frowning cliffs a hundred feet high, huge waves, crested with white foam, beating on the rocks far beneath. I can fancy a nervous, imaginative person believing he saw weird shapes and forms in the clefts and fissures of those stupendous cliffs. I have felt melancholy myself, when sitting on the rocks, hearing nothing but the roaring of the waves, and the loud, mournful cry of the sea-gull, swooping down into the dark waters of that wild sea; and as for the solitude, it is truly awful. You may struggle through sand drifts and amongst bare rocks for hours, and see nothing but the black cattle browsing amongst the heather, which is the only thing that grows there, indeed, or, just once and again, a little thatched hut—but there, I beg your pardon, Mr. Norton, for making this long digression.”

“I can quite understand, from what you say of the wild and impressive nature of the scenery,” replied Norton, “its effect upon the minds of the people, naturally romantic and imaginative, as I have heard.”

“Yes, my dear, sir; but then, how people should fancy here, in a busy, crowded city, that they see corpses lying about at all times and seasons, and lights walking in churchyards, and voices crying up and down, passes my poor comprehension.”

“I think it is a proof there is something in second sight,” answered Marion, gravely.

“Are you a believer, Miss Begbie?” asked Norton.

“Oh, she has been an apt scholar,” replied Begbie, smiling. “She knows the whole history of second sight by heart, and can explain it, and quote instances as fast as our cook, Biddy O’Callaghan, can tell her beads.”

“Well, my aunt has told me most wonderful circumstances,”

said Marion, turning to Norton.—“ though papa is sceptical. There was a man in the Isle of Skye, who saw a corpse being brought towards the church, not by the common road, but by a rugged path, which made his neighbours say that he could not have seen any such thing. However, in a short time what he had said came true; for a person in the parish died, and his body was carried along that very same rugged way, as the high road had become impassable from a deep fall of snow: I could tell you of many more such instances.”\*

“ Well, my dear, let us have Aunt Janet’s vision, and we shall see if it comes true.”

“ I only trust it may not,” replied Marion, with a shudder. “ I think I told you that aunt and I had been talking. After that, I was singing one of her favourite Jacobite airs, and had just got to the lines—

“ My sire and five brethren w’ Charlie they gaed,  
On the muir o’ Culloden now green grows their bed—

when I was startled by hearing her give a dreadful cry. I ran to her directly. She was quite pale and cold, her eyelids erect, and her eyes continued staring straight before her. Then she became insensible for a few minutes, and I sent for Mr. MacNab. When she came to herself again, he had arrived, and she spoke a few words before him, which, no doubt, caused him to think poor aunt’s brain was affected. After he was gone she said, ‘ she had been thinking, while I was singing, of poor old Mackoull, and was looking out into the court where the sun was shining. Then, all of a sudden, a change appeared to come over the scene; the sunlight died out, and there were only dark shadows and a dim, uncertain light at the entrance of the Close, where she imagined herself to be; instead of the window yonder, and the flowers and leaves of the monthly rose, and the myrtle, there were the dark walls of the tall old houses on either side the Close, the rough paving stones, and, just a few yards distant, the entrance from the Netherbow, and a glimpse of the sky with a red glow still upon it, as though the sun had not long set. Then a dreadful horror and terror came upon her, and she saw, almost at her feet, a still, rigid form lying at the foot of a flight of steps, with a white garment about it, drawn up to the throat, and the pale cold face turned up to the sky. This was the body of a murdered man, and Aunt Janet said that the white garment was his shroud, and the height to which it was drawn up denoted the speedy accomplishment of the assassin’s deed.”

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\* Martin’s Western Islands.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## T W E E D D A L E   C L O S E .

THE day following that on which Aunt Janet had received so severe a shock, dawned dull and misty—a true November morning; the sun loomed out towards noon, a dusky, red globe amongst piled-up masses of greyish cloud.

Aunt Janet was too much prostrated to get up, and her nephew paid her a visit in her bed-room. With something more than her usual motherly tenderness and affection, the old lady clasped his hands in hers, and drew him closer to her side. She seemed to watch his every movement, and to be full of ill-concealed fears and apprehensions, born, as he judged, of her strange fancy of the preceding evening.

“To-day is Saturday, is it not?” asked Aunt Janet, clasping, as she spoke, her withered hands around her nephew’s arm.

“Yes, aunt, and your question reminds me that I must be getting ready to go to Leith; the morning has passed so quickly, or it seems to have done so, from my having been unusually busy.”

“Alick, I entreat, I implore of you,” exclaimed the old lady, in a tone of the deepest agitation, “not to go to Leith to-day; send one of the clerks to bring the money from the branch. I am now far from well, as you see; do not leave me—let some one else go in your place.”

“My dear aunt,” replied Begbie, with a half smile, “I know it is not on your own account that you wish me not to go to Leith, because you are better this morning. Confess now, that it is merely some passing fancy of yours, some fear connected with possible mischance to my invaluable self,” he added, jestingly. “But aunt,” and his voice assumed a graver tone; “you know I should not choose to trust any one else with this business; I always bring the money myself from Leith every Saturday, and I must do so to-day.”

“Do not go, Alick. I cannot tell you my reasons for making this request, but if you knew the load of fear and sadness that oppresses my heart, you would relieve me by staying within doors to-day.”

“My dear aunt, do try and shake off this fancy. You know I must go to Leith; and why should I not go to-day more than any other day? You have been poorly lately, and your imagination is disturbed by gloomy images and forebodings of evil which may never be realised. These dreams, or omens, or whatever they are, would not give me a moment’s uneasiness, did I not fear for the effect they may have upon your own bodily health. Treat

them all, dear aunt, for what they are worth, idle chimeras of the imagination."

"Alick," exclaimed the old lady, earnestly, "if Henry the Fourth of France had not treated his wife's dream as a bagatelle, he would not have fallen by the knife of an assassin."

"Who shall say?" replied Begbie, gravely. "His hour had come—it was God's will, without whose knowledge and consent not a sparrow falls to the ground; but I am not Henri Quatre," he added, smiling; "nor am I likely to meet with a Ravallac."

"May God in His mercy forbid!" murmured Aunt Janet. "I see nothing will stay you, Alick, my bairn," she added, with a fond and touching intonation of voice, as she folded her arms about her nephew, who had stooped down to embrace her before leaving; "you have been like a son to me, and one of the dearest and best of sons; your mother's love for me survived in yours; you have also been a good husband, a good father, and, better than all, a good and faithful servant to our Heavenly Master, and in the midst of my fears and forebodings, true or false, I feel one great joy, to know that whatever may befall you on earth, you have laid up for yourself treasure in Heaven."

"God grant it!" answered Begbie, solemnly, as he returned his aunt's fond embrace; then, as he gently withdrew himself from the arms that clung so lovingly around him, he added, "I will only quote to you, dear aunt, the Latin ejaculation I have so often heard you repeat, and beg you, whatever happens, to put the spirit of it nobly in practice—*Fiat Voluntas Tua*."

With those words of faith and resignation on his lips Alick Begbie passed for ever from the sight of his loving aunt, who, through all the, to her, long hours of that winter day, was trying to bring home still nearer to her mind the fulness and meaning of those Heaven-born words.

Dusk was rapidly deepening into darkness, and the dull, red flare of the oil lamps just lit, were but faint beacons in the midst of the gloom and obscurity that enveloped the streets.

A large crowd had assembled near the entrance to Tweeddale Court, so large, that Begbie, who had just arrived from Leith in a hackney-coach, descended from it, seeing that he could better traverse on foot the few intervening yards that yet lay betwixt where the coach was forced to stop and the Court. Loud cries and shouts arose from the midst of this mob of people of all sexes and conditions. The cause of the uproar a dog fight, no unusual occurrence, in those days, in the less-fashionable streets of Auld Reekie.

In the midst of the circle formed by the eager, vociferous crowd of admiring human abettors, were the two canine warriors engaged

in close and deadly combat, carried on in deep silence, unbroken even by a growl, showing the determination of the dogs to fight, if permitted, till the death.

One was a huge black Newfoundland, the other a small white bull-dog. Each had his partisans amongst the crowd.

"Wha's dowg is the black one?" demanded an old man, striving to get a sight of the combatants.

"It's Hector: he belongs to Jock Miller, the brass founder, down the Greys' Close yonder," responds one looker-on.

"He's aye fechtin'," says another; "but he's got his mate noo."

"Bully has a ticht grip intil his hawse," shouts a third; "he'll be staued enuch wi' fechtin' this time."

"Bully will haud to him till he has fair thrappled him, gin they'll let him."

This last surmise seemed as though it would prove correct, for the bull-dog never released its hold on the throat of the noble Newfoundland, who, in spite of his strength and power, showed manifest signs of distress, which caused some of the crowd to attempt the not very easy task of separating them, though others, wishful for the continuation of the contest, shouted—

"Weel dune, Hecky!" "Shake him, Hecky!" cried the friends of Hector. "Hecky canna fecht!" Hand teuch, Bully!" "Thrapple him, Bully!" vociferated the well-wishers of the bull-dog.

With his hand placed within the breast of his coat; and grasping a canvas bag containing a large sum in gold and notes, Begbie made his way, through the shouting, clamorous throng, to the entrance of Tweeddale Court. He passed into the dark shadowy Close. Had there been, since twilight fell, a human form lurking there in that dark entry, keeping watch for the banker, or did the man, that night, to stamp his brow with the red brand of Cain, steal into it from amongst the crowd, perchance, but a minute or so before the victim? Could these pavingstones, or these blackened walls speak, the mystery might be solved; but no human eye saw what passed, during those few brief minutes, in the gloomy Close, where, within a few yards of the busy, noisy thoroughfare, within hearing of the shouts of the crowd, within sight of the lamps in the Netherbow, the murderer executed his fell purpose.

The crowd had not yet dispersed, though the dog fight had been stopped by the strenuous exertions of Hector's friends, when Norton pushed through the mob, and entered Tweeddale Court, on his way to Begbie's house, to inquire after Aunt Janet. As he neared the entry to a stair on the right side of the Close, he almost stumbled over the body of a man lying on the ground. His first thought

was that, being Saturday evening, this was some reveller who had spent his week's earnings at the tavern, and had fallen down insensible from intoxication. Wishful, however, in any case to render assistance, Norton stooped down to the prostrate form: the face was turned upwards, and in the dim light, faint as it was, Norton became aware, with a thrill of horror, that he was in the presence of death. The white face was growing rigid, the eyes were open, but their life, their soul, was gone for ever. An expression of horror and surprise seemed yet imprinted on the features of the dead man; but no breath came from the white parted lips, as Norton knelt in grief and anguish beside the stiffening form of his friend, Alick Begbie, and sought in vain to discover any lingering sign of life.

His shouts for help were heard above the tumult in the street, and throngs of people crowded into the court. Too late now; for, within a few minutes, but some dozen yards from them, Begbie had bled to death at the foot of those steps, amidst the darkening shadows of the Close, whilst the murderer had passed secretly and silently away.

Even as Norton knelt by his friend's side, whilst the cry for help was on his lips, his thoughts went back, with the rapidity of a lightning-flash, to Aunt Janet's vision—strangely, awfully verified. Here was the still form lying on the paving stones, within the dusky shadows of the Close, the up-turned face that of a murdered man, and beyond, at the entrance to the Court, the dull red flare of the oil lamps.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SISTER MARGARET.

THE snow was falling down thick and fast, and every roof-top in the old city of Edinburgh was covered with a white shroud. Softly and noiselessly fell the pure silvery flakes, spreading over the rude paving-stones in the narrow closes and wynds, collecting in deep drifts before the entries and doorways, and clinging in yet unsullied whiteness, about quaint, crow-stepped gable-ends, and on the deep sills of dormer windows, the dim glass looking blacker from the contrast.

It was New Year's morning, but the storm was so heavy that few people were in the streets, and a great check was put upon the usual hilarity and festivity of the day.

Two gentlemen were seated over a blazing fire, in a large front room on the first flat of a house in Lothian Street. Father and son one could see they were at a glance, and the resemblance was striking, in spite of the difference in age; but notwithstanding his

seventy years and odd, the old gentleman's form was erect, his eyes as bright and keen, and his face as ruddy as in years gone by, and indeed, in the latter respect, he had the advantage over his son, who, only just convalescent from a dangerous illness, had the pale, wasted cheek of an invalid.

Years, many years have gone by since this white-haired old gentleman, then in his early manhood, first came to the old city of Edinburgh. The recollection of that long past, but unforgotten time always awakens a chord in his heart which fills it with sad emotions.

"I am very curious, Begbie," said the old gentleman, addressing his son, "to see this good nun, and thank her for all she has done for you. She is quite an old lady, is she not?"

"Oh, yes; nearly seventy, I believe," replied the young man; "but then she is so active, and nimble, and cheerful, that one would never imagine her to be that age. She has the brightest eyes and the sweetest smile I ever saw, and though she is so quick in all her movements, yet she is the quietest and gentlest of nurses. Dr. Ramsay often sees her amongst the sick poor, and he says there is not a nurse to come near her in the whole city; she is a Sister of Mercy from the Convent in Lauriston Gardens."

A knock at the door interrupted the conversation, and the landlady, Mrs. MacCulloch, a homely woman, entered, laden with a plate of shortbread in one hand, and a jug containing some steaming compound in the other.

"You'll excuse my intrusion, I hope, gentlemen," said the good lady, "but I keep up our old customs as far as I can, and I have made so bold as to come and offer you the usual hospitality of the New Year's morning; and I hope you'll taste my shortbread and my 'het-pint.' I'm the 'first foot' with you, as we say in Edinburgh, and I hope I shall bring you good luck for the year; but I am forgetting, gentlemen, that you are English, and will not understand our Scotch customs—though, to be sure, your son may, as he has been studying medicine at our University for the last two or three years."

"Yes, my dear madam; but your Scotch customs are familiar to me also," replied the elder of the gentlemen. "I have not forgotten how New Year's Day is kept in Edinburgh, though it is now fifty years since I spent that day in this city, and shared in all the festivities. I will certainly try your shortbread and drink your health in the 'het pint,' though I am afraid the latter must be forbidden to you, Begbie," he added, addressing his son, "as you are still on the sick list."

"Begbie!" repeated Mrs. MacCulloch, in a tone of surprise; "did you ever happen to know any one of that name, sir, in Edinburgh?"



"I did," replied the old gentleman, with a sigh; "he was an old friend of my wife's father, and a dear and esteemed friend of my own, though I knew him, comparatively speaking, but a short time. But do not stand, Mrs. MacCulloch,—pray, take a seat."

"And would your friend be any relation of poor Alick Begbie, that was robbed and murdered in Tweeddale Court?" asked Mrs. MacCulloch, as she seated herself.

"It was Alick Begbie, himself,—indeed, I was the first to discover his body in the Close, but a few minutes, I dare say, after the murder. I stayed in Edinburgh till the following spring; but up to that time no trace of the murderer had come to light. The whole affair was a mystery."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. MacCulloch, eagerly; "the name Norton never struck me before, though your son has lodged with me since the classes opened this winter:—then you are the very Mr. Norton that found him? Eh, sir, it was, in truth, a mystery, for 'twas all about the town at the time, that Miss MacRa, that was his auld aunt, had visions, and that she foretold his death,—and, you see, it came to pass, so it was really very mysterious. He would not believe her, the poor gentleman!"

"There was something strange in that respect," said Norton. "She thought she was gifted with second-sight, and the day before the murder she saw a corpse lying on the very steps where I found my poor friend. She tried hard to persuade him not to go, as usual, to bring home the money from the Leith branch of the bank; but he only thought it was one of her superstitious notions. The strange part of the story, in my opinion is, that the face of the corpse resembled her nephew's. She afterwards mentioned this fact to his daughter and myself, though she had not liked to tell Begbie as much when she was warning him."

"Well, now, that's what I call ghastly," exclaimed Mrs. MacCulloch; "I never heard all the ins-and-outs of the affair before. Well, to be sure! the poor man might have been saved if he had minded his aunt."

"Perhaps so; who knows?" replied Norton. "The poor old lady was in bitter anguish at the fulfilling of her prediction; but after the first violence of the shock, she commanded her feelings in the most surprising manner, though she had been ailing previously,—indeed, she bore up far better than Marion, who seemed utterly crushed by the blow. She gave me all the directions for the funeral; it was to be carried out, she said, as her nephew would have wished, in the manner of his Presbyterian ancestors, though I recollect her saying to me on one occasion, 'I am a Catholic, and I would not myself be buried in such a way.'"

"I remember the funeral quite well," observed Mrs. Mac-

Culloch ; "because, the way it was done was almost out of fashion here, even as late as that time. The parish beadle came round with a passing-bell, and stopped at different places. I remember his stopping just in front of where I lived, and calling out in a slow, melancholy tone, the name of Begbie, and where he was to be buried, and inviting his friends and neighbours to attend the funeral."

"Of course, you were there, father?" said young Norton.

"Yes. It was a very crowded funeral, and it made a strong impression upon me," replied the old gentleman; "for I had never seen a strict Presbyterian funeral. The City magistrates walked in front, I recollect, and the coffin, covered with a black velvet pall, was carried on chair-poles,—sedan chairs are out of date now, you know;—but what struck me as peculiarly singular was, the absence of all religious ceremony or prayers of any sort; and I quite agreed with old Aunt Janet in not liking it. As no relations were there, one of the gentlemen present whispered to me that, as the most intimate friend of the deceased, I should just thank the company for their attendance. After that they all dispersed. We do not bury in that manner in the Church of England, Mrs MacCulloch."

"Different folks have different customs," remarked Mrs. MacCulloch, sententiously.

"Poor Begbie!" sighed Norton. "The whole affair was, as I have said, a mystery. I never heard of the slightest clue that might have led to the discovery of his murderer."

"Well, to a many it is a mystery, certainly," replied the landlady; "and they still ask—'Who murdered Begbie?' Certain it is, the crime was never proved against any one, and the man that some say did it was never brought to justice,—leastways, not for that murder; but I think there's small doubt who did it!"

"And who was that?" asked the senior Norton, eagerly.

"Just David Mackoull, the son of an old friend of poor Begbie's, and who was courting his daughter, I believe. Eh, deary me; but it was a sad affair!"

Mrs. MacCulloch was busy pouring out a goblet of 'het-pint,' or she would have perceived the start which both the gentlemen gave when she mentioned the name of Mackoull, and the looks which they exchanged, expressive of surprise and sorrow.

"You see, sir," continued Mrs. MacCulloch, "I was but a young girl then; but the murder made a great noise in the town, and, for a while, people talked of nothing else."

"I know, I know; but what caused suspicion to rest on David Mackoull?" asked Norton, in a slightly faltering tone.

"Well, you see, sir, it wasn't till long afterwards that the

strongest proof came,—though a few months after the murder there was a rumour anent him. I don't know how it got about, or where it sprang from first; but nobody could prove anything, else Mackoull couldn't have come and lived amongst us, in this very town, which he did do. However, there were rumours. It got to be known that Mackoull and Begbie weren't great freens,—partly, folks said, because Begbie hadn't wanted his daughter to have anything to do with him,—and no wonder, for he was a ne'er-do-weel fellow;—then, again, Mackoull's father deed, and left him nothing; and he fancied, at least so folks said, that Begbie had a hand in that, too: so, you see, altogether, it's very like to ha' been him. However, nothing turned up at the time, though Government offered five hundred guineas reward. None of the money he robbed poor Begbie of was ever recovered, and a large sum it was, too—nearly five thousand pounds,—leastways, only some bank notes that were found hid in the grounds of Bellevue. But I suppose the principal proof against Mackoull was when he was implicated in the robbery of the Paisley Union Bank."

"I never heard of that robbery; but what proof could that be of Begbie's murder?" asked Mr. Norton in a puzzled tone.

"Why," replied Mrs. MacCulloch, astonished at the want of discernment evinced by the question, "isn't it pretty certain that him who robbed the bank robbed the banker?"

The two Nortons failed to perceive the strength of this logic; but they did not attempt to argue against, what they saw was Mrs. MacCulloch's settled conviction.

"And did Mackoull really come again to Edinburgh?" asked Mr. Norton senior.

"That he did. But, Lord bless you, sir, when a man has committed a murder he has the hardihood for anything. Mackoull came here, and lived in Rose Street, under the name of Captain Moffat, like a fine gentleman, till the Paisley affair. Twenty thousand pounds were carried off that time. He escaped punishment in this world, after all; for though he was convicted and condemned to be hung, he contrived to get a reprieve, and died in Edinburgh jail, just fourteen years after poor Mr. Begbie's murder."

After a little conversation on less painful topics, Mrs. MacCulloch left her lodgers, in order that she might attend to some household arrangements. The door had no sooner closed upon her than young Norton exclaimed—

"Good heavens, father! was this murderer the wretched brother of my mother, of whom I have heard you speak?"

"Yes, he was indeed, my dear Begbie. But Mrs. MacCulloch's

communication was as great a shock to me as to yourself. We entirely lost sight of the wretched man after Begbie's murder; but this might probably be owing to our having settled in Yorkshire. I had not the remotest idea that any suspicions of his having been my poor friend's murderer rested upon him. I knew that he was a very bad man, but I never thought him capable of such a crime as that."

"How very dreadful, if it should be true!" exclaimed young Norton.

"Dreadful indeed!" replied the old gentleman. "But, my dear lad, Mrs. MacCulloch's story reminds me of a very extraordinary notion, or whatever it might be called, of poor Begbie's old aunt Janet. On New Year's Day then—more, perhaps, than now—neighbours and friends called at each others' houses to be the 'first foot,' and it so happened that David Mackoull was the first person to call at Begbie's that morning. The poor old lady never liked Mackoull, and she predicted, from his being the 'first foot,' that some misfortune or calamity would happen to the family before the end of the year. 'The man is no canny,' she would say, as often as she thought of his new-year's visit; and, strangely enough, she referred mournfully to her prediction after poor Begbie's murder, though I do not believe that she had the least suspicion that Mackoull was the perpetrator of the deed. And let us hope that his hand is not stained with my poor friend's blood—at least, this conversation must never go beyond ourselves."

"Oh, no," exclaimed young Norton; "it would give my mother the deepest affliction. Well, I wish Sister Margaret would come—she always brings peace and cheerfulness with her."

And Sister Margaret was coming, tripping nimbly along the Cowgate, spite of her weight of years, and making her way over the rough path, slippery with half-melted snow, which has lost all its whiteness, and looks black as the decaying walls on either side the street.

Her small pale face is faded and worn, but it shows traces of great beauty in earlier years, and the bright expressive eyes have still a dash of archness in them, and her voice and smile are irresistibly sweet and attractive. Sister Margaret is well-known in this region of squalor and poverty. Her slight and still graceful little figure is familiar to every inhabitant of the Cowgate. In her rusty habit she fearlessly enters the fever-stricken cellar and garret; there she listens to tales of woe, told by their miserable occupants, and tries to lighten some of their heavy burdens.

Strange as it may seem, this region of squalor and poverty, the Cowgate, still picturesque with its tall substantial stone tenements,

with their steep, sloping roofs, and the customary corbie-stepped gable ends, interspersed here and there, with ancient timber façades projecting into the street, and which give variety to the irregular architecture, was once a fashionable quarter of Edinburgh. Crowned heads have passed beneath these dark old walls then veiled by tapestry, the ground was strewn with flowers, and prancing steeds bore along knights and gaily-dressed ladies, who welcomed the royal cavalcade. But probably, no prince who trod the Cowgate in past ages had welcome half so heartfelt and sincere as that accorded to the poor nun in her rusty sergè, by the tattered poverty-stricken inhabitants of Cowgate in the nineteenth century.

A no-less hearty welcome, however, we are bound to say, awaited Sister Margaret at the hands of her happier and more fortunate friends in Lothian Street. Indeed, the elder Mr. Norton seemed as though he could not release her hand from his grasp. He appeared struck by some strange and unaccountable emotion, as he gazed long and earnestly at the sweet pale face of the old nun. At length he said—

“Sister Margaret, I know not how to thank you sufficiently for your tender nursing of my son, and I bear my wife’s grateful acknowledgements, too. She only wishes that she could have had the pleasure of seeing you; but she is very infirm—indeed, I, myself, would have been sooner here but for a sharp attack of bronchitis, which delayed me. You have laid us both under infinite obligations, and the debt is one we can never repay. Begbie is our Benjamin, the youngest of a large family.”

“I am quite repaid, dear sir, in seeing the tint of health returning to your dear son’s cheek. It has been also a labour of love to me, to nurse and tend one bearing his name.” The nun paused for a moment, and a smile flitted across her face as she saw how earnestly the old gentleman seemed studying her features. “You know, too,” she added; “that to nurse the sick is a sacred duty incumbent on our order. To visit the sick and the poor is no irksome task to me, but a joy and a pleasure. I had reached the noon-day of life before I came to labour in God’s vineyard, and I thank Him daily, that I have yet health and strength in old age to work in His service.”

“And you are happy in your life of toil and self-denial?” observed Norton—“your countenance tells that, Sister Margaret.”

“Yes, Mr. Norton, completely so; far happier than in the days of my youth, for then, I was gay, and thoughtless, and frivolous. I cared little, and thought still less of all the sufferings and woes I saw around me. I was bred up in this great city; I loved dress, and show, and gaiety, and thought of nothing higher or better,—

then, there fell upon me a great sorrow, a crushing weight of affliction that bowed me down to the earth. For years I murmured at the cross laid upon me, I rebelled against God's decrees; but at last came the turning-point in my life. After a long absence, I returned to Edinburgh a nun, and in my labours amongst the poor and sick I found a purer joy and pleasure than ever I had known in the days of my youth."

"Well, though I am not of your faith," said Norton, "I admire the spirit that actuates you, and such as you, Sister Margaret; and God will assuredly bless your labours in the service of the poor, for very sad your experience must be amongst them."

"What pains my heart the most," replied the nun, sadly, "is the sight of all the hundreds of little children who crowd every available space in these closes and wynds. In the Cowgate, the Pleasance, in Potter Row, in the High Street, and the Canongate; they lie on the pathways under your feet, they play in the gutters. Babies crawl about, some of them with white pinched faces, their tatters barely covering them. Many have sad, sweet-looking faces. I often wonder they exist in winter,—but, indeed, it is a puzzle how they live at all, breathing such a noisome atmosphere, and often with barely food enough to keep life and soul together. Poor little ones!" added the nun in a tone of inexpressible sorrow; "how my heart aches for them when I thread my way through the dismal closes and wynds. I never pass along Cowgate but I mourn for the poor, forlorn, destitute little ones. Then I wish sometimes that I were rich to aid them; but, alas! riches harden the heart, and the word *money* has always a hateful and fearful sound to me, for the greatest crimes have been wrought by men in their thirst for gold."

"Sister Margaret," said Norton, "I have been trying to think where I have seen you before; this is not our first acquaintance, I am convinced. The tone of your voice is like some old melody long unheard, but never forgotten. Your face is familiar to me, though I try in vain to recollect where and when I saw it. Was it in a dream?"

"No, Mr. Norton," replied the nun; "you knew me in my youth, and you were a dear and valued friend to me and mine. We lost sight of each other when you left Scotland. I did not remain long in Edinburgh after you had quitted it. I went to Glasgow, and there death severed another fond tie. For years I led a useless, repining, weary life. Then I visited some relations who had settled in France after the rising of '45. There a change came over me. I embraced their faith, and almost immediately conceived the wish to be a nun. Peace of mind and a serene happiness came to me

*To Wilhelmina.*

from the moment I put on this habit, and I can pass now through Tweeddale Court itself without the bitterness and despair of past years."

"Ah, I know you now," said old Mr. Norton ; his eyes suffused with tears ; "but before you mentioned Tweeddale Court, I guessed, dear Sister Margaret, that the kind, gentle nun who had helped to save my boy from death was no other than Marion Begbie."

THE END.

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TO WILHELMINA :  
ON HER BIRTHDAY, IN DECEMBER.

WELCOME bright day—bright, tho' in wint'ry garb  
I n dull December, for a maiden smiles !  
L ooks full of love now greet her, and she feels  
H appy and safe in home affection pure ;  
E ach year brings brighter hope, and higher aim ;  
L ess thought of what is gone than what's to come ;  
M uch happiness in doing good to those  
I n lowly state, who bless the kindly heart.  
N ow, may God's blessing brighten still thy path,  
A nd cheer thy future, e'en as thou dost cheer.

M. A. BAINES.

THE KING: GOD BLESS HIM.

WHILST the incidents of a recent royal illness, and thanksgiving for recovery, have not faded too far into the past, it is not amiss to turn to a companion picture, of which there is not anybody left now to speak an intelligible word. As a beginning to it, there must be a peep into the House of Lords. Here it is:—

“The Duke of York rose, and a profound silence ensued. He could not, he said ”——and so forth.

“The Duke of Gloucester deprecated, with great earnestness, the discussion of a question which,” &c.

And one lordship was called to order by a noble lord, and that noble lord by another, and the House was much agitated.

Whereupon Lord Cathcart, “disliking the temper of the House, —to put an end to the irregular conversation that had taken place” moved “that the House do adjourn.”

This was on a Monday, the 15th December, 1788. A biting frost was in the outer world—ice, and snow, and fog, and bleak wind made old England bare and hoary. According to various correspondents who favoured the *Gentleman's Magazine* with true information, the Shannon was frozen over, so was the Seine; and many shops in Vienna were hidden temporarily under heavy snow-fall. But this did not prevent high words and violent gestures, with flushed faces to give significance to them, inside the British House of Peers. Heyday! Faint and blurred as the sounds are now, it was a tumult then that the belligerents thought never had been exceeded, and that they were certain never could have been forgotten. Fox's party were insisting that George, Prince of Wales and heir apparent, should at once assume the reins of government; Pitt's party were declaring that nothing in politics or precedent could warrant the ministry to give him power to do so, and that it should never be. It was a dead lock. The combatants stood push to push, resolution to hard resolution, neither side emitting a symptom that it meant to budge. One gentleman proceeded to one piece of action whilst all these hot tongues stirred. It was H. R. H., the Prince and heir-apparent, himself. He drove off to the Queen, his mother, (in top-boots and a monstrous round great coat with many capes to it), and His Royal Highness was not over tender and respectful, but somewhat uppish. In the hurly-burly of the political squabble he forgot gentlemanly consideration for his mother's feelings, and he established himself in a suite of apart-



ments contiguous to hers, whence his creatures could watch warily, and whence he issued orders that only such and such people were to have admittance to his father's palace. His was the veto to be obeyed henceforth, he declared, any custom or regulation to the contrary notwithstanding.

And then the poor king, his good and jocund Majesty, George the Third! He was restless inside his guarded palace; chafing, vehement, feverish, crimson, hoarse. He was talking incessantly, He was, as incessantly, up and about his rooms, pacing them to and fro. What, what, what? why, why, why? Let him go; let him run; let him dance; let him sing; let him keep up this perpetual comment and question, comment and question, till his attendants are well-nigh as excited as he, and they are praying for the first symptoms of exhaustion. His sorrowing queen, little Charlotte of Mecklenburg, was in an agony of distress and fear. She was passing the first nights of his seizure sleepless; forced to be absent from him, lest the sight of her should excite him more, but insisting on staying in an apartment where she could hear his ceaseless talking, and be sure he was as wakeful as herself by his equally ceaseless tread. The princesses were watching with their mother. They were in tears, and trembling. The physicians were not far off when they were on duty. When they were relieved, they were plagued on every side, by emissaries from Parliament as well as by importunities inside the Palace, for a positive opinion that the madness was for life, for a positive opinion that the madness at such an hour should be past and done. As for little Fanny Burney (shut out from her novel-spinning, her wits, and her round of charming adulation), she was deeply touched with pity for her "sweet queen." Her sensitive heart led her, on those dark cold December mornings, to wait about in draughty stairways and desolate ante-chambers, to waylay the lords and pages as they left the apartments of the king. With what they said she hurried off, and her sharp ingenuity was put to it, to so repeat their report to her mistress that it should sound like a hopeful bulletin.

Meanwhile the "minutes" of the "indisposition" of His Most Gracious Majesty were presented to his true and loyal subjects. Sylvanus Urban, gent., from his office, at St. John's Gate, chronicles the gist of the matter in his numbers for the eventful year 1789, and he shall be quoted. For December the 30th—the old year just fading out—are the ominous words "Not a good night." For the 31st it says "Little sleep in the night." For January the 1st (the new year bringing new hoping) appears the pleasant "minute," "Many hours yesterday in a good state; this morning better than usual." For January the 2nd., there is the news in homely fashion, "In a comfortable way." For the 3rd., it is

"Good rest." For the 4th, "Four hours' sleep." For the 5th, "less tranquil." And so, for weeks, in this brief secretive manner, befitting the divinity that doth hedge about a king, the account goes on. There are fluctuations, leading now to closer pressing of the physicians for a final verdict, now to a little tranquillity for the royal and loyal women, and a gleam of smiles to come breaking through their tears. For the 14th of the month, for instance, the words are, "only three hours' sleep, and that at intervals." For the 17th, "a restless night." For the 27th, "much disturbed." It almost gives a picture of "little Burney," shivering in the bitter dawn, and then only turning away to shiver and grieve the more. But February bids the wretched anxiety to be stayed. His Majesty is getting rid of that terrible garrulity, and that wild walking about that force his physicians to confine him to his room lest he should break from them, past their overtaking, and unregal scenes would have to be enacted to get him once more under restraint. The first day of that good month records "Quiet;" the 5th, "composed;" the 10th, "more than usual recollection." After which all the clouds have gloriously good dispelling, and the royal sanitary barometer indicates only "set fair." His Majesty on the 12th is "in a progressive state of amendment." "Going on very well this m.," is the comical announcement for the 13th, type being short with Sylvanus Urban, or space too valuable for the end of the word morning. By the 16th, Pitt's party, as well as the loving royal ladies, may fairly breathe again, and look out upon the world cheerily. "Making a progress in amendment" is the joyful tune they can all sing to. There is "uninterrupted progress in recovery." The 24th says, "Advancement still continues." The 26th rings out "An entire cessation of illness;" and it is frigid and cynical to resist an imaginary hat-waving and a vociferous "God Save the King." The poor gentleman was only a year or two past fifty; he was fat and joyous and self-complete. He could not see far enough into life, it is true, to feel the fear and quiver with earnest determination. (How hard it must be for princes removed from the touch of the battle to comprehend the heat and bustle of it!) Yet, as far as he could see, he was wishing to make everybody well-fed, well-housed, and hearty; and it is good to think of the terror of insanity passing away (temporarily) from him, and of all the party-plots breaking down. Unhinged, exploded, the Opposition returned to wine and dice and powdered and painted women; and what a storm of pamphlets ceased to have creation and the most visionary chance of sale! There these pamphlets had been, in scores:—"On the Present State of Public Affairs," "On the National Embarrassment," "On the Prince's Right to the Diadem," "The Law of the Land," "The Question Solved," "The

Limitation of the Regency," "Strictures," "Deductions," "Constitutional Doubts," any conceivable title implying faction and obstinacy and obstructive clamour (all reviewed witheringly by Sylvanus Urban); and one turn in the king's health had rendered them all obsolete, of use only for box-lining or for covering pats of butter! The same occasion had another result. The English and Irish Parliament were of one mind. Addresses were moved on both sides of the Channel;—"than which," says Sylvanus Urban enthusiastically, "never were more loyal addresses penned nor any voted with more unanimity."

One question occupying Great Britain during the first days of unaffected glee into which it broke out, was Who had cured the king? A certain correspondent of Sylvanus Urban's, using the initials "G. T.," was hot in insisting it was he. He made known through the April's Index Indicatorius, that he had sent to Dr. Willis, the king's successful physician, the highly likely prescription:—"Take of red bark one ounce, which divide into sixteen or twenty doses, to be taken in substance in water or some weak liquor," &c. So of course "G. T." was certain that Dr. Willis *had* taken. It was impossible for "G. T." to conceive that Dr. Willis was pestered with a pile of similar affectionate importunesses, the sender of each one of which might plume himself as proudly, and put up a similar claim. Then there was the wonder what had brought His Majesty's indisposition—always indisposition, never madness—on? (It was still the time when insanity was thought a "judgment" and a disgrace. The insane were yet shows and mysteries; a scandal; the skeletons to be hung in cupboards and locked away.) Was the king suffering from biliary concretions in the gall-duct? Sir George Baker had undoubtedly attended him for that disorder ten days before serious symptoms set in. Or was it that on Thursday, the 16th of October, His Majesty had risen very early, had walked more than four hours, and then had gone to St. James's and sat there in his wet stockings? Another suggestion was that the patient might have had a rash, and the rash might have been inattentively "struck in;" was it that? No; Sir George Baker, in his examinations before the Committee of the House of Lords, refused to consider either of these causes probable. Dr. Francis Willis (he whom "G. T." advised so needfully), agreed with Sir George. Dr. Francis Willis, in short, settled it when his turn came, at length and fully. He was inclined to think from a detail of his Majesty's mode of life for twenty-seven years, that the *indisposition* had been brought about by using very strong exercise; by taking little sustenance; by *watching* (the term in use formerly for lying awake or "sitting-up"), perhaps when his mind was upon the stretch with very

weighty affairs. There must, it was needful, be some cause found that should be simple, and yet dignified and *preventible*, to account for such a malady as insanity having the audacity to attack a king. And there is even a worthy side to this. It would have been one of the causes for a particular study of lunacy; for the understanding it was but a disease, like other diseases; liable as they are to be avoided and cured, not at all of the sort to be treated with antagonism and contempt, and we have reason to rejoice that the inquiry came.

As well as the curing and the cause, there were long arguments and examinations about the bulletins. Had they been as truthful as they should have been? Or, in place of this, had they been subject to that "manipulation" that Gallic documents have recently experienced, and with which we of modern times are only too familiar? One bulletin called for special attention. It was the one, "In a comfortable way," that appeared in the "Minute" for January the second. Were those words warranted, or had they been used simply to mislead? The Chancellor of the Exchequer had seriously to make a speech about this in the House. "'In a comfortable way' had been chosen," he said, "instead of 'in a good state,' because Her Majesty had wished the circumstances of an amendment having begun to appear to be made known to her husband's people." Only the Chancellor of the Exchequer did not call Her Majesty "Her Majesty." His words were, "the respectable personage in question." And had not this respectable personage lived amongst us for upwards of thirty years without the breath of calumny daring to send forth a whisper? Would any man, then, even the most malignant, infer an imputation on her? This satisfied. The matter passed, and the energy of the country was turned to a form of thanksgiving; to a state procession to St. Paul's, that the King and Queen might return thanks publicly; to a general and splendid illumination.

Cowper could not resist the inspiration of this last:—

"Then, loyalty with all his lamps  
New-trimmed, a gallant show,  
Chasing the darkness and the damps,  
Set London in a glow.

'Twas hard to tell, of streets or squares,  
Which formed the chief display;"

and Sylvanus Urban seems to have shared the poet's difficulty of decision. He set down the description of some of the brilliance, evidently *bouleversé*, with amaze. There was the Bank. This displayed, in addition to "festoons of lamps with serpentine and zig-zig lines on the pillars," a transparency, "the design of which was classic;

and so beautiful it is to be lamented that so temporary a fate was annexed to so much taste and skill. Its central part, besides a Britannia and two hovering cherubs, symbolic of Peace and Plenty, consisted of Hygeia, a little elevated in the air, her arm wreathed round with the snake expressive of Esculapian art; a dignified personification of the City of London; a Commerce; Liberality; and a lion expressive of kingly power." It must have been fine; so fine it might have settled the question of pre-eminence, had it not been for the bewildering beauty of the house occupied by Sir Joseph Banks. This, according to Sylvanus Urban, "presented an elegant device." Undoubtedly it did. There was His Majesty on a throne, the Genius of Physic recrowning him ("my red bark!" would think "G. T.," as he looked and exulted); there was Britannia seated at his feet—Peace and Plenty by the side of her, of course; and "Britannia was looking up to the Esculapian Deity with a countenance expressive of the warmest gratitude." The applicable motto of this was "Redeunt Saturnia Regna." Then there was the residence of Sir Sampson Gideon. It was "grand beyond conception;" it had "a striking and noble appearance," with 500 lamps of all colours. And there was Lord Heathfield's. At this was given a "Siege of Gibraltar, with two balloons let off, and an imitation of hot balls." There was the Ordnance Office, too, "showing the British Lion roused from his lethargy;" the Sun Fire Office, studded all over, punningly, and with an eye to advertisement, with variegated suns; there were the flambeaux with which the Prince of Wales illuminated; the G. R.'s, crowns, stars, diadems, pyramids, and labels, contenting many an earl and marquis; and there were the theatres Royal, Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Above all, there was the display of "Brodie, of Carey Street." This now-forgotten celebrity "placed in the opening before his house a large ship-stove, on a curious construction, which roasted, boiled, and baked at the same time; the funnel was decorated with variegated lamps, and made to represent a Chinese pagoda. The novelty attracted an immense number of persons to the spot, who liberally received roasted and boiled beef with plum-pudding; plenty of porter was likewise distributed by this true son of Benevolence." There, was not Cowper right when he set down further—

"It was a scene in every part  
Like those in fable feign'd,  
And seem'd by some magician's art  
Created and sustain'd?"

The happy Queen could do no less than post off to look at it. It

is good to think of the womanliness and the wifeliness of that.  
Cowper strikes upon his lyre again—

“On borrow’d wheels away she flies,  
Resolv’d to be unknown.”

and these transparencies of classic design touched her so deeply  
they made her eyes full of tears :—

“Pleased, she beheld aloft portray’d,  
On many a splendid wall,  
Emblems of health and heavenly aid,  
And George the theme of all !”

It was “night like noon,” Cowper vowed. (He did not see it ;  
he was in his quiet at Weston, but his heart leaped up to the  
loyalty of the occasion.) And then, with manifest connection with  
Herschel and other telescopic doings at Windsor, the poet wrote of  
the Queen prettily :—

“With more than astronomic eyes  
She view’d the sparkling show ;  
One Georgian star adorns the skies,  
She myriads found below.”

This was on the 17th of March. On Thursday, the 23rd, came  
the climax. It was the day appointed by royal proclamation to  
be observed as a day of general thanksgiving ; and, to quote Sylvanus  
Urban, “the grandeur of the spectacle exhibited in the more than  
triumphal, the religious, entry of the beloved sovereign filled the  
mind with such awful ideas as scarcely left it room to enter into  
the minutiae of grandeur.”

Outside the Cathedral were the streets. These “looked like a  
continued gallery of female charms, where the pencil of nature had  
finished in the highest perfection a selection of the most beautiful  
faces in the universe, among which appeared some that were quite  
new in the metropolis, some celestial rosy cheeks as yet unpolluted  
by late hours, or ruined with the meretricious fashion of paints and  
cosmetics.” This is unfairly sylvan, surely ; forgetful of the  
other and urban obligations. Yet it is urbane ; to sweetness, to  
mellifuousness ; and its richness satisfies. Wending its way along  
this astounding gallery was the procession. The Prince of Wales  
was in a coach drawn by “six beautiful nag-tailed grey geldings.”  
Some of his suite were in coaches drawn by black stallions ; “beau-  
tiful figures, with full tails and manes, all foreign horses, and  
moving with the *grand pas*.” The carriage of the King and his  
happy Charlotte had its panels and front of glass instead of leather ;  
it was surrounded by six pages and six footmen ; it was harnessed  
to cream-coloured horses “whose beauty and delicacy of colour,

whose stately motion, must be recollected by all who have seen them." "On foot were Oxford Blues—two of them, nine of them, ten of them, forty of them; there were also fifteen Toxopholites. Another feature was the Civic Procession, with Musick; tune, the Bugle Horn." The Church was represented by the Archbishops and Bishops (about fourteen of these last, it says, as though they were not worth counting). Lastly, amidst a blaze of verbiage, appeared "that standard of truth, equity, and loyalty, the ever-to-be-revered Lord Thurlow, Lord High Chancellor of England, with his full retinue, and with ten thousand times ten thousand blessings from all that beheld him, as one of the chief among the virtuous, who supported the just cause of the king and saved the city from destruction."

When the procession reached the west door of St. Paul's, the King and Queen alighted; and "then the happy moment arrived when the congregation was rejoiced with the sight of their beloved monarch, whose long absence from them had almost driven them to despair." The King wore the Windsor uniform; the Queen, "looking extremely well," a dress of blue silk trimmed with white, and a bandeau inscribed "God save the King." She was "closely following" him, and after her came princesses, princes, ladies, maids of honour, peers, ministers, clergy, members of parliament, officers—the whole. They approached those universal victims—the charity children. These little sufferers had been seated since seven o'clock in the usual seats occupied by them on Anniversary Day (it had gone wearily on to twelve); and "as the company neared them they were struck with one of the most sublime pictures that could be exhibited to a feeling mind. Arranged in seats erected for the purpose on either side, between the children and the choir, and immediately adjoining to the sliding screen, were 206 Common Councilmen in their Mazarine gowns. This whole was surely a treat to majesty itself?" And so it was expressed. "Our amiable and justly-admired Queen appeared almost overcome with admiration; his Majesty the same; and, in fact, the whole royal family could have continued an hour on the spot."

There could be no delay, however, for any such legitimate and well-merited admiration. The service of three hours' duration had to be performed. The "six thousand fine young children of different parishes, neatly cloathed in their different uniforms," had to have their imprisonment of five hours long lengthened into eight. Poor little souls! Were they fed? Were they moved? Were they carried tenderly on some good shepherd's arm, when weary little heads, sick of hunger and a stiff seat and splendour, dropped dead asleep on weary little bosoms? The questions cannot be answered; and—the service may proceed. The minor canons

chanted, the dean prayed, a bishop read, a second bishop preached, the choir sang (so did the devoted children), and the King and Queen sat under a canopy, the princes and princesses were seated in the choir, the judges were on woolsacks, and the rest in places properly assigned to them. "The King was placid and serene; it was with the utmost difficulty the congregation assembled suppressed their plaudits, notwithstanding their full recollection of the awful place in which they were." And at last, late on in that cold March day, their Majesties returned in the same state as before to the Queen's Palace; and as the last of the train stepped out into the air—Black Rod, mace-bearer, mayors, foreign ambassadors, yeomen of the guard, peers, peeresses, commons, ministers, deputies, judges, bishops, Oxford Blues, aldermen, Artillery Company, a score more—the Cathedral had no more magnificence worth Sylvanus Urban's criticism, and its heavy doors were closed.

This ends what is to be recorded of the National Thanksgiving proper; but to it shall be added a short mention of a gala, given at Windsor by the Princess Royal "to the unmarried branches of the nobility and other persons of distinction." It was a limited or squeezed-up gala, for various efficient and proper court reasons. The foreign ambassadors, and "those of the nobility and commoners who were foremost in distinguishing themselves as friends to His Majesty when faction were endeavouring to seize the Crown," had been invited to a previous gala, and had attended the Queen's concert; no etiquette or friendship therefore required that they should be asked again. This, and this only, was the reason, explained Sylvanus Urban exultantly, why many of the King's particular friends were "observed at the Opera" the same evening. No split in the ranks had come; no division; though this had evidently been whispered behind fans hopefully, and roared out and triumphed over on Opposition club-tables. The princess was wishing for her own thanksgiving, just as a piece of gaiety and recreation—nothing more; this gala was it, and to it were invited 228 persons. They began to assemble in the ball-room about eight o'clock. The ladies were all splendid. They were all, including the Queen and princesses, dressed exactly alike, in gowns of white tiffany with garter-blue bodies; the sleeves and coats ornamented with three rows of fringe, at equal distances from each other, to answer the fringe at the bottom of the gown, which fell only just low enough to appear like another row; this gave a neatness as well as an elegance to the dress, and as there was no hoop, made it perfectly convenient for dancing. The gown was laced behind, and as the reader must perceive, terminated several inches short of the petticoat." Sylvanus Urban was moved, it is clear. So he was equally—sharp connoisseur as



he was—about the ladies' coiffing: "Excepting the Princess Mary," he says, "whose hair was in curls on her forehead and without powder, the ladies' heads were dressed alike." This uniformity is described. There were "not more than two curls on each side; the hind part flowed down in ringlets which hung over the shoulders, and not being thickened by potatum or overloaded with powder, gave no offence to its natural beauty. A large plume of white feathers, either plain or tipped with orange, gave a grandeur to the whole which had a very fine effect." Truly, it must have been fine, too, to have seen Her Majesty and the princesses "intemix with the company, conversing in the most affable way with every person in the room." Then the King (in the Windsor uniform, like all the gentlemen present, and with his diamond star, "which made a most brilliant appearance"), was "remarkably cheerful in both his countenance and conversation." At ten o'clock commenced the dancing; minuets and country-dances, let it be remembered; tunes for the last, "The Triumph," "The White Cockade," and other such attenuated pipings; and during this their Majesties "either sat under the throne or walked round the ball-room, and the King was particularly attentive to all who did not dance." Supper was laid in St. George's Hall. At a quarter to one "the King led the Queen with great dignity to the royal table, and then wishing the company good night, he retired." The Queen was a happy woman that night, for as many as ten princes and princesses of the blood sat with her. "The company at the other tables," Sylvanus goes on to say, "sat promiscuously; a gentleman between each lady, except in a few places where it was necessary to have two gentlemen"—the oddity—"there being more men than women." It is quite as odd to read what there was upon the tables to look at and to eat. There were the following dishes hot (at one in the morning!), roast ducks, turkey-pouts, cygnets, green geese, land-rails, chickens, asparagus, peas, and beans. "The cold parts of the collation," to use the right words, "were the same kind of poultry boned, and swimming or standing in the centre of transparent jellies, where they were supported by paste pillars not in circumference thicker than a knitting-needle; this, with the lights playing from the candles, and reflected on by the polish of the plates and dishes, made a most beautiful appearance." But these *plats*, however much "reflected on," did not naturally make a supper. There were "cray-fish pies of all kinds." There were "hams and brawns in masquerade, swimming on the surface of pedestals of jelly, seemingly supported but by the strength of an apparent liquid." There were fruits that "comprehended all the hot-house was competent to afford; and, indeed,

more than it was thought art could produce at this season of the year." There were "the best and richest preserved fruits, as well those that are dried as those that are in syrup." In short, Sylvanus can find room for no more than that "the supper was furnished with all that nature could produce and art model into what may be called a perfection of variety;" but he records, as a climax, that "there was a profusion of pines, peaches, nectarines, apricots, plums, raspberries, cherries of each kind, from the Kentish to the Morella, and *strawberries of every denomination!*"

The guests shall be left at this fitting end to this glorious gala. They *were* left, indeed, at the time, by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, who slipped quickly away to set off for Newmarket. Round St. George's Hall, in which all were seated, were "emblematical figures done on sand," of Hope, Charity, Peace, and so on; were transparencies by Rebecca; were paintings by West; and round the bandeaux in front of the ladies' head-dresses were words that we will echo now heartily—"God Save the King!"

JENNNET HUMPHREYS.



## M Y L O V E.

'Twas my love lay asleep on a Midsummer night,  
In a country of ancient magnificent wood,  
In a land that with blossoming flowers was dight,  
Where, like patriarchs olden, the chesnut-trees stood.  
'Twas my love lay asleep in an elf-haunted glade,  
That was broken by moonlight in silvery cars,  
And empurpled and misty with slumberous shade,  
And the glowworms within it like golden-eyed stars.

Then the white little elves which are born of the eve,  
In amazement came gazing to look upon her,  
And the great horned owls did their hollow homes leave,  
To inquire who was sleeping so happily there;  
And around her the fairies a measure advanced  
With their butterfly wings and their wands tip't with light,  
So a measure and melody, softly they danced  
On the sward in the forest that midsummer night.

Till the thousands of forms that were glancing around,  
In a moment came trooping thro' forest and glade;  
And upon her sweet lips, with a murmuring sound,  
A daintier of light little kisses they laid.  
And the spirits that know all the secrets of sleep,  
From their palaces made in the heart of the mine,  
Came to sing, in the shell of her beautiful ear,  
All the stories they knew of great Nature divine.

Then, alas! for my sweet in the elf-haunted glade,  
For the fairies to love her so dearly had grown,  
That a couch all of flowers full deftly they made,  
And they bare her by night to a country unknown,  
Where the glory of summer is with them for e'er,  
And the centuries pause on that dream-haunted shore;  
But I wept for my love in her youthfulness there,  
For I knew I should gaze on her features no more.

FRANCIS H. HEMERY.

FATHER STILLING'S SUNSET:  
A STORY OF GERMAN HOME LIFE

IN THE LAST CENTURY,

Adapted from the German of Jung-Stilling,

BY J. LORAIN HEELIS.

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CHAPTER II—*continued.*

Our two lovers were now left alone, and that was what they both desired. As soon as Moritz was gone they took each other by the hand, and sat down side by side, relating what they had said and done since they were smitten with each other. And when they had finished they began all over again, and made all sorts of variations on the theme, so that it was always new—for everybody else very uninteresting, but not so for them.

Frederika, Moritz's other daughter, interrupted their pleasant conversation. She rushed into the room singing an old song. Then stopped short, and asked—

"Do I disturb you?"

"You never disturb me," said Dolly; "for I never take heed of what you say or do."

"Yes, you are pious," rejoined the sister. "But ought you to sit so close to the schoolmaster?—but he is pious too."

"And your brother-in-law to boot," interrupted Dolly. "We have been betrothed to-day."

"So there's a wedding for me," said Frederika, and skipped out of the room.

"As they sat so contentedly by each other, Frederika came storming into the room again.

"Ah," she cried, "they are bringing my father into the village all bleeding. Kost, the gamekeeper, is beating him, and two of the Junker's\* men are dragging him along. Oh, they will kill him!"

Dolly uttered a piercing scream, and flew out of the house. Wilhelm hastened after her; but the good creature could not go so quickly as the girl. He called to his brother Johann, who lived close by. The two hastened to the scene of tumult. They found Moritz in the inn, seated on a chair; his grey hairs were

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\* *Junker*, equivalent of our English title Squire.

matted together with blood; the gamekeeper round him swearing and abusing him, and a dead snipe lay before Moritz's face, and a dead snipe lay before Moritz's face. The host peacefully brought some brandy fully for mercy, and Dolly for a little brandy head; but she had no money to pay for it. It was great for the host to present her with half a crown. By nature impassionate, the hostess stood under the tap of the brandy cask, a father's head. Moritz continually asserted given him leave to shoot as much game as he liked, luckily the Junker was away. At last he made no more excuses. Thus matters stood when Stilling entered. The first revenge which he took of brandy, which the host, who was coming very carefully so as not to spill any of it, thought was the less necessary, however, and only three-quarters full. Johann Stilling took that the glass flew against the wall, and was in pieces. But Wilhelm was already in the room as if he had been the Junker himself, and laid hold of the pastor whenever they met. He was as strong in the arms as he was weak in the head, nor heard, but silently strove to release him. A hand fastened on his coat he broke it loose, and got the old man to his own door. But the gamekeeper and the servants, and his wife, were with them; for each one knew what a high opinion he had of him, and how often Johann dined with him. The Junker on his return dismissed the gamekeeper, and received twenty thalers as compensation for what he had helped them more than all was, that the house was full of peasants, who smoked and smoked themselves with looking on. All at once the incident might not menace an attack, and a hundred fists were immediately ready to be raised towards Moritz on the neck of Kost and his wife, too, was a cowardly poltroon, who often came from his wife; and finally, I must add, that the sons had gained such esteem by the gamekeeper's demeanour, that scarcely any one had thought of their presence. Whence it happened that Johann Stilling stood so high in the Junker's

## CHAPTER III.

## THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

IN a few days old Moritz was well again, and they forgot this unpleasant occurrence all the sooner, because they were busied with more agreeable matters,—namely, with the preparations for the wedding, which old Stilling and his Margaret were determined to have in their own house. They fattened a pair of chickens for porridge, and a fat young calf was to be roasted on large earthenware dishes; plenty of baked plums and rice for puddings were provided, with abundance of raisins and currants for the chicken porridge. Old Stilling had even gone so far as to let wit that this wedding had cost him about ten thalers in eatables alone. However this may have been, everything was arranged. Wilhelm had broken up his school for the time, because, on *such* occasions people are not in the humour for any kind of occupation; besides, he required leisure to make the wedding dresses of his bride and her sister, and had many other things to do. Stilling's daughters, also, wanted new clothes. All these girls were continually trying on their new bodices and dresses, made of fine black cloth; and, although so much was to be done, they thought the time dreadfully long,—indeed, it seemed to them to grow into long years before the day arrived when they could wear their new clothes from morning till night.

At last the long-looked-for Thursday dawned. Every one was awake before sunrise in Stilling's house, save and except he himself; for the old man had only come home from the forest late over-night, and slept soundly until it was time to go to church with the bridal party. When all were ready, they walked in seemly order to Florenburg, where the bride and her friends had already assembled, and the ceremony immediately commenced. When it was ended, they all betook themselves to Tiefenbach to partake of the wedding feast. Two long boards were laid side by side on wooden trestles to serve as a table; Margaret had spread her finest tablecloths over them, and soon the viands were brought up. The spoons were of maplewood, beautifully polished, with roses, flowers, and foliage carved on them. The knives, which were clasp ones, had fine yellow wooden handles; the plates were of the hardest white beechwood, beautifully turned and polished. The beer foamed in white stone mugs, adorned with blue flowers. And besides all this, Margaret put some of her excellent home-made cider before each of the guests, which they might drink instead of the beer if so minded.

When they had all eaten and drunk their fill, everybody began

to talk. But Wilhelm and his bride preferred to be alone and talk with each other; so they went to walk in the forest. The farther they were away from other human beings the more their love to each other increased. Ah, if there were no earthly necessities, no cold nor frost, nor wet, what could have been wanting to complete the happiness of this young couple? Meanwhile, the two old fathers sat conversing alone with the beer jug before them.

"Herr Mitvator, I have always thought that you would have done better if you had not turned your attention to alchemy," said Father Stilling.

"Why, Mitvator?" demanded Moritz.

"If you had continued your clockmaking you might have been able to earn your bread; but now your work has not brought you anything, and what you had has gone."

"You are partly right and partly wrong. If I had known thirty or forty years were to pass before I had found the philosopher's stone, and through that the means of making gold, I should certainly have deliberated before I had made a beginning. But, now that I have learnt something by long experience, and have penetrated deeply into the laws of nature, I should be sorry to have plagued myself so long in vain."

"You have certainly plagued yourself so long in vain, for you have made but a poor living out of it so far. But if you were as rich now as you would like to be, you could not change the misery of so many years into happiness; and, besides, I don't think that you will ever get it. If I may say the truth, I don't believe that there is a philosopher's stone!"

"I can prove to you that there is a philosopher's stone. A certain Dr. Helvetius at the Hague has written a little book, called 'The Golden Calf,' in which it is so clearly proved that no one, even the greatest unbeliever, who may read the book, can doubt any more about it. Whether or not, I shall find it is quite another question. Why not I as well as another? for it is a free gift of God."

"If God had intended that you should have the Philosopher's Stone, you would have found it long ago. Why should He keep it so long from you? Besides, it is not at all necessary that you should have it. How many people there are who live without the Philosopher's Stone!"

"That's true; but we should make ourselves as happy as we can," rejoined Moritz.

"Surely you cannot call thirty years of want, happiness. But don't take offence (here Stilling shook hands with him); I have not been in want all my life, I have enjoyed good health and grown old, have brought up my children, have had them taught and

clothed, and have been satisfied, and therefore happy. They could not give me the Philosopher's Stone. But listen to me; you sing very well, and write a capital hand. Why not be schoolmaster in the village, here? You could get a lodging for Frederika; I have a store-room where we can fix a bed; so that you may live with me, and always be near your children."

"Mitvater, your advice is very good. I will follow it after I have made one last attempt."

"Do not make any more attempts, Mitvater; you are sure to fail. However, we will change the subject. I am very fond of astronomy. Do you know which is the Dog-star?"

"I am no astronomer, but I know that much," rejoined Moritz.

"In the evening he is generally near the meridian, and gives forth a greenish-red light. How far do you think he is from the earth? they say he is much farther from us than the sun."

"Oh, a thousand times."

"Is it possible? I am fond of looking at the stars. I always fancy myself amongst them when I look at them,—and do you know Charles's Wain and the Plough?"

"Yes, they have been pointed out to me."

"Oh, how wonderful is God!" piously ejaculated Father Stilling, who would have continued this astronomical dialogue, had he not been at this moment interrupted by Margaret Stilling, who had overheard their talk. She came and sat down by her husband. "Ah, Ebert," said she, "even a flower teaches me that God is wonderful. Let us learn to understand them. We live nearer the grass and the flowers. Let us admire them here. When we are in Heaven we will consider the stars."

"You are right," said Moritz; "there are so many wonders in nature. If we consider *them* rightly, we can, perhaps, learn to know the wisdom of God. But every one has some study in which he takes pleasure."

Thus, the wedding guests passed the day. Wilhelm Stilling and his bride betook themselves to their home, and began their wedded life, of which I shall relate more in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER IV.

### SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

EBERHARD STILLING and his spouse Margaret had now entered upon a new phase of their housekeeping existence. A new father and mother had come into the family, and the question was, Where shall these two sit at meal-times? In order to avoid obscurity in



this narration, it must, first of all, be told how Father Stilling observed order and presidence at his table. At the upper end of the room there was a bench formed of one oak plank nailed against the wall, and extending as far as the stove. Before this bench and opposite the stove, stood the table, fastened to the wall by a hinge, so that it could be folded back against the wall. It had been made by Stilling himself out of one piece of oak. Father Stilling sat at the upper end of this table next the wall where he was fixed by the bench. Perhaps he had chosen this desirable position because he could rest his left elbow on the bench, and could use his right hand unhindered in conveying food to his mouth. There is no certainty on this point, for he never in his life made a positive declaration on the subject. At his right side, and before the table, sat his four daughters who could move about the room without impediment. Margaret had her seat between the table and the stove, partly because she was very susceptible to cold, and partly because she could easily see if anything were wanting on the table. Johann and Wilhelm had formerly sat behind the table, but as the former was married and the other was school-keeping, their places had been empty till now, when, after due deliberation, they were assigned to the young married couple.

Johann Stilling sometimes came to visit his parents, every one was pleased when he did come; for he was a remarkable man, besides every peasant in the village held him in respect. When he was quite young he had made a map of the stars out of a wooden platter, and had turned a butter-box of beech-wood into a compass, and taken geometrical observations from a hill. At that time the prince was having a map made of the district, and Johann looked on when the land-surveyor measured and calculated. But now he was really a skilled land-surveyor, and was consulted by gentle and simple when estates were bought or sold. Great proficients in the arts have generally this peculiarity, that their inquiring minds are ever seeking for something new; thus it happens that what they have invented, and what they know, is much too wearisome for them to follow up. So Johann Stilling was poor; for he neglected that which he knew in order to learn that which he did not know. His good simple wife often wished that her husband would turn his knowledge of land to better account, so that they might have more bread. But let us excuse the good woman for her simplicity—she knew no better; at least, Johann was wise enough to do this. He held his tongue or smiled.

At this time he was occupied with the squaring of the circle and perpetual motion. Whenever he thought of something new he would run as fast as he could to Tiefenbach to relate his discovery to his parents and sisters. If any one in Stilling's house saw him

as he came up through the village, they immediately hastened home, and called all the others together, in order to receive him at the door. Each worked with redoubled diligence so as to have nothing more to do after the evening meal. Then they seated themselves round the table, with their elbows resting on it, and their heads resting on their hands, and all eyes were fixed on Johann.

Then they all helped at finding out how to square the circle; even old Stilling took a great deal of pains at it. I should do injustice to the invention, or rather to the good and natural understanding of this man, if I should say that he contributed nothing to the question. He busied himself about it when burning charcoal. He drew a cord round his cider cask, cut it with his bread knife, then he sawed a piece of wood exactly square and planed it until the cord could be passed round it. So the quadrangular board was just the same size as the circle of the cider cask. Eberhard jumped about on one leg, laughed at the learned great heads who made so much fuss about such a simple thing, and related his discovery to Johann at the first opportunity. Father Stilling, to tell the truth, had nothing scornful in his character, yet there was a little satire in his narration; but the land-surveyor soon put an end to his self-gratulation, by saying—

“It is not the question, father, if a joiner can make a four-cornered box which has just the same contents as a cylindrical cask; but it must be proved what ratio the diameter of the circle has to its circumference, and then how great one side of the square must be to be as large as the circle. But in both cases there must not be an error of a thousandth part of a hair. It must be mathematically proved that it is correct.”

Old Stilling would have been disconcerted if his son's learning and his satisfaction at it had not interfered. He therefore merely added—

“It is no use disputing with learned people,” and laughed, shook his head, and went on cutting matches from a block of birch-wood to light the fire and candles, or, at any rate, a pipe of tobacco. This was his customary occupation in his leisure hours.

Stilling's daughters were strong and industrious; they tilled the soil, which repaid them richly, both in the garden and the field. But Dolly had delicate limbs and soft hands; she was soon tired, and then she would sit down and cry. Now, although these girls were not unfeeling, they could not understand why a woman who was quite as tall as any of them, could not work as well as they could. For all that, although their sister-in-law was often obliged to rest herself, they never said to their parents that she scarcely earned her bread; but William soon saw how matters stood. He arranged with the whole family that his wife should help him in

sewing and making clothes. Thus the affair was settled, and all parties were satisfied.

Old Pastor Moritz now came to visit his daughter for the first time since her marriage. Dolly wept for joy when she saw him, and wished she had a house of her own so that she might be able to do her best for him. He sat with his children the whole afternoon and talked with them about spiritual things. He seemed to be quite altered, very humble and sad, and in the evening, he said—

“Children, lead me once more to Greisenberg Castle.”

Wilhelm laid down his heavy iron thimble; but Dolly stuck her thimble on her little finger, and they walked through the forest.

“Children,” said Moritz; “I feel so well beneath the shade of the beech trees. The higher we go the better I feel. For some time I have felt like one who is away from home. This autumn is, perhaps, the last I shall live to see.”

The tears stood in William's and Dolly's eyes. They seated themselves on a ruined wall of the castle on the summit of the mountain, whence they could overlook the Rhine and the whole surrounding country. The sun was now low down in the heavens just above the blue mountain ridge in the far distance, Moritz looked towards it with a fixed gaze, and kept silence for a long time, nor did his companions utter a word.

“Children,” said he, at length, “I have nothing to leave you when I die. You may miss me, perhaps; but no one will weep for me. I have lived a troublesome and useless life, and have not made any one happy.”

“My dear father,” answered Wilhelm, “you have made me happy, at any rate. Dolly and I will sincerely mourn for you.”

“Children,” pursued Moritz, “our inclinations easily lead us to destruction. How much good I should have been able to do in the world, if I had not pursued the study of gold making! I should have made you and myself happy.” Here he wept aloud. “But I see my error at last, and I will yet change my way of life. God is a father even to erring children. Now, listen to an admonition from me and attend to it: Before you do anything, consider well, first of all, if it will be useful to others. If you find that it is only of service to yourself think that it is a work without profit. God only rewards us when we serve our neighbour. I have wandered poor and unnoticed through the world, and when I am dead I shall soon be forgotten; but I shall find mercy before the throne of Christ and shall be happy!”

After he had said this they returned home, and Moritz still continued to be very sad. He visited the poor, comforting them, and praying with them. He worked, too, and made watches, and

thus earned his daily bread and something more. But the end was not far off. The next winter was a very severe one, and there was much sickness and suffering. But still the poor old Pastor daily went about doing good. One night he did not return. Search was made for him diligently through three weary days, and at last, stiff and stark beneath the snow, they found the body of the luckless seeker after the Philosopher's Stone.

## CHAPTER V.

### "WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER!"

AFTER this sad event another of a totally different character began to be looked forward to. Everyone in the family anticipated with satisfaction the coming of a little stranger, for it was some years since there had been borne an infant in the house. What trouble and diligence was shown in preparing for its coming into the world cannot be related. Even old Father Stilling was pleased at the idea of having a grandchild, and hoped to be able to sing his old cradle songs, and to display his educational talent once more.

The eventful day at length arrived, and Heinrich Stilling was born at eight o'clock in the evening of the 12th September, 1740. The child was a healthy one, and the mother, contrary to the predictions of the Tiefenbach sybils, was soon well again.

The infant was baptised in Florenburg Church. Father Stilling made a feast in celebration of the event, at which he desired Herr Pastor Stollbein to be present. Accordingly, he sent his son Johann to the pfarrhaus (parsonage) to beg the Pastor to accompany him back to Tiefenbach to partake of the repast. Johann took off his hat as soon as he entered the courtyard before the house, so as not to wound the Pastor's dignity. But, alas! how often is all human foresight unavailing! A large dog sprang forth from his kennel, and Johann, taking up a stone, threw it and hit the dog, which began to howl dismally. The Pastor saw through the window what took place, and, rushing out in a terrible passion, shook his fist in Johann's face, shouting—

"You miserable scoundrel, I'll teach you to strike my dog!"

"I didn't know the dog belonged to your reverence," replied Stilling, submissively. "My brother and my parents request the favour of your reverence's company at the christening feast at Tiefenbach."

The Pastor said nothing more, but went into the house. However, he growled through the house-door—

"Wait; I will go with you."

"Johann waited nearly an hour in the court, and caressed the

dog, and the poor animal was really more placable than the great learned man, who at last issued forth, leaning on a walking-stick. Johann plodded along with awe behind him, carrying his hat under his arm. It was dangerous to put on his hat, for Johann, when he was a boy, had received many a box on the ear from the Pastor for not taking off his hat to him quickly enough—that is to say, as soon as he saw the Pastor in the distance. And yet it was terrible to be obliged to walk for a whole hour bareheaded in the open air on a hot September day. So he thought how he might conveniently cover his head. All at once Herr Stollbein fell to the ground. Johann was frightened, and cried out—

“Herr Pastor, have you hurt yourself?”

“What’s that to you, you rascal?” was the magnanimous reply of the Pastor, as he hastily got up.

At this Johann became almost angry, and exclaimed, with a bitter laugh—

“I am very glad now that you did fall down!”

“What? what?” cried the Pastor. But Johann put on his hat and let the lion roar without further dread, and went on his way. The Pastor also resumed his walk, and so they came at last to Tiefenbach.

Old Stilling stood bareheaded before the door of his house; his beautiful white hair waved in the moonlight. He held out his hand to the Pastor and said with a smile—

“I am glad to see the Herr Pastor at my table, in my old age; but I should not have been so bold as to invite you if my pleasure at having a grandchild had not been so great.”

The Pastor wished him happiness, but added a well-meant caution that he should employ more diligence in the education of his children, if he would avoid the curse that fell on Eli. The old man stood still for a moment and smiled, but said nothing. Then he led his reverence into the room.

“I hope,” said the Herr Pastor, “that I am not to eat with this swarm of peasants!”

“No one eats here,” answered Father Stilling, “but my wife and children and myself. Do you call that a swarm of peasants?”


“Ay, what else should I call it?” rejoined the Pastor.

“Then I must tell you, Herr,” said Stilling, “that you are not at all a servant of Christ, but a Pharisee. He sat with publicans and sinners, and ate with them. He was meek and lowly wherever He went. Herr Pastor, my grey hairs stand on end. Sit down, or go away again. There is something beating here—if it were not for the respect I owe to your cloth—I might—Here—here—here, before my house, I saw the prince ride past one day. He knew me. ‘Good-morning, Stilling!’ he said, ‘Good-morning,

your Highness!' I replied. He dismounted, for he was very tired with hunting. 'Bring me a chair,' said he; 'I will rest here a little.' I answered, 'I have a comfortable room if your Highness will be pleased to enter it and sit there.' 'Yes,' he said. The master of the house entered with him. There he sat, where I have placed my best chair for you, while Margaret brought him some milk and bread and meat. He made my wife and me eat with him, and he vowed he had never enjoyed a meal so much. Where there is cleanliness there any one may eat. Now, make up your mind, Pastor, for we are all hungry."

The Pastor sat down without saying a word. Then Stilling called all his children, but no one would come in, not even Margaret. She filled an earthenware bowl with chicken broth for the Pastor, and gave him a plate-full of cabbage, with a nice piece of meat and a mug of beer. Stilling brought it in himself. The Pastor ate and drank quickly, and returned to Florenburg.

After the departure of Herr Stollbein they all sat down to supper. Margaret said grace, and then everybody ate with a good appetite. Even the young mother sat in Margaret's place with her boy; for Margaret herself wished to wait on her children. She had on a clean white smock which she had worn at her own wedding, and had turned up the sleeves above her elbows. Her bodice and gown were of fine black cloth, and her grey locks wore the powder of old age and honour. Strange to say, not a word was spoken during the meal about the Pastor; perhaps because Father Stilling did not make a beginning, and it is needless to say that all the family followed his example and precept.



ONCE within a curtained room,  
Where the winter fire was glowing,  
Deep and ruddy with its heart of honest mirth  
Stole a dream that was of gloom ;  
Oh, a dream too vague for showing,  
Save to one who is my dearest love on earth.

So, I seemed to stand alone,  
All alone in a great forest,—  
Night came cold, and hid from me the pallid  
While the winter sound a'moan  
Rent the trees that were the hoarest ;  
And they dropped upon my homeward path to

I fled the desolation  
As the snow wreaths crowned me thickly,  
And mine eyes were blind with gazing through  
For hope's sweet ministration  
I had prayed for ; then, full quickly,  
Stealthy phantom figures closed about me staid

Phantoms standing gaunt and grim  
In the path my feet were seeking ;  
Such drear shadows—hush, I tremble e'en to  
At the forms my brain could limn,  
In mere dream such vengeance wreaking

Yea, I shudder ; but come nigh ;  
I must whisper of the ending  
To the one who is my dearest love on earth.  
'Twas thy footstep passing by,  
And thy shadow o'er me bending,  
That aroused me into life of spirit-birth.

Quick the coffin lid-unclosed,  
And our outstretched hands were meeting,  
And thine eyes lit up the chasm like the sun ;  
On thy lips a smile reposed,  
And thy wondrous tender greeting,  
Warmed life's moments as they met me one by one.

Fitfully the firelight gleams  
In the ivy's dark recesses,  
And the quiet darkness cowers at the door ;  
There are phantoms here and dreams,  
Forests' wild and wildernesses ;  
But, love, when I look up towards thee, fear is o'er.

1

ELLYS ERLE.



## THE GOLDEN JOURNEY.\*

THERE is a sweet, albeit melancholy, pathos in the "Golden Journey." The theme is Death —

"Stern, victorious, ruler over all,  
Spreading o'er life a constant funeral pall,  
The ever-conquering and unconquered king!"

and it is ushered in with the chime of bells from the cathedral at Antwerp:

"Mourn for the dead!  
Wake, sleeper, wake! lift up your cry,  
That so the dead may live in song  
For ever in men's memory.  
Mourn for the dead!"

So chimed the bells at Antwerp, we are told, morn, noon, and night, "with their sweet silver tongue all eloquent," and that from the tower, "all laced in stone, as though the sculptor's hand had fashioned it from some fantastic scroll!"

There are but five scenes in this solemn pilgrimage. Antwerp with its glorious romance —

"Of how the Antwerp blacksmith came to wed,  
Of how brave Quentin Matsys won his love."

Trèves, with its old Red House of motto-boasting antiquity—the Moselle, down which we glide peacefully, pleasantly, and songfully, as if drinking its sparkling wines, or on silver wavelets amid golden sunshine—the Hartz, with its ghosts, goblins, spectres, and phantoms—and the Brocken, with its wild and weird scenery. But each and all are lit up with the song that "leads all men onward, and makes dwelling-place within their hearts," and fading away in each and every instance into the same mournful, melancholy dirge.

Picturing forth the past, for which Trèves supplied so noble a canvas:

"The old Red House at Trèves, at ancient Trèves,  
The oldest town in all the German land:  
What wonder that the burden of my stave  
Should be the Past!"

The author still finds time to muse in the great cathedral to good Catholic purpose:

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\* The Golden Journey and other Verses. By Julia Goddard. Longmans, Green, and Co., London.

"I care not what their sect, if so they hold  
That one great truth that unto man is given,—  
That, turning earth's theologies aside,  
Will lead in safety to the courts of heaven."

But still the burden of the song is the same :

"Sudden mine eye fell on St. Gaugolph's tower,  
And round the clock the warning words I read  
Of 'vigilate et orate!'—watch  
And pray, ere ye be numbered with the dead!"

The Moselle is, as we have said, pictured forth in a more light-  
some manner—befitting its fair and champaign scenery :

"The vineyards stretch for many a mile,  
From jutting rocks the vines sprang up,  
Vine-country of the Brauneberg!  
Up! fill the sparkling cup."

It is not till darkness enshrouds the river at its mouth and the  
moon glitters on the walls and towers of Coblenz, that we are re-  
minded :

• "So mystery at either end  
Of life's strange current shrouds our days ;  
Death's midnight shadows cloud the stream  
That rose in morning's haze."

"Fair," we are told, "are the mountain forests of the Harz,  
whose pine-trees rear their giant stems as masts, all hung with sails  
of fringed foliage;" but, then, again, the Harz is "the fatherland of  
spirits wild," "a weird tract outspread of forest-covered mountain;"  
and the author ably vindicates the popular creed in legendary myths  
and strange traditions, which some would-be-wise ones gravely  
deplore, and sit and sigh, and call their fellows fools, who care to  
list to such unlikely tales!

"Whence spring such myths, save from the mystic wind,  
After the supernatural inclined,  
That fain into th' invisible world would search,  
And twist all nature to some spirit end;  
Instinctive feeling that material things  
Must to the spiritual ever bend."

The Brocken is finely depicted :

"Wilder the mountain scene. In blackened rings  
The charcoal burners left their dusky trace,  
Or 'neath roofed piles of wood slow burned the fires ;  
And, Kobold-like peeped out the grimy face  
Of peasant toiling at the sylvan trade.  
And steeper grew the path, and, bolder still,  
The rocks stood out like giants turned to stone

And in my heart prophetic sounded 'woe,'  
Despair and Death for ever mortals' doom !"

We congratulate Miss Julia Goddard upon having  
written this charming poem.



## MRS. MURPHY'S TROUBLES.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

OLD Mrs. Murphy was my washerwoman. There was nothing interesting about this hard-handed, hard-favoured old body, except that she was in the lowest stage of poverty possible to anyone in that far-off land of gold where those who will work can always earn their bread. She worked early and late, and was known to have an invalid husband and crippled daughter to provide for by her own unaided efforts.

One day, as she was washing for me, I noticed that as my little ones clustered around me she seemed unusually sad, and once or twice I saw tears fall from her beautiful violet Irish eyes. I was touched and said—

"What troubles you, Mrs. Murphy? Is it anything in which I can help you?"

"No, ma'am, you can't, God bless you! It's for my children I'm grieving; and when I saw yours with you so loving, my heart was sad for mine."

I asked her to tell me about them, and she told me the following simple tale of sorrow and bereavement—

"I was born in Ireland, and was married there, and a good husband, and a true one has mine been always. There was little to earn and many to feed, and my man and me came to New York some twenty years ago. We were young then, and had but two children, Mary and Michael; Michael died as we were coming over, of ship fever, and was buried in the sea. Oh! but my heart was sore when I saw them throw my pretty baby into the sea for the fishes to eat; but now I know that it was better for him than for the one that lived to see to-day. We came to New York, and my husband being a saving and hard-working man had plenty of work. We got a bit of a home, and we were content. We had Mary and Bridget, and another Michael, and Tommy and Jamie and Norah, all in New York. It was hard work to keep so many, but we loved them and were willing to deny ourselves for their sakes, and we got along. It done my heart good to see the father with the baby on his knee, and the others all around him, singing the dear old Irish songs to them. He loved his wife and children better than all the world, my man did. Sundays we all dressed decent and clean, would go to church, and we were happy. I remembered my dead Michael then, for I had not had anything harder to put

him out of my mind. Afterward I came to forget he ever had been born. We had our little home paid for, and a little money in the bank besides, and we were coming along nice, when one day my Mary was brought home from school with both her legs broken and her back hurt. A girl had pushed her down stairs; I did my best for her, and so did the doctors; but she never will walk again. She bore it all patient, and good like an angel, and has helped me with the others and has been a comfort to me. Well, one day, Tommy came in, it was in the heat of July, and said, 'My head hurts,' and fell down senseless on the floor. It was a sunstroke. We laid him away in greenwood, under a tree where the sun would shine and the birds sing over him. In eight weeks after Tommy's death, baby Michael and Bridget, both took the diphtheria and died. They were buried in one coffin, their waxen cheeks laid close together, and their little arms clasped around each other. I felt then as if my heart was buried with the three of them, and that I had suffered all I could. God had spoken, and my babies had answered and gone to Him; but I had not then borne the half. My man was working all that he could, but soon winter was upon us, and our money was all gone to bury the children and with the doctors. There was no more work all winter, and when our cousin John offered to pay his passage to California, he went. I was lonely but for my babies, but that was nothing to have him gone, for I loved him tender and true. He was always kind and gentle to me and saved me all the work he could, and I fretted after him more nor the children. Nights I used to lay awake and listen to the winter wind and think, maybe, he was lying cold and dying away off there and me not with him, and I would cry and cry, till I had no more tears. When he had been gone a year he sent me a hundred dollars, but it came too late to save poor little Norah. She had been pining all the summer, and the doctor said it was the city air that was killing her, and I must take her into the country and give her fresh milk and nourishing food. I could not do all that, but every Sunday I used to take her over to Greenwood, and I used to think she would get better when I saw her eyes brighten like stars, as she would look out on the water to see the ships sail by. 'Mother,' she said, one day, 'Heaven will not be any nicer, I'm thinking, than it is here, and I don't want to go; but I know now I must. I saw the blessed Virgin last night, and she beckoned me to come.' My heart felt as if some icy-cold hand was crushing it when she said that, for I saw all at once how thin and wasted she was. Well, she did go, one night not long after at midnight. I had been watching by her, and thinking it was hard that God should want to take all of my comfort from me; so then she

opened her eyes, and with a beautiful smile on her thin little face said, 'Good-bye, mother, I'm going; the rest are all waiting for me.' Well, she was gone, and I could not cry over her as I had the others. I had cried all the tears I had for them, and now there was only a dry, bitter burning in my heart. Other women had their children left them; rich people who did not need them so much, but I that had no comfort but them' must be left desolate. Now, only poor Mary and Jamie were left, and I gave up in my heart and said the time will come when they must go, too, and I shall be left all alone, like the sparrow on the housetop. I left off going to church: I could not go on my knees, and say I was thankful to God for taking my children away from me; and so I stayed at home and nursed my bitter feelings. I could hardly bear Jamie out of my sight, for fear of some accident; but God had determined to strip me bare. My last child, but poor Mary, was brought home dead one day, the salt sea water dripping from his hair, and his sweet blue eyes wide open. I took him in my arms and sat on the floor all night, and when morning came, I was so desperate I wanted to die with him, my pretty boy drowned in his beauty and youth. They took him away and buried him beside the rest—my precious pearls. After that I could not stay there any longer, and I sold the little house and came out here to my man. Soon after I got here he was taken with the typhoid fever. I nursed him loving and faithful, and I never knew a moment's rest all those long days and nights. My heart would have broke to have been obliged to leave him a minute; but I thought he was to go too. My heart grew harder than stone, to think that God should take the last, and rob me of all I loved on earth; and I said to myself, if he dies I will too! The days passed by, and the fever grew worse. He would call for his dead children, and call them every tender name as if they were alive, and I would groan in my heart and wring my hands, for, oh, they were not! At last the turning of the fever came at midnight. He had been crying out in pain all the evening, and sometimes I could hardly hold him down, and his hands and head glowed like red-hot coals. At last he went off into a restless sleep, which grew quieter until the fever and life seemed to leave him; his breath came so weak I thought he was dead. I turned desperate-like, and lifting my hands I said: He is gone, too; now take Mary and me."

"No, he isn't, Mary; God has given me back my girl."

"I just went on my knees then, and cried, the first tears I had shed for years, and my hardness was all broken up. Well, ma'am, he got up and around, but he never will be strong again and able to work, the doctors say; but I am glad and willing to work for

him and Mary. We are very happy now, only for grieving for the others. If they were only alive and with me now, like yours with you."

"But you could not support so many; they would suffer want; they are all better off now," said I.

"I know that," said she, through her tears; "but I misses them."

"OLIVE HARPER."

## SISTERS.

A LILY that neither toils nor spins,  
 She queenly smiles in the sun,  
 Many a blessing her beauty wins,  
 Ere pleasurable day is done.

Ah! why is her face so calm and fair  
 That a Thought of Good she seems?—  
 A vision that floats from heaven's air,  
 To hallow the children's dreams.

Her heart it is winter-cold, I wot,  
 And no love can blossom bright,  
 In that still ice-palace where forgot  
 Lies troth of my traitor knight.

ELLYS ERLE.

## THE GOLDSMITH'S WIFE.\*

It was much to be desired that in noticing Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth's last tale, there should have been space to enter into details, and to illustrate these by suitable extracts, which together would have sufficed to convey some idea of the story as a work of art, and of the narrative as replete with interest and stirring scenes, so characteristic of the times of our fourth Edward. Failing this, all that can be done is to point out succinctly how, by the nature of the subject itself, and by its able and effective treatment, it is entitled to take a place among the rest of the well-known historical romances of the author.

In those remote times, then, when the habits of the people and of the nobility, and the relations of court and city, were very different to what they are now, one Jane Milverton, the daughter of a mercer in Cheapside, was universally admitted to be the fairest damsel in London. As sculptors of old exhausted their art in reproducing Venuses, and medieval painters struggled for perfection in Madonnas, so the author had a heavy task before him to resuscitate the almost legendary beauty of Jane; but he has accomplished that task with a skill only to be obtained by long experience, and in a way that will not fail to effectually interest the reader in his heroine.

That such a paragon of beauty should have plenty of suitors is but a matter of course, and we are treated to an opening scene in the writer's most humorous vein, in which twelve young men, arrayed in jerkins and hose of red, blue, brown, and yellow, most of them armed with daggers, and some wearing shoes with long pointed toes, present themselves by arrangement to entreat the fair Jane to make a choice of one of them for a husband. Jane, however, was not destined for any or either of the young gallants who sued thus ridiculously for her hand. Her mother had long had her eye upon one, who united a staid conduct to much wealth—the goldsmith Alban Shore,—and it is to be gathered from the minute account given of the goldsmith that he was a most devoted lover and husband, but far too austere, even almost to moroseness, for so gay and so lively, as well as so beautiful a young maiden as Jane; and as to his austerity, that is borne out by his subsequent career, when grief clothed him in a monkish garb.

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\* *The Goldsmith's Wife. A Tale.* By William Harrison Ainsworth author of "*Preston Fight*," &c. 3 vols. Tinsley Brothers. 1875.



The fame of the surpassing beauty of the mercer's daughter had not failed to reach the court, and the youthful and enterprising monarch then on the throne had, disguised, as a knight, made playful attempts to see the beauty, and had on one occasion gone so far as to get up a serenade in her honour. These, however, were but the flitting fancies of the hour. It was not till after Jane had married, till after certain ambitious dreams which she had permitted to lurk in her bosom had been fanned into a flame by the wily and corrupt whisperings of Alicia Fordham, that the king presented himself at the goldsmith's house in Lombard Street, and that an invitation to Windsor Castle was the result.

How Jane was induced, partly, it is represented to her credit, against her own better will, to join a goodly company that was proceeding to the festivities at Windsor in the Lord Mayor's barge, how they were entertained on their way at Shene Palace, how a grand collation was given in the Pavilion at Windsor when Edward began to urge his suit, how jousts were held in the court of the castle, followed by a ball, and how Jane was installed in the Hunting Lodge, and Alban left to trace his steps back to London bereft of all that he held most dear, must be read of in the author's pages—even extracts would not do justice to the painstaking felicity with which the writer has treated a most delicate subject,—there is not a word or an inuendo to offend the most sensitive susceptibility.

Happily these pages, more or less painful in themselves, but of absolute necessity in an historical narrative, constitute but an introduction to the more stirring events that followed upon a connection which had far greater influence upon the career of the young monarch than is generally supposed. Hardly, indeed, had Jane Shore been installed at the Hunting Lodge in Windsor Park than King Edward prepared to invade France, at that time governed by that most astute and jesuitical of all French Kings—Louis XI. Whilst Edward was encamped outside the walls of Calais, Jane Shore resolved of her own good will to seek an interview with Louis disguised as Isidore, a young esquire. Here commence a series of romantic adventures in which Charles the Bold, and his traitorous Burgundians play a prominent part, and Isidore's life and safety are placed in jeopardy; but she ultimately succeeds in having an audience with the French king in his private cabinet. The "cruel, treacherous, and vindictive," yet "able and sagacious," monarch—the poisoner of Agnes Sorrel, and the gossip of Tristan l' Hermite, his provost marshal—was not long, it may be supposed, in discovering the sex and quality of his guest, as he soon afterwards showed by his sending two splendid ladies' dresses as a present to Isidore and her companion Claude—the treacherous Alicia Fordham;

but his motto was that he who could not dissimulate was unfit to reign, and so a treaty was effectually brought about, by which France was saved from a bloody war, but in which, as Charles of Burgundy and the other great vassals, at variance with King Louis were equally at variance with Edward it may be doubted whether the feats of the third Edward at Cressy and Poitiers, and of Henry the Fifth at Agincourt, would have been repeated.

Unfortunately for Jane, whilst she partook of the hospitality of the designing Louis, hunted the wild-boar in the forest of Compeigne, saved a cordelier from the cord, and herself played the part of a wily courtier, her beauty made such havoc with the more youthful followers of the monarch, that one especially, a certain Sire de Merancourt, became so violently enamoured of the fair lady that his passion knew no bounds. He actually obtained admission to her chamber by a stratagem, and for a moment the reader trembles for the fate of his heroine; nor is this all—when to carry out the treaty, as propounded by Jane with Edward's acquiescence, King Louis entertained the whole English army at Amiens, the Sire de Merancourt attempted to carry off Jane by force; but he received the punishment due to his imprudence at the hands of King Edward himself.

This is one of the most picturesque incidents in the tale; but when Edward returned to England, as the French scoffingly said, at the price of a pension and six hundred casks of wine, and Jane went to announce, in accordance with the treaty as brought about by herself, that the captivity of Margaret of Anjou was at an end, the reception given to the King's mistress by that proud queen brings back the reader to a sad sense of realities.

The unfortunate plotting of the Duke of Clarence, which ended in his being suffocated in a butt of malmsey, sent by the Duke of Gloucester; the King's sudden death at a banquet; the trials imposed as a result upon Jane; how the good that was in her manifested itself at such a supreme moment by her devotion to the Queen and her children; how the young princes were taken from the Abbey Sanctuary and sent to the Tower, where they were perfidiously put to death; and how a certain mysterious monk behaved himself in the general cataclysm,—make a fitting and most interesting conclusion to what could not with any regard to historical accuracy, be otherwise than a sad and melancholy story at its end; but which is nevertheless one of deep interest, and is replete with the most striking pictures of the manners of the day.

1875.

## PASSING AWAY.

Now tell me the pleasure of Spring,  
 With its buds and its blossoms so gay ;  
 What joy to the mind doth their earliness bring ?—  
 To think it is passing away !  
 That beneath the broad sunshine that grows on each hour,  
 The bud and the blossom must yield to the flower :  
 Oh, this is the pleasure of spring—  
 To think it is passing away.

In Summer there dwells thy delight  
 In the roses that welcome its ray ;  
 What joy dost thou find in its colours so bright ?—  
 To think they passing away.  
 That the beams and the hues which so pleasantly shine  
 Ere long to their even will gently decline ;  
 In Summer then dwells my delight—  
 To think it is passing away.

Then Autumn doth pleasure thee more,  
 With its fruits in their golden array ;  
 What joy dost they find in their ripe-swelling store ?—  
 To think it is passing away.  
 That its vines and its orchards must wither so soon,  
 And damps gather over its morning and noon ;  
 In Autumn I pleasure me more—  
 To think it is passing away.

Then Winter most welcomes doth show,  
 With the locks on its forehead so grey ;  
 What joy dost thou find in their ice and their snow,—  
 To think they are passing away.  
 That the sure-coming tempest doth bear on its wing,  
 As light through the darkness, the promise of Spring ;  
 Then Winter most welcome doth show—  
 When I think it is passing away.

'Tis thus that each season endears  
 The lapse of its fugitive day,  
 By fixing the mind on the hopes and the fears,  
 Which tell it is passing away.  
 They teach in their order a lesson sublime,  
 While girding the globe with the circle of Time :  
 "Forget not to value the years  
 When you think they are passing away !"

EDWARD LENTHALL SWIFTE.









